

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1981 \$2.50*

**WHY AUSTRALIA
ISN'T READY FOR THE
RESOURCES BOOM**

**THE RISE AND FALL OF
SEX SHOPS**

**ROBERT REDFORD
AN EXCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW**

**PLUS:
LARRY PICKERING
JOH BJELKE-PETERSEN
DARCY DUGAN
SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

**PET OF
THE YEAR
RUNNER UP**

RESTRICTED CATEGORY 1

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TO PERSONS
UNDER 18 YEARS

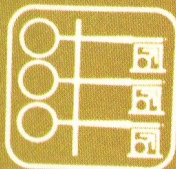
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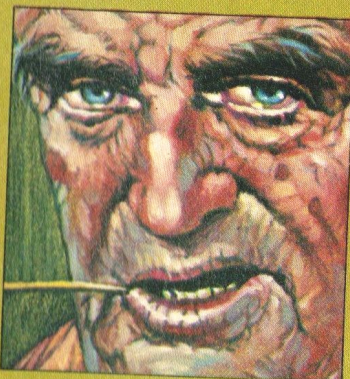
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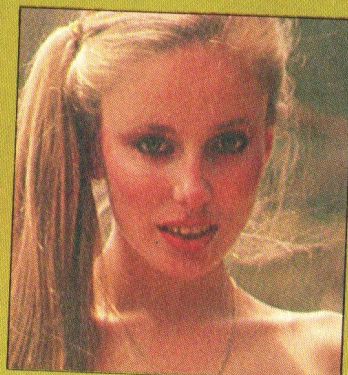


CONTENTS

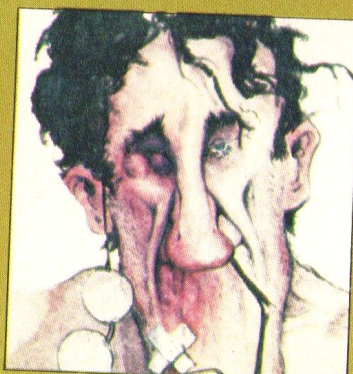
			PAGE
COVER	Judy Layne	Photo by Peter Blackie	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		4
FEEDBACK	Opinion		6
FORUM	Correspondence		9
THE PNEUMATIC WORLD OF RUSS MEYER	Article	Cameron Mackay	19
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment		25
REVIEWS			
FILMS			
TV		Alex Anthony	28
SOUNDS		Neal Akerman	29
WORDS		Phil Jarratt/Carol Ashdown	30
THE RESOURCES BOOM		Edited by John Hampshire	31
WHAT MAKES FARMER JOH FLY?	Article	Richard Anderson	34
FRENCH KISS/AVA	Article	David Rolls	42
PAST LIVES THERAPY	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller	49
LOVE IN HARMONY/JUDY	Article	Craig R. Waters	60
CRIMINAL REHABILITATION	Pictorial	Photos by Peter Blackie	69
TINSEL TOWN USA	Advise and Dissent	Darcy Dugan	82
SEA PRINCESS/LINDA	Article	Ted Roberts	84
LARRY'S LAST LAUGH	Pictorial	Photos by Walter Glover	90
THE QUARTER HORSE GOLD RUSH	Article	Ian McMinn	104
SILVERSTEIN	Article	Chris Hector	111
THE PORN BROKERS GO BUST	Humor	Shel Silverstein	114
THE FINAL ESCAPE	Article	Paul Lesley	122
ARE YOU A WORK ADDICT?	Fiction	Alex O'Hara	129
A PUG TO TAKE ON ALL COMERS	Quiz		134
ROBERT REDFORD	Motoring	John Hampshire	138
CALDER'S FINEST HOUR	Interview	Jeffrey Wells/Dan Yakir	140
WHEN I'M CALLING YOU	Article	John Hampshire	148
	Service		154



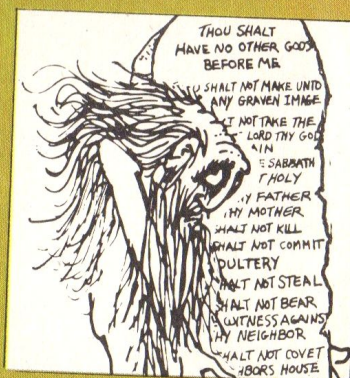
What Makes Farmer Joh Fly?



Pet of the Month



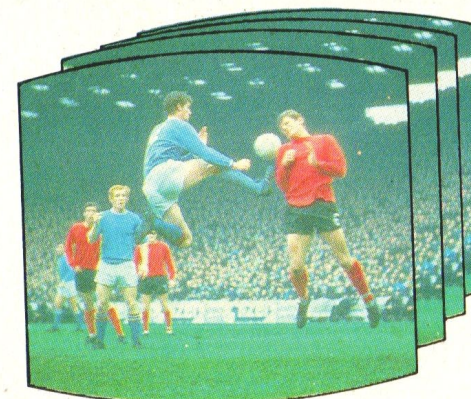
Larry's Last Laugh



Silverstein

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Somewhere on this 3 hour cassette a brilliant goal was scored.



Find it in seconds with Sony 'Picture Search'.

Sony Betamax C7 solves one of home video's more frustrating problems with 'Picture Search'. Now it's simple to locate programme material in the playback mode. Picture Search plays in forward or reverse at 11 times normal speed with all the action on the screen. That means 3 hours of recorded programme can be reviewed in just 16 minutes. Now you can find that last minute goal without playing extra time. But then, Picture Search is just part of the magic Betamax C7. **A choice of viewing speeds.** From 3 x normal speed to single frame advance, or variable slow

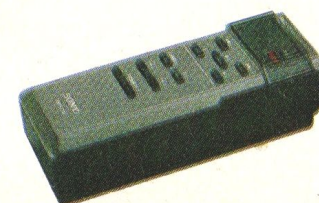
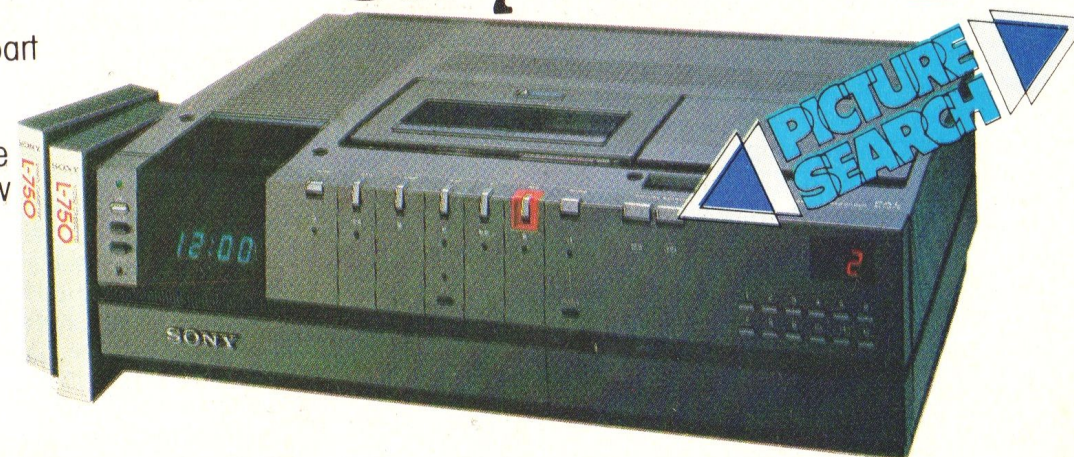
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Sony leads in home video.

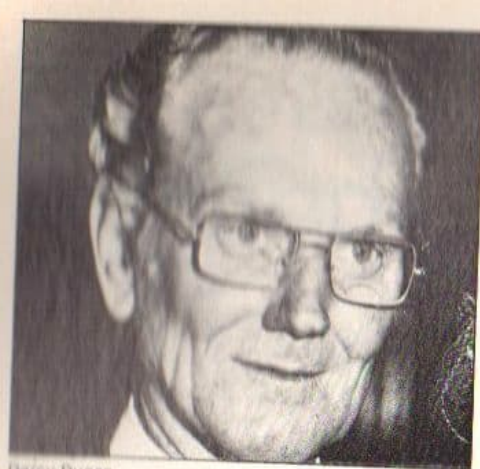
1 million Betamax recorders and 20 million tapes have already been sold. With Sony Betamax C7, you enjoy all the benefits of Sony research and leadership.

Sony Betamax C7

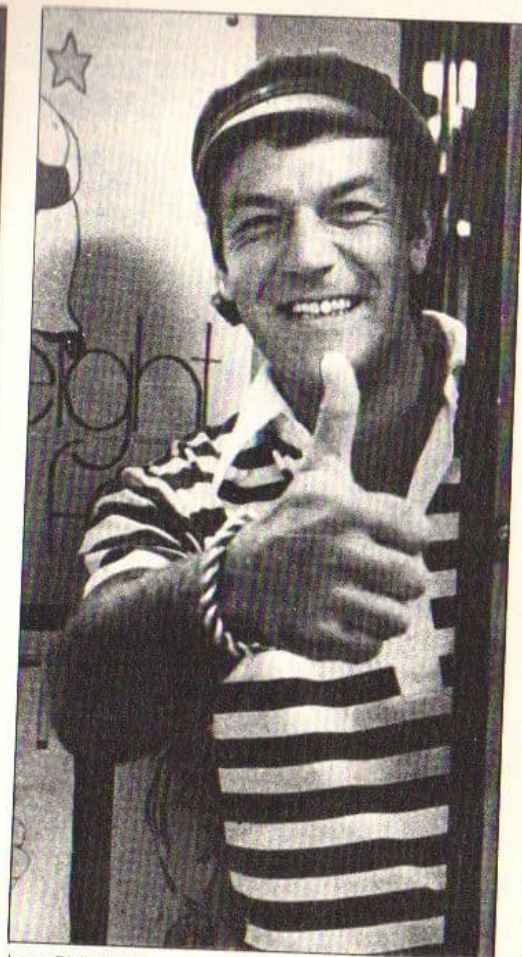


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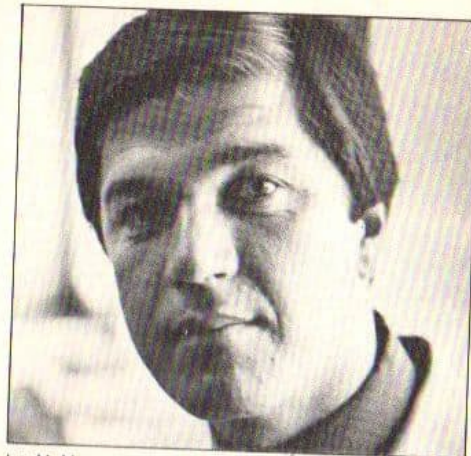
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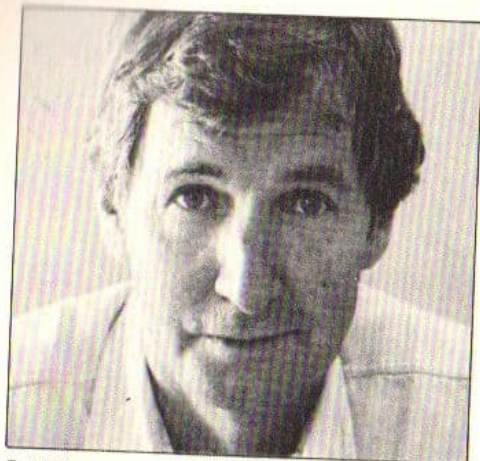
Darcy Dugan



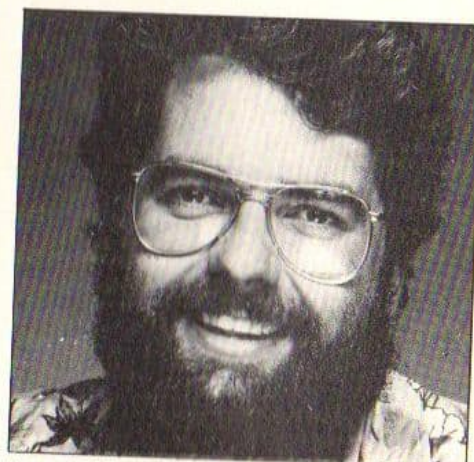
Larry Pickering



Ian McMinn



Ted Roberts



Walter Glover

HOUSECALL

Much has been written about Johannes Bjelke-Petersen, not all of it complimentary or fair. But the man is an enigma, capable in his 70th year of trouncing all opposition (from within and without) in a dog-eat-dog election. We asked special writer David Rolls the question so frequently asked at all points south of Kingaroy — what makes Farmer Joh fly? The answer makes a compelling and, at times, startling profile of the Queensland Premier. The article begins on page 42 with a caricature by Time Winds' Frants Kantor.

Contrary to popular belief the new decade started not last year but at the beginning of 1981. Sure, we all got drunk on the strength of it a year ago, but our forefathers in fact started counting at 1, not at 0. To set the record straight and to make some important points about the future of this country we asked special writer Richard Anderson to analyse the way our politicians and bureaucrats are preparing for a decade in which world economics could either make us or break us. Anderson's report, *The Resources Boom — Coming Ready Or Not*, begins on page 34. The striking illustration is by frequent contributor Tony Pyrzakowski.

While Anderson was looking into the future, Craig Waters was looking into the past — other people's past. His article, *Past Lives Therapy* (which starts on page 60), is a fascinating examination of America's latest psychological fad. Bizarre though it may sound, the notion that neuroses can be cured by inducing patients to recall their previous existences is gaining a lot of expert support.

Also in this issue we look at a fad that has started to fade. While the sexual revolution has been a boon to all mankind and created a few millionaires along the way, the sex shop proprietors of the nation yearn for a return to the wink, wink, nudge, nudge days of a decade ago. According to reporter Paul Lesley we've simply outgrown them. In his article *The Porn Brokers Go Bust* (page 122), Lesley explains that the decline began when we

started going at it with greater confidence and with correspondingly less need for outside titillation. *Penthouse* art director John Byrne did the illustration, (with apologies to Grant Wood's American Gothic).

Regular contributor Ian McMinn spent a day with political cartoonist, tomato grower and millionaire Larry Pickering, and lived to tell the tale. When you read his hilarious account (starting on page 104) you'll understand why McMinn on a number of occasions had reason to doubt that he'd see it through. The illustrations are by Pickering, of course.

Elsewhere in this issue (page 82 to be precise) former inmate Darcy Dugan presents some heartfelt opinions about the prickly subject of prisoner rehabilitation. Dugan, who was released last year, has spent more than 30 of his 60 years behind bars, and he has no time for the self-appointed experts who claim to understand criminal behavior. There are some facets of life inside, says Dugan, that only an insider can understand.

Actor Robert Redford is known to have one of the lowest "bullshit thresholds" in the movie industry. He is not above telling pushy fans or persistent interviewers to perform physical impossibilities on themselves, which is one reason an in-depth Redford interview is a rare prize. The interview Redford granted *Penthouse* is his most revealing to date, covering his personal life, his movies, ambitions and plenty of the dry wit for which he is famous. It's a great read and it begins on page 140.

And still on the subject of Movieland, Australian scriptwriter Ted Roberts went to Hollywood and fell among thieves. Well, not exactly thieves, but the Tinsel Town moguls weren't quite as forthcoming with the moolah as our Ted had been led to believe. Roberts' anecdote-filled saga of Hollywood endurance — a sort-of guide for young hopefuls — begins on page 84.

Lovely Linda Ferguson is back. The winner of the *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year Runner Up title took a P&O Pacific cruise with photographer Walter Glover and the result is a delightful 14-page pictorial which begins on page 90. Also this month you'll meet Pet of the Month Judy Layne from Brisbane, photographed by Peter Blackie, and Ava Monet, photographed by Earl Miller. So, as they say in the classics... enjoy. ☺

Your set for life. The new Nicklaus VIP mk II.



Jack's knowledge of the game is built on over 20 years experience on the world's pro circuits. Years of trying every design innovation.

As Jack himself says: "A set of clubs is an investment. Gimmicks and fads do absolutely nothing for your game. You want clubs you can live with until they become part of you. I designed the original Nicklaus VIP for Slazenger, based on what I know works, but there's no use resting on our laurels. We've refined and improved them to bring you a better set of clubs. The Nicklaus VIP MK II's have a good feel and a sense of rightness, and Slazenger's standard of construction equals any in the world. They use rock-hard maple for the woods, so you should never split a club-head. The woods and irons are fitted with the USA Union Propel II steel shaft and



It has a permanent, natural tackiness and traction that will not deteriorate from atmospheric conditions. A grip with non-absorbent properties, making it more playable in all weather conditions and one that can be cleaned during play. Slazenger custom-build your Nicklaus VIP



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I believe they're the best in the world. The iron head is an Australian, hand-forged, traditional, compact, stainless steel blade — and again the craftsmanship is superb. We've chosen the ultimate grip, the famous "Tacki-Mak" — there's no equal.

The woods are milled from maple, laminated under great heat and pressure to phenomenal hardness.



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Editor: Phil Jarrett; Senior Editors: Carol Ashdown, John Hampshire, Owen Thomson; Art Director: John Byrne; Creative Designer: Bruce Murray; Editorial Assistant: Verlie Nagel; Editorial Rights and Traffic Manager: Penny Kerr; Photographic Consultant: Walter Glover.

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PRODUCTION

Production Manager: Ralf Lassen; Production Assistant: Lynette Harlen.

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EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel: (212) 593-3301. Telex no: 237128.
West Coast: 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069. Tel: (213) 652-8070.
London: 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England. Tel: 01-385-6181.

BUREAUS:

Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. Berlin: Hans-Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. Rio de Janeiro: Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. Budapest: Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. Zagreb: Cedimir Komijenić, Strebriak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

FEBRUARY

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Penthouse — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Surprise

With a keen feeling of anticipation I purchased the December issue of *Penthouse*. Having been advised that it would contain an article dealing with the work of a very dear friend, Dr B., I eagerly turned to page 34.

My initial reaction was one of surprise, to find that a serious, scientific article could be introduced with a 1½-page comic cartoon illustration.

In December 1978, I met Dr B. by accident and for the next year I attended regularly at his clinic. My personal problem was not so much of a sexual nature as one of rigid outlook — inflexible attitudes to other viewpoints and a total inability to accept or even consider that there might be standards and values equal to, but different from my own.

The fact that his therapy succeeded was confirmed by the ease with which I was able to ignore the introduction and read the article.

After much careful consideration, I would like to make the following observation, in the hope that you are prepared to publish a critical view of your magazine, and to allow the "thinking" readership to re-assess an article which, in the form it was presented, could only have interest and appeal for the sensation seeker.

If Mr Owen Thomson reported truly all that he saw and understood, I can only offer my deepest sympathy to him. His article can be likened only to a hypothetical report written by a Cro-Magnon man who had been invited to witness modern brain surgery.

A pond of lilies in full bloom is truly eye catching, but to understand their growth to beauty it is necessary to make a careful study of all which is beneath the surface.

Might I request that at some future time a more perceptive member of your staff might make a second visit to Dr B. and return with a worthwhile article.

There are many ladies in this country who, on being presented with factual encouragement, would write for and be given the kind of help available only from Dr B. — *Male ex-patient (name and address withheld).*

More, please

I am a staunch tit man and recently your magazine has not featured a lady

with a bust over 37 inches. Could you please put some really busty ladies in your future editions? I am sure I speak for a lot of men when I ask this. I prefer ladies with a body like Joanne Latham, who appeared in your November 1979 issue. By the way, what are her measurements? — *J. Marks, Brisbane, Queensland.*

The lovely Miss Latham's measurements are 40-23-36. And now turn to page 19 for a story and pictures about a man who shares your view.

Tacky display

Your magazine claims to feature tastefully photographed girls and good stories, and of the issues I've bought you have maintained that standard. So why did you have to spoil all that good work by running a very tacky story and pictures on Marilyn Monroe?

Not only were the pictures in bad taste, but the accompanying story did little to convince me of the authenticity of those pictures.

In an age devoid of magic and mystery, the incurable romantics, like myself, would have preferred that the Monroe myth had not been shattered. — *C. Sumner, North Ryde, New South Wales.*

Closing the gap

As an "older" reader of *Australian Penthouse*, I would like to say how much I appreciate your articles on young people and their interests.

Your stories on pop groups, young sportsmen and the problems facing the younger generation have enabled me to be able to communicate on a much greater level with my children (aged 16 to 25 years).

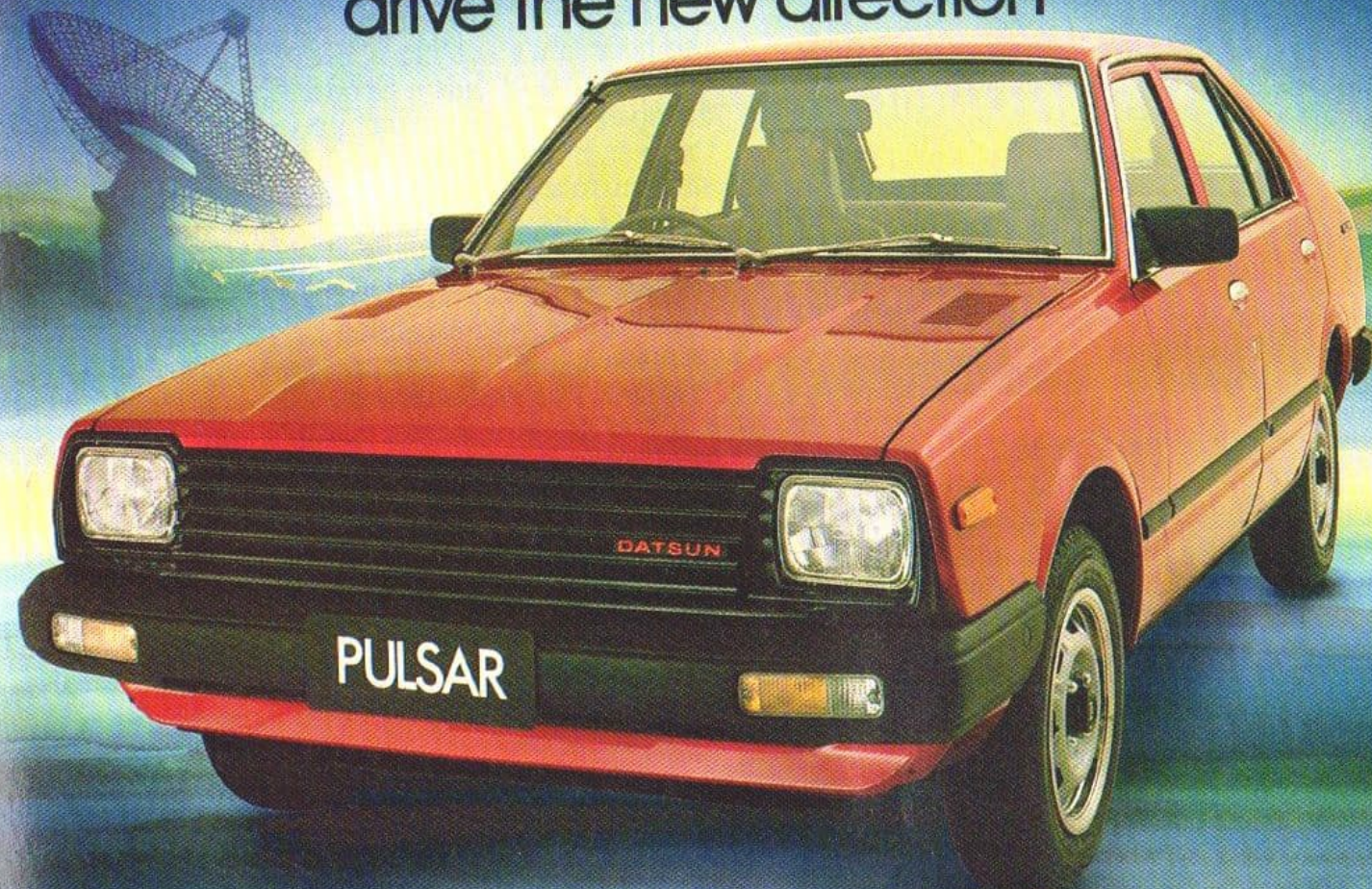
Not only has my new knowledge brought me closer to my children and closed the generation gap, but it has also considerably broadened my overall outlook on life.

The kids now think that the "old man" is not too bad, and they've even started to take advice from me now and then. As they say in that Army ad: "It's a bloody miracle."

Of course, the big problem now is stopping the boys stealing my *Penthouses* — they enjoy the stories, and the pictorials, as much as I do. — *Father of four (name and address withheld).*

PULSAR

drive the new direction



The new, fully-imported Datsun 5-door hatchback.

Pulsar is the forerunner of a new breed of car developed for total energy efficiency. It delivers astounding performance, handling and economy through Datsun's sophisticated integration of engine, gearbox, drive and suspension.

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Pulsar's exciting new design incorporates front wheel drive, negative-scrub radius front suspension and rack and pinion steering, for unrivalled road-holding and directional stability.

It eliminates the conventional drive shaft. So the output of Pulsar's 1.4 litre transverse-mounted OHV engine is used to maximum advantage.

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Pulsar features AM/FM stereo radio/cassette, lush carpet to match the body-contoured cloth trim seats. Full instrumentation, quartz halogen headlights, remote-release hatchback and fuel flap. The list goes on and on, to include everything you'd expect, and then more.

Like power-assisted disc brakes up front and drum brakes at the rear. They're arranged in a diagonal-split dual circuit with a tandem master cylinder.

That's two separate systems for increased safety. Negative-scrub radius front suspension helps ensure straight line stopping even with a blowout — an unlikely event, given Pulsar's 165/70 SR 13 steel belted radials.

Easy service access is built in, so Pulsar also saves on maintenance costs. But the best surprise comes last: Ask your Datsun dealer about the price and you'll see what we mean.

Datsun Pulsar the new direction.



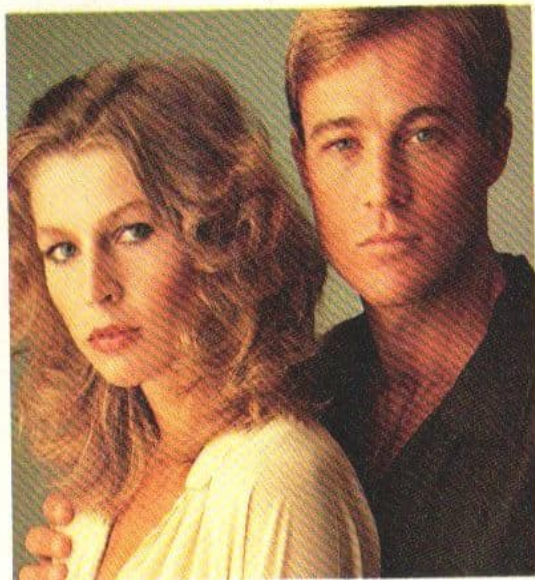
Nissan Motor Company
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Sun roof illustrated
optional extra.

DAT 798

We have an agreement.



Yes, I said, this is the Marantz SD8000 Two-speed Cassette Deck, it's microprocessor controlled in all major tape transport functions.

Transport? she purred glancing towards the bedroom.

Yes, I said, has a Sendust head (hers dropped to my shoulder) plays metal tapes, too, has Solenoid control (I have very little, she murmured) and programmable replay.

OH? she looked up, does that mean you can fix it to play all night? Yes, I replied. Well, she kicked off her shoes. Since you're into extended high frequency response...I think I can interest you.

Then she smiled sweetly.

You know, I wasn't really hungry. I'd have come for the music alone. I do love the sound of Marantz.

Yes, I whispered, for that I could love you.

So, she said, if music be the food of love...It looks like we have an agreement.

You and me and Marantz.

I promised her the best of everything. I bought a dozen red roses, a bottle of Moët et Chandon. I promised her filet mignon, just a little bleu, soft candlelight and sweet music. The filet was overdone and the candles burnt the roses.

Well, she said, maybe the music...? Sweet, you promised.

I leaned casually back and switched through eight of the fourteen memory presets on my Marantz ST500 AM/FM Stereo Computuner, looking for the right mood.

That's amazing speed and precision, she said.

That's Marantz, I said. It's drift-free too. That's nice she said, I like rock. And roll? I asked. That too, she curled closer.

I have these cassettes, I said, Blondie, Boomtown Rats, Clash, Kiss...Let's clash, she said.

I like their sound. And I like your Marantz.



The Marantz Agreement.

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Now you're listening.

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which a panel of experts will discuss with and advise readers on the physical and emotional problems arising in day-to-day life. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Reversing sterilisation

I had my tubes tied about four years ago by the band-aid surgery method. I had had two children and at the time I thought it was the right thing to do. My problem is that now I have met a wonderful person, we are planning to get married and I want another child.

I would like to know if there is any way I can have my tubes untied. I have been to a few doctors and they told me different things. Some said it can be done, though warned me the chances of my getting pregnant again were only one in 10. Others said there is no way to reverse the operation at all and anyone who tries is either crazy or taking advantage of me.

I would try having an operation if there was any chance at all that I could become fertile again. Is there? — Ms L.J., Tasmania.

The term "band-aid" incision refers to a procedure used to tie the tubes leading to the ovum-producing ovaries in order to prevent the ovum and the spermatozoa in the male semen from meeting and possibly joining.

The operation is called a "band-aid" incision because the cut made in the woman's skin is so tiny it can be covered by a band-aid. The procedure is used very frequently these days.

Many laymen and some gynaecological surgeons consider this operation irreversible. In fact, there is a procedure that effectively restores fertility in some cases, but the success rate is low — we would put it a little higher than 10 percent.

Reversing a tubal ligation involves bringing the edges of the tubes together and making them open by surgical means. If in the original sterilisation operation the tubes were tied off on each side and a portion of each tube was resected (removed) while burying the sutured edges separately, a portion of polyethylene tubing can be used to replace the missing pieces of tube. Polyethylene tubing is available in small calibre. It is considered non-irritating and will allow free passage of the spermatozoa and ova.

Using microsurgery, surgery performed with a microscope so fine detail can be seen more clearly, the edges of the cut tubes can be brought together into the proper apposition and an open

passage way made. This reverses sterilisation and makes it possible for a previously sterilised female to become pregnant.

The operation described above is not an easy one and it is not performed by many surgeons. The chances of having your fertility restored through this procedure will be increased immeasurably if you take the time and trouble to locate specialists in the field.

Though the chance that you will recover fertility through a second operation is not great, this procedure is the only chance you have. We think it is definitely worth your while to consult a specialist.

The effects of guilt

I have been married for 17 years to a wonderful woman, but I have a problem which has just about ruined our marriage. About eight years ago I had an interlude with another woman. I say "interlude" because there was no intercourse, just petting and touching.

Since this episode, I have been unable to make love properly to my wife. The problem takes two forms: either I lose my erection, or else I experience a tremendous feeling of anxiety that increases during love-making and causes me to ejaculate prematurely.

I have had many check-ups by a doctor and there is nothing physical causing these problems.

I love my wife very much. I want to save our marriage and our sex life. Please give me some suggestions about what I can do to reach these goals. — Name and address withheld.

As you have learned, our emotions can greatly affect our sexual performance. Though extramarital sexual involvements are not uncommon even in marriages which adhere to a monogamous ethic, you apparently have very intense guilt feelings over your "interlude". You value your marriage so much that even thinking of infidelity evokes strong feelings of guilt for you. These feelings are disturbing your sexual functioning.

The incident you described occurred eight years ago. Have you told your wife about it in the intervening period? We get the impression from your letter that you have not. Instead, you have held this secret inside and have gone on punishing

yourself for years. Unfortunately, you have been punishing your wife, too.

It's time to do something about this. You seem motivated. We suggest that you talk to your wife about everything you have written in your letter. Tell her about the "interlude"; tell her how much you value her and your marriage. If you feel unable to talk about this on your own, then we would advise that you arrange to see a qualified sex therapist along with your wife.

Impotence and premature ejaculation, the most common male sexual problems, are most often psychosomatic in origin and can be successfully treated in most cases.

Diaphragm technique

After inserting my diaphragm I fill the applicator with jelly and insert the middle finger of my left hand between the rim of the diaphragm and the vaginal wall, breaking the suction just as if I were about to take the diaphragm out. Instead, I run the applicator along the finger and insert the jelly inside the diaphragm. That way it doesn't ooze out and if a sperm or two get past the diaphragm they face a blob of spermicide.

I have a couple of questions about this technique. How long will jelly inserted inside the diaphragm this way remain effective? Will it continue to provide a protective chemical barrier until the diaphragm is removed? I have gone as long as three days without removing my diaphragm (I forget it's there) and when I do, the jelly is still intact inside the dome. Do time or body secretions reduce potency of the jelly? Or is the jelly effective indefinitely as long as it is present in adequate amounts? — Name and address withheld.

Your technique may offer certain advantages to you, but it may also trick you into getting pregnant. Using a diaphragm alone offers very poor protection against pregnancy, as many women have discovered to their dismay.

True, the diaphragm itself provides some barrier against the sperm by covering the mouth of the womb. However, it is maximally effective only if a spermicidal agent is placed inside the dome of the diaphragm and around the rim and all over the outer surface. Though you use

some spermicide, your technique leaves out a major part of the protection.

You may prefer "not having jelly spread all over your vagina," but that is where the jelly should be if you are to be adequately protected. When Masters and Johnson photographed what happened to a diaphragm during intercourse, using a pelvic model and an artificial penis, they found that the diaphragm can be dislodged during sexual relations.

In addition, we know that a woman's vagina expands as she becomes sexually excited, particularly during an orgasm. This would also tend to allow the dia-

phragm to slip out of position. In these situations, it is essential to have the spermicide free in the vagina.

Some of the spermicide may indeed ooze out, but this is no reason for concern. The agents in the jelly are not dangerous for you to put in your body and there is no evidence that they produce problems for sexual partners. A few people are allergic to the ingredients, but this problem is rare and can happen with any drug.

We are not sure how long a cream or jelly remains active after it is in the vagina — probably a matter of hours. Some of it

leaks out and the vaginal secretions may affect what remains. For this reason, if you have intercourse again before you remove your diaphragm, you should always insert another application high in the vagina.

Can't climax with husband

I have what I think may be a serious problem. I've only been married for five months and I'm afraid my marriage may go down the drain if I don't get help soon. The situation is so bad it's making wrecks out of both my husband and myself.

I am 22 and my husband is 21. We lived together for six months before we got married. We split up and both moved back home. Then he left town for about five months. When he came back, we were married.

While we were living together, our sex life was okay, a hell of a lot better than it has been since we've been married. As old as I am, I've never been able to reach orgasm except by masturbating in the bathtub. I can't now and never have been able to reach orgasm during intercourse.

My husband is getting the short end of the deal because I can hardly stand the thought of making love any more. I get no satisfaction out of it, therefore I try to avoid it completely. This is tearing us apart.

I've read articles, books, anything I can get my hands on, trying to straighten myself out, but nothing has helped. I'm desperate now and I need help. I love my husband and I want to please him more than anything in the world, but "faking it" is getting old fast, and at 22 I want more than anything to enjoy a real, loving and fulfilling night of sex with him. Sometimes I think the problem must be entirely psychological, since I can climax on my own in the bathtub. All I know is that I want to enjoy orgasm with my husband, not by myself all the time.

When I do have sex by myself, it's fantastic! Can't it be that way when I'm in bed with him? Help — before my marriage falls apart. — Name and address withheld.

Changing from solo to couple sexuality is sometimes a difficult process. As long as you fake orgasms, you don't have to worry that your husband will feel inadequate or think that you're inadequate. However as long as you fake orgasms, you aren't getting what you want, and your husband being unaware can't help.

If you just turn off sex you'll be giving up on pleasures you say you would like to have. Now you seem willing to give up a safe but unfulfilling strategy and make some changes. Good for you!

You already know what an orgasm is from masturbating in the bathtub. Become aware of exactly what produces orgasms for you; how much pressure you like, where, for how long, with how much

and what type of variation. Begin to translate your knowledge detail by detail into intercourse: Discuss your findings with your husband and enlist his cooperation. Show him precisely what turns you on.

Also, explore together other ways of climaxing. Use your fingers. Get on top of him and rub against him. Use vibrators during lovemaking. Lie on your stomach and rub against a pillow while he enters you from the back.

It may take you a while to climax using unfamiliar kinds of stimulation, but if you are patient and learn to enjoy small feelings, orgasms will come eventually. The more information you have about your sexuality during foreplay, by yourself or with your husband, the more options you will have for enjoying pleasure and orgasm with him.

We suggest you also contact a women's centre to get a referral to someone who has been trained in leading sexuality groups for women. Sometimes advice personally shared, and the feeling you are not alone, are as valuable as the books you've read.

Non-exclusive

I am a male and I love sex very much. I started to go out with girls very early — nothing serious, but I had fun. Ever since, I have been going out with girls off and on.

Now I am going out with a foxy girl whom I really like a great deal. I have

been seeing her for over three years. I go out with other girls but then come back to her.

The problem is that although I can go out with this girl I like so much, have sex and feel very close, I keep breaking it off to see some other girl whom I would rather not get close to. I don't know why I do this when I can get love and satisfaction from someone I really like. Can you help me figure it out? — Mr R.D., Victoria.

It appears that you are not yet ready for an exclusive relationship. You seem to feel you should be able to settle in with someone. Perhaps you also fear you are escaping intimacy with your old friend by seeing others. It may be that among your friends, dating one person on a steady basis is considered the "right" thing to do, or that you have been influenced by the mass media (TV, songs, books, etc.) which peddle the glamor of exclusive romantic attachments. But you need and must allow yourself all the breathing space you need.

What you are doing is healthy. It's good for you to experience several relationships of varying degrees of intensity and at the same time maintain and enjoy one special relationship.

You are attempting to live in such a way that you are free and yet intimate and you thereby assume the responsibility for your happiness rather than expect

another person to provide it. We see nothing wrong with your behavior, only with your perception of it.

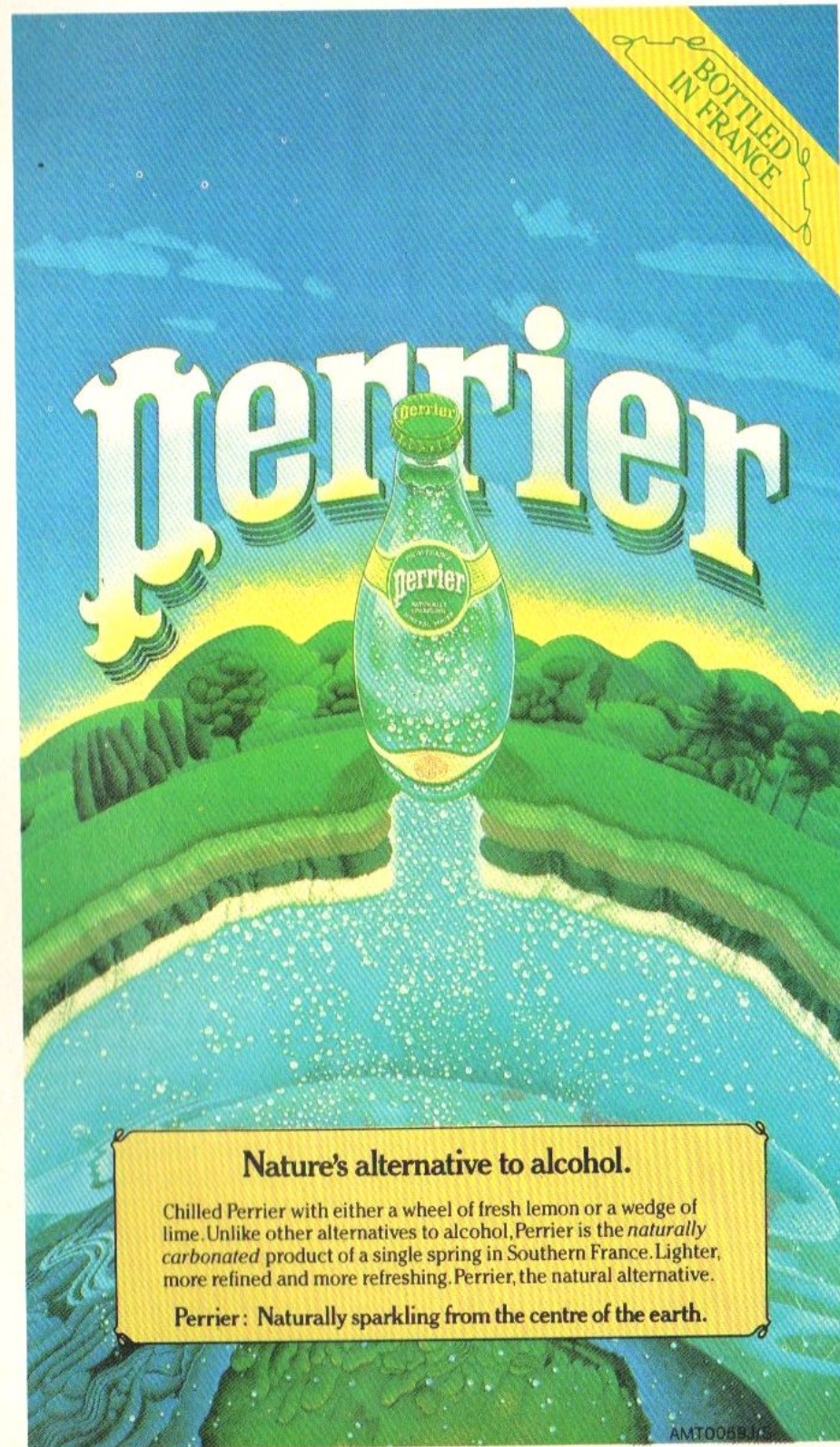
The problem is that you feel you should be exclusively loyal to your girlfriend and this belief first makes you feel claustrophobic and then, if you act on your desires to experience other relationships, guilty.

This presents you with a conflict which you end each time you break it off with your girl. However, only by accepting your need for freedom and experimentation as healthy can you break your pattern of anxiety.

The teenage years are a time when we learn new, independent forms of socialisation. During this time we begin to establish more formal male-female relationships and to understand and deal with sexuality.

Your task for this time of life may involve being more honest with yourself and with the "foxy" girl you like so much. We feel you can be honest with her. Tell her you care about her but feel you are too young to be involved in an exclusive arrangement. Tell her about your desires to be with others without apologising and you will stop feeling that there is something "wrong" with you. You will eliminate your guilt and you will get more satisfaction from all your relationships, including your relationship with your girlfriend.

What's more, we think you would risk



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little by being honest: your girlfriend has apparently stayed even while you have been off on these short escapades. In the course of an open discussion you might learn, to your surprise, that she has some awareness of your conflict.

She may herself be experiencing a similar conflict between strong feelings for you and a desire to circulate — which would be just a healthy desire on her part, too. Furthermore, by opening up an area of needs and values which are important to you, you can gain more self-knowledge and build a more solid foundation with your friend.

You have a good on-going relationship and a natural desire to experience and explore other relationships with different people as well. The problem is not that there is something "wrong" about this, but that you haven't examined and discussed your own feelings, expectations and values carefully enough.

We suggest you continue seeing your girlfriend while both of you open up, get to know each other better and re-evaluate the question of whether or not to settle down in a one-to-one relationship at this time.

A depersonalised approach

I am 25 and my wife is 20. We have been married for two and a half years. When I met my wife she was very young, and she had never had a man. She was a

virgin when we married. I didn't have too much experience either having had sex with only two women.

At the beginning of our marriage, sex with my wife was pretty good, but I don't seem to enjoy sex with her any more. We have sex three or four times a month, or less. My sex drive is still there, but not for her; I masturbate very often. When we do have sex, it's always me who makes the first move, which is to open her legs. She never makes any move at all. Also, she never has her orgasm with me. Usually I come first, then she hops on me and rubs her clitoris against my penis. That's the only way she reaches orgasm.

My penis is only five and a half inches long. Do you think that's why my wife never comes with me? Do you think that having an affair with another woman would help? I am a very horny guy and when I see a sexy-looking chick I wish I could have her. I have many chances to get other girls at work, but I am afraid my wife will find out.

I don't know what to do. I don't seem to enjoy sex with my wife, and I want to sleep with other women, even though I love my wife very much. Can you please help? — J.L., Queensland.

Any regular reader of Forum knows that your five-and-a-half-inch penis is not the reason your wife does not climax during intercourse. They also know that

simultaneous orgasm is a rare phenomenon and an overrated one — hardly a measure of successful sex.

Many women, like your wife, have their extra or only orgasms through clitoral stimulation after their partners have climaxed. Your wife, in fact, seems to be fully orgasmic and sexually normal. If she is less than enthusiastic about lovemaking it is probably that she senses a distance and impersonality in your approach to sex.

What seems to be the problem with your lovemaking is not that she comes after you or that your penis is small or that you always end up making the first move, but that your first move is to open her legs. Whatever happened to foreplay? Where is tenderness or affection?

Everything you say about sex is so mechanical, so sterile, that it is hard to believe you are aware of your wife and the other women you meet as persons. You do not speak of them as real human beings who share your life; they are sexy-looking chicks to be had, a wife who was once pretty good but won't climax the way you want.

As a young man with relatively little sexual experience, it is understandable and normal for you to be curious about experiencing other partners, but your letter leaves the impression not that you want to sleep with other women, but that you want to screw other bodies.

We have the feeling that you will sleep with other women — you seem only waiting for written permission to go ahead and ignore the slight fear that your wife will find out.

Extramarital sex in itself wouldn't necessarily be bad, but it would be irrelevant to the problem you have to work on. Lovemaking is dissatisfying to you because it involves little sensuality, tenderness, intimacy or imagination. Novelty can only substitute for these qualities once or twice.

Your problem is not an unusual one. The mechanical, depersonalised approach to sex is all too common. Many people count or time orgasms, measure penis length and girth anxiously, argue endlessly about the merits of big breasts or small ones or whether fat is beautiful or the ultimate turn-off.

It is this attitude that causes your unhappiness — and affairs won't change your attitudes.

To revitalise your sex life you need to start to discover the person on the other side of the bed. Recognising that it is you who depersonalises your wife would be a first step.

A good second step would be to begin talking in bed — about love, sex, the things that turn each of you on, and how you might give each other more. From there you could move on to politics, how to raise children, organic gardening, or the fate of the human race. There is much



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Drifting apart

My husband and I are both in our thirties. We have been married for 13 years and have two children. We were both virgins when we married and have never had sex with anyone else. Because we were raised in rigid Catholic families, we used the rhythm method of birth control until three years ago, when we decided to make a complete break with our past and get my husband a vasectomy.

We made love so seldom during our first 10 years of marriage that we knew we would not achieve instant sexual ecstasy. Everything was progressing fairly well, however, until a year ago when I discovered masturbation. In just a few weeks I became adept at bringing myself off by hand.

Although it took me 45 minutes to an hour to reach orgasm, I was so thrilled at being able to climax at all that I didn't mind the time. I bought a vibrator, which increased my pleasure.

One night I decided to show my husband the vibrator and tell him about everything I had been doing. I wanted to use the vibrator as a part of intercourse and I wanted him to get used to the idea. He became extremely upset, taking it as a slur against his manhood. To quote him:

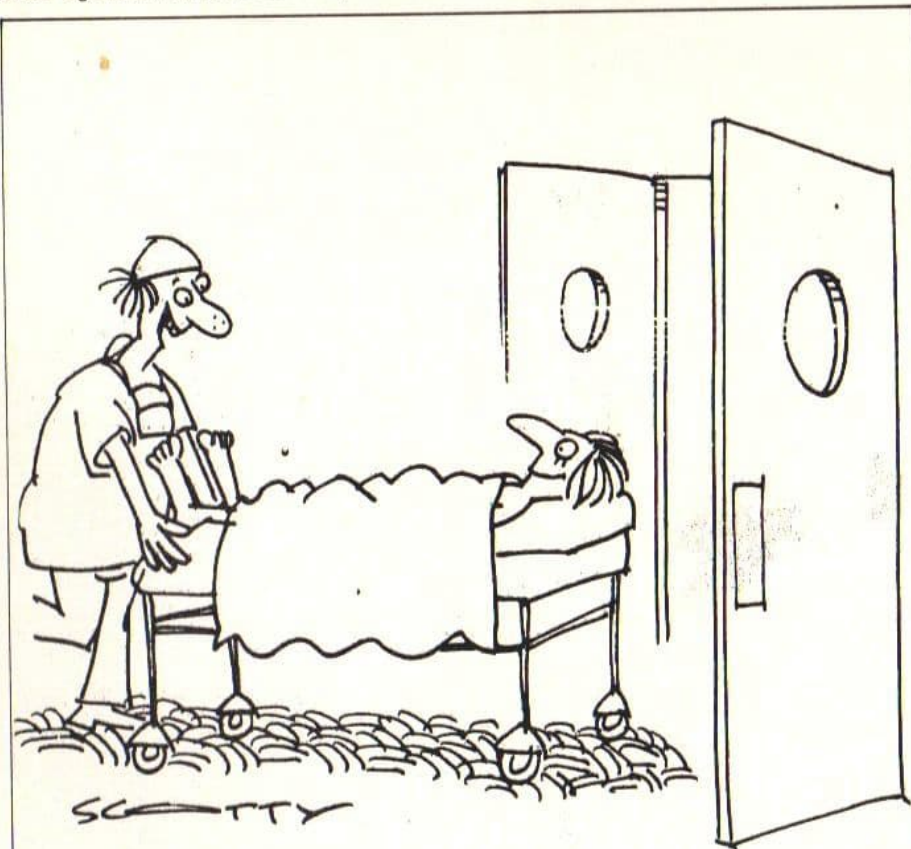
"The vibrator could do in an hour what he hadn't been able to do in 13 years."

After many bitter words between us, my husband finally agreed to admit the vibrator to our lovemaking sessions. The first few times he saw me climax in his arms, he seemed very happy and I thought our troubles were over. Then he became gradually less and less interested in sex.

Our lovemaking fell off from three times a week to once every two weeks. He would still help me come by playing with my breasts while I used the vibrator, but I began to feel more and more that this was boring him.

He had always said he wanted me to be more aggressive sexually, but when I finally became that way it turned him off. I wish I had the space to tell you all the excuses he gives for not making love. In 13 years I have never once refused him, and now he has made me feel unwanted and miserable. Our life apart from sex also became more strained and unhappy.

I am just not the type to take a lover. I am no raving beauty and my self-confidence is low. Besides, I would like to work this out between us. We have so many lost years to make up for and there is so much pleasure we could experience together. For example, one of my dreams is to climax by cunnilingus — though I can't really blame my husband for not wanting to eat me for an hour straight.



"What are you doing after the sex-change operation?"

Things are at the point now where I use the vibrator only for masturbation. Intercourse lasts about 10 minutes and I do it only to oblige him as I feel no pleasure. I am afraid to let myself become too aroused because I feel he resents the time it takes to satisfy me.

The strange thing is I believe my husband really loves me. But it is difficult for me to understand how you can love someone and not want to screw them. To me the two are inseparable. I don't want my husband and me to drift even further apart. What can I do? — Name and address withheld.

A "rigid" religious upbringing can indeed inhibit a person's capacity for sexual pleasure. You and your husband are to be congratulated for attempting to free yourself from prejudices resulting from your early conditioning.

Your husband showed courage and asserted his independence by getting a vasectomy. That courage and independence should be useful in persuading him to change his attitude toward sex and become more flexible.

If you want your husband to be more experimental in bed, you must be that way too. For example, your husband may be more willing to use the vibrator if you introduce it as an erotic toy to be used throughout lovemaking, and not just as a tool to enable you to come at the end.

Have you ever used the vibrator on your husband's penis and testicles? Sometime try asking him to lie back and relax while you try to stimulate him with a vibrator. Make sure the vibrator is warm; don't put cold metal on his tender flesh. Start by gently massaging different parts of his body, then gradually work your way up to the genitals. Once your husband experiences pleasure with a vibrator himself, he'll probably be more accepting of your use of it.

We would, however, advise you not to use the vibrator every time you make love. We believe the body can become so conditioned to it that it becomes difficult for a woman to climax any other way.

Your husband's upbringing may have given him negative feelings about oral sex; since it doesn't lead to conception, the Catholic church doesn't approve of this kind of erotic play. We would suggest you forget about coming — or not coming — for a while and encourage your husband to learn to enjoy cunnilingus. When you ask him to try it, be sure you are clean and sweet-smelling in the vaginal area. Put some cologne on your thighs, trim excess pubic hair off and make your genital area as sensually inviting and delicious to him as you possibly can. While his head is between your legs, caress his hair and ears and cheeks and let him know with sounds or words how much you enjoy it.

If you feel he is getting tired, you can stop — you don't have to climax this way

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for it to be a very pleasurable experience. However, don't assume it will take an hour of eating you to make you climax. You might find this form of sex so exciting that you will come more quickly than usual. Even if you don't climax this time, first, you may later on, when your band becomes more skilful.

We think it would help for you to examine your own attitudes to sex as well as your husband's. It is easier to relax sexually when you like yourself and know that you are entitled to joy and pleasure. You don't seem at all confident that you are entitled to pleasure.

You say that your "self-confidence is low" and that this would prevent you from seeking a lover. We think it is preventing you from seeking satisfaction with your husband. For example, you are giving your husband two conflicting messages about cunnilingus. On the one hand, you have let him know: "I'd enjoy it and I'd love for you to try it." On the other: "But you may have to work too hard, so it's okay if you don't try it."

You say that your husband is "making" you feel unwanted and miserable. In fact, you are choosing to feel that way. Your feelings derive from what you tell yourself about not having self-confidence. If you had more self-esteem and ego strength your husband might continue to say or do the same things, but you would no longer accept them; you would no longer think

feet shoes. I like feet which are cute, and the soles of the heel must be flat.

I am an avid scuba diver and while I don't have a rubber fetish, common among scuba divers, I love to go diving with women who wear the open-heel type fins. One of my sexual fantasies is to have sex underwater. I desire to caress orally a woman's foot from toe to heel.

I have not acted out my fetishistic desires yet. I am very shy about letting a woman know about my fetish since I do not know whether she would consider me

or men in the world today who experience such attraction. Moreover, psychological and psychiatric textbooks abound in such cases, some involving very prominent artists, writers, scientists, and civic leaders.

2) There is no evidence that a specific "type" of woman is excited by men who are attracted to her feet.

3) As far as we know, hair style doesn't indicate anything about foot fetishes.

4) We suggest that you do not express your interests verbally before you make love to a woman. Instead, incorporate footplay into your general sexplay. Perhaps begin by caressing and kissing your partner's legs, then work your way downwards. If she is annoyed by your attention to her feet, let the matter drop.

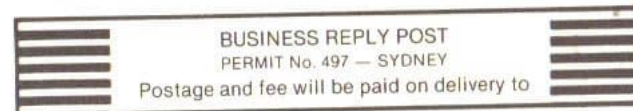
Be aware, however, that most women have been raised to be fearful of or guilty about sex and are not able to enjoy sexual activity involving any part of the body until they have learned to do so. Thus, you might incorporate a subtle educational process into your caressing. If she enjoys it right from the start, that's great. If she questions you about your pleasure, tell her. If she doesn't question you, don't say anything. Many women who might enjoy having their feet caressed silently would feel uncomfortable if confronted with the spectre of someone who labels himself a "foot fetishist".

5) "Unusual" and "abnormal" are misleading when applied to sexual preferences.

There are no known sexual norms and people have sexual tastes, life styles and needs which vary greatly. With regard to health or emotional stability, there is no reason to be concerned about your desires.

There is no evidence that acting out your foot fetish — done in private, intelligently and with consenting adults — need create any emotional or health problems for you. ☺

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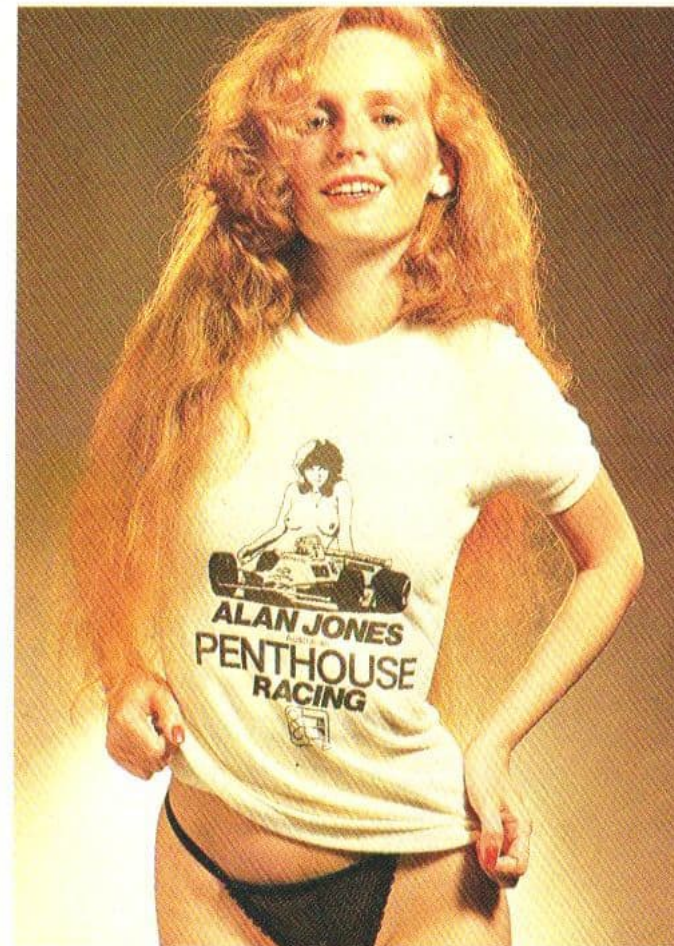


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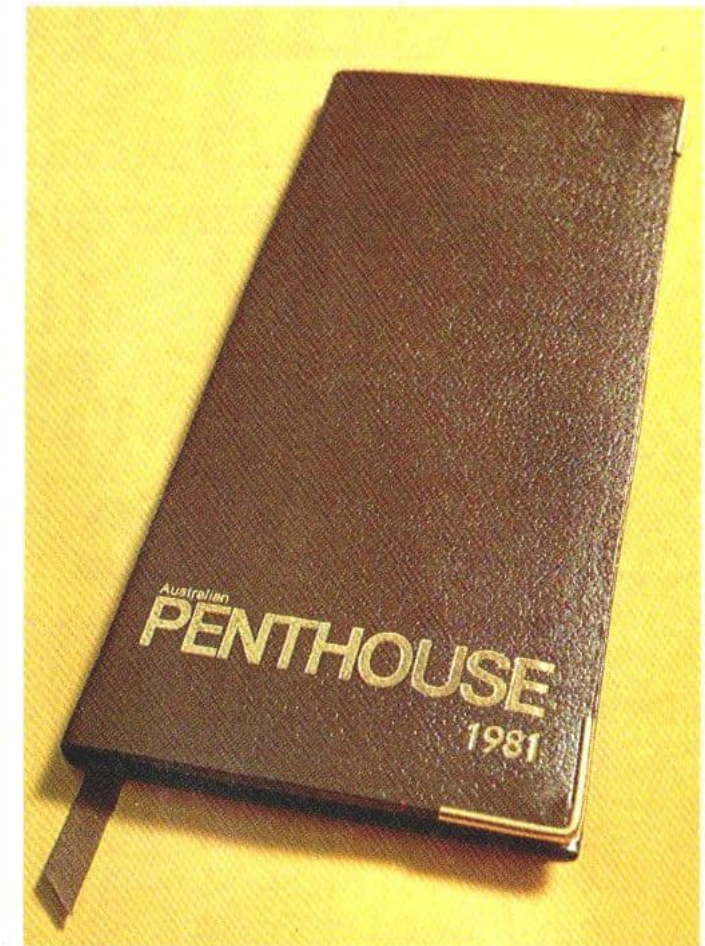
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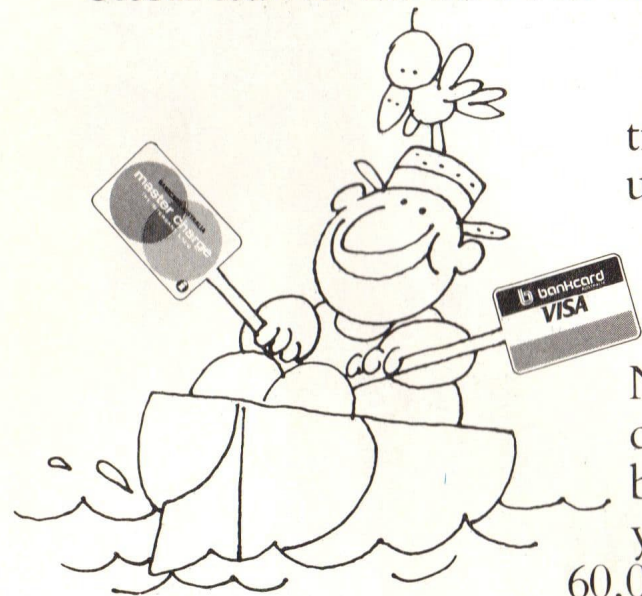
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THE PNEUMATIC WORLD OF RUSS MEYER

BY CAMERON MACKAY

Russ Meyer sits at a table in a suite at Sydney's Town House Hotel and fiddles with a large racked box of trout fishing lures. He has the pliers trout fishermen use to make dry flies, these metal spinners, delicate pieces of silver designed to lure the unwary fish with the promise of a meal they can never deliver.

Meyer is a heavily built man of 58 with a moustache and a gruff manner and appearance that remind you of American writer John Steinbeck. He hopes to go to New Zealand to catch trout, or to the Snowy Mountains or wherever the hell they are. By profession, Meyer is one of America's most successful producers of porn movies, and the fishing lures soon lose their glitter and he turns to the matters that fill his life. There's his old lady, as he calls her, Francesca (Kitten) Natividad, who, apart from sharing his bed most nights, stars in his latest film *Beneath The Valley Of The Ultravixens*, which he is trying to flog off to the Australian public. Kitten is a diminutive Mexican of something less than 30 years who has to carry through life one of the biggest sets of breasts in the history of the world. If they were any bigger she would not be able to stand. And there's Meyer's philosophy on both life and the films he makes: he wants to tell the world that sex is a fun thing, something to be enjoyed, even laughed at.

In 21 years he has made 22 porn films of varying degrees of hardness, starting with a 63-minute quickie called *The Immoral Mr Teas*, which took four days to make and cost \$24,000. He is virtually unknown in Australia, mainly because only two of his films, *Vixen* made in 1968 and *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls*, made in 1970, have had any sort of a run here. That was until he brought *Beneath The Valley Of The Ultravixens* here personally in the hope of forming a closer relationship with our audiences, as it were. To understand Meyer films, you have to understand



one thing — breasts. He is obsessed by them — to the point where even the female extras in his films are burdened down with quivering flesh.

After learning cinematography as a combat photographer with the US Army Signal Corps during World War II, Meyer returned to civilian life with what he describes as "a remarkable interest in females, particularly women who were over-endowed". He soon found, in a practical way, that the interest was not peculiar to him.

"I got into shooting stills of girls for the early pin-up magazines as a side line," he says. "I just gravitated to well stacked women. If they didn't have it there I would ignore them. They

had to be outrageous. I had a photo agent and I found that every time I photographed a girl with big tits they sold over and over, two, three four times. If I photographed a girl with a normal set I would only sell them once. I said to myself I must be doing the right thing; not only do I get pleasure shooting the girls, but I'm making money." Since then, Meyer has been constantly looking for women with more out front. "It's like a surfer looking for the perfect wave," he says. "I don't think my films would have worked if I'd just used normal women. The joke of the films is that they are so outrageous."

Apart from making them his trade mark, Meyer has never lost his personal attraction to a good set of boobs. He says that men and women who knock some as being too big or appearing clumsy are only reflecting sour grapes. "There is even this story that women with smaller tits are sexier," he says. "This is a myth started by women who have none. It's just not true."

Meyer is not very impressed with big-breasted women who will not show them to the public. He says of Raquel Welch: "It's probably a bit too late for her anyway, so we'll never really know what they looked like." The one set of covered boobs he would like to

unveil to the public are Dolly Parton's. "She's the sort of woman I like," Meyer says. "But I'd like to have with her Jonathan Winters. They would make a great pair in a sort of off-beat porn picture. But I'm never likely to get them."

Meyer's path in bringing boobs to the public has been relatively easy. Through the Sixties he made a string of porn cheapies as an independent producer with pretty obvious names such as *Naked Gals of the Golden West*, *Europe In The Raw*, *Mondo Topless* and *How Much Loving Does A Normal Couple Need?* He kept his costs down by being a tireless worker, usually writing the scripts, doing the direction and photography himself and sometimes doing the editing.

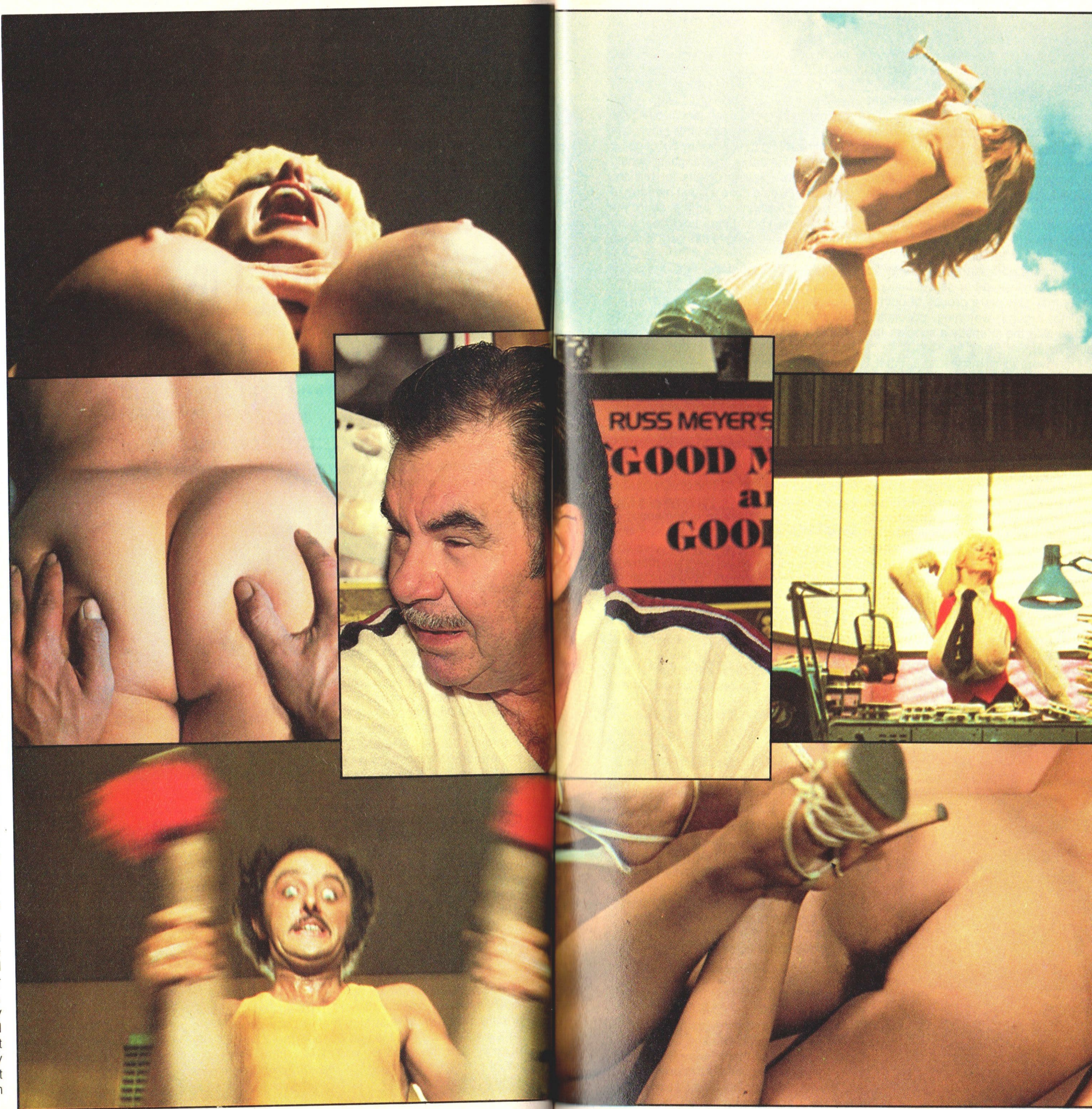
He hit the big time with *Vixen* in 1968, and Richard R. Zanuck, who was then president of 20th Century Fox, asked him to work there. By that time Meyer's films had taken on the polish of the best G-rated Hollywood films, and Zanuck took the view that if the porn producer could make a film like *Vixen* for \$70,000 he would produce something that would be a world beater given \$1 million.

The first film Meyer made for Zanuck was *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls*, for which Meyer got help with the script from Roger Ebert, the Pulitzer Prize-winning critic from the *Chicago Sun Times*. Any relationship between *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls* and the previously successful *Valley Of The Dolls* was purely coincidental. Neither of the writers ever read Jacqueline Susann's book, although they saw the film.

The Meyer film was as violent as it was sexy, and had such characters as Z-man, a rock Svengali who seems to be a queer for most of the plot but is finally revealed as a woman in drag. The story became so complex that to resolve it Meyer had to write in a quadruple murder, a narrative summary, a triple wedding and an epilogue.

The film had the Meyer stamp in being satire from the title through to the way it treated Hollywood conventions and modern American morality. In the end, Meyer returned to being an independent producer after falling foul of big studio politics. He had moved to Warner Brothers with Zanuck, and one day when he went to work Zanuck was just gone, allegedly with an appendix problem, so Meyer had to go with him.

Meyer tells the story: "I had an office with secretaries, and this guy just came by — he was in charge of chairs and desks or something — and he said clear out, get everything out by two o'clock. They had a man out there painting my name off the car park. That's the final blow in Hollywood — when they paint your name off the car park. The day before they had been saying how great my work was. The treachery in such places is awesome."



One of his first projects away from Zanuck was an attempt to make a film with the punk group, the Sex Pistols, again using Roger Ebert. Meyer blames the Sex Pistols' manager, Malcolm McLaren, for the failure of the venture through underestimating the amount of money needed.

Parts of the film surfaced in *The Great Rock and Roll Swindle*, which was shown at the last Sydney Film Festival, but Meyer's version sounds more interesting. The story was about an ageing rock star, vaguely based on Mick Jagger, who used to go out into the Queen's Reserve with Darth Vader and shoot deer with a cross bow then give them to the London poor.

Meyer did not mind working with the Sex Pistols. He says: "Two of them were very intelligent, level-headed guys — Jones and Cook. Rotten and Vicious were absolutely nuts, although Rotten definitely had charisma."

Meyer returned to independent success with *Supervixens*, which was released in 1975 and grossed \$7.5 million in its first year. The satirical formula of his work is now firmly entrenched. He says he does satire because it is easier than comedy, as satire works both ways.

"You can take it seriously or, if you're sophisticated enough, you can laugh at it," Meyer said. "It's safer than trying to do good comedy because that takes tremendous comedians, and there aren't too many of them around. Satire also lets me comment on things I wish to take umbrage with."

One of his favorite targets is religion, particularly American southern holy rollers with immersion and the instant saving of souls. If he were not a pornographer, he says he would probably be a holy roller preacher as he feels both involve manipulating basic desires in a very crude way.

With their satire, Meyer's films are, to him, his statement on the sexual mores of our times. He likens their treatment to animated cartoons with everything exaggerated to vigor.

"The sex is not easy," he says. "It is tortuous. If I have a man or a woman have an orgasm it's like the wildebeest and the water buffalo, almost painful, like they were spewing out razor blades. I see humor in this."

When he settles into a conversation, Meyer loses a lot of the exaggerated showman quality that he has when you first meet him. He talks quietly, almost academically, but it's hard to get him off the subject of Kitten's sexual prowess.

"Being in the autumn of my life, I guess I've found the perfect sex partner," he says. "She's everything I tried to experience in my fantasies in my films."

Perhaps Meyer's greatest affection for Kitten comes from the fact that she does not object to him being a pornographer. He has been married three times (he is

not married to Kitten) and two of his wives, one of them the very beautiful Edy Williams, have had something to do with porn.

"Kitten is the first woman I've met in my life who admires my films," Meyer says. "The others were always saying 'My God, can't you do something better, you certainly have more skill'. All this after they've put a ton of money in the bank from what I've been doing. They suddenly find the films they starred in are terrible. Kitten tells me to keep it up. She'll even find me other broads."

If Kitten enjoys Meyer's films, so does a very clearly defined type of audience. He says they are mainly red necks, college students and couples in their middle and late twenties who really enjoy sex.

"They go along to learn," Meyer says. "I introduced one position called the Kangaroo Pouch. If you tried to do it the way it was done in the film you'd probably break your back or something, but they were all out there trying. Once Kitten and I were touring around the country and this Mexican couple came up to us and said they really enjoyed the film, and they were going home to try the positions. If you bring them on you're giving them something."

In some ways, Meyer is trying to do away with the very academic attitude a lot of Americans have towards sex. He says he holds *Playboy* to ridicule because

of its academic attitude towards sex as well as some sex advice columns.

"You get all these people writing in, or allegedly writing in, with these academic questions about sex and relationships," he says. "What they did the other night and why she was turned off. What should I do now? I can't help but feel it's all done for the purpose of entertaining. Hugh Hefner gets terribly profound about certain things that strike me as laughable. He takes sex far too seriously."

Meyer said he had been often to Sandstone, which is an encounter therapy retreat where people express their pleasures out in the open. On one occasion he took a porn actress who was, to say the least, free in her sexual outlook, and all they saw were groups of people standing around watching copulating couples with the intensity a snooker fan would watch *Pot Black*.

"They were all commenting about it," Meyer says. "It's like an engineering principle instead of running at it like a football scrimmage and hoping to connect. It's boring rubbish they go on with. It should be like Rugby here, impact, rebound, regenerate."

Although he says the women in his pictures are always domineering and more intelligent than the men, Meyer would give Russ Hinz a run for his money as a male chauvinist. While acknowledging that *Deep Throat* was a trend setter in hard

porn and admiring the man who made it, he has no sympathy for the subsequent plight of Linda Lovelace, who has fallen on hard times and taken up Southern religion. Meyer will not accept her story.

"I wouldn't be surprised if she's taken on this new attitude for financial gain," he says. "I question her sincerity. I think she might be trying to get money out of going straight. If I became an evangelist I would be out there selling tickets for millions because I would have a great platform, a former pornographer who's seen the light. I don't know Linda Lovelace, but I think she's still trying to use porn to make money."

Meyer says that outside the ever-happy Kitten, no actresses can really be trusted. "Most actors are journeymen actors who belong to the Screen Actors Guild and are grateful to get a bit of film on them," he says. "But you get an actress and within three days she's getting headaches and she's no longer sure it's all worthwhile. They want you to make the film to suit them. In the end you have to behave like Otto Preminger and shout at them."

He won't even employ women any more as non-acting assistants as he finds them too irritating. "I find it very hard to get a full day's effort from them," he said. "They're always talking to somebody — their mothers are calling or their boyfriends. They just personally assaulted my sensibilities. Now I have two men who do all that sort of work. They do their job and they're sincere. I just don't enjoy working with women."

When he does work, Meyer is meticulous in the technical aspects of film making. He says he learnt the fine point of the business with industrial films and has spent the rest of his life perfecting it. His films are a complex fusing of brief shots which all depend on movement. His last film took him 10 months to edit, much longer than it would take a major studio. "I guess I see it as an art form," he said. Which makes you wonder about his next one which will be autobiographical and will have the rather obvious name of *The Breast Of Russ Meyer*.

He had some thought of making a porn film in Australia, but said he did not see any girls who matched up to his basic requirements.

"I'll have to give that a miss for a while and concentrate on this other thing," he says. "I have this great idea for an ending. I've found these two guys who want to be in my films. I'll have them wrestling on this soft mud the way the two men wrestled in the film of the D.H. Lawrence book, *Women In Love*. While they're wrestling, Kitten will rush in, but they will be playing around and she won't be able to get down on them."

It may not be quite the happy ending of *The Sound Of Music*, but at least Russ will make it art. 



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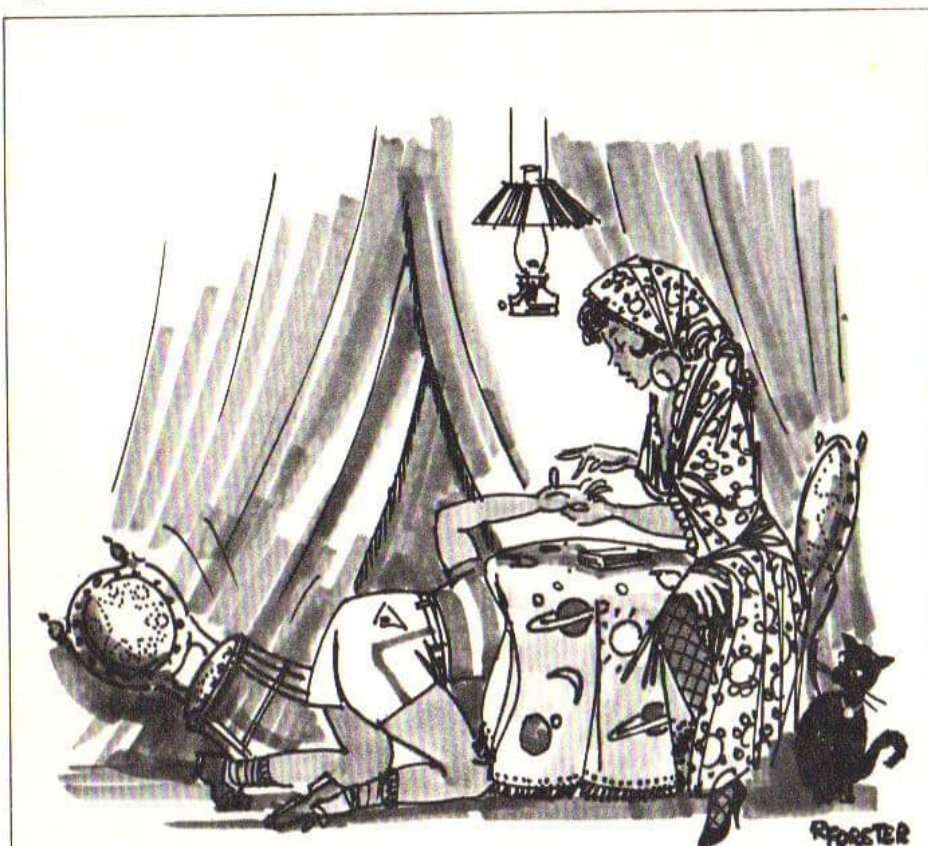
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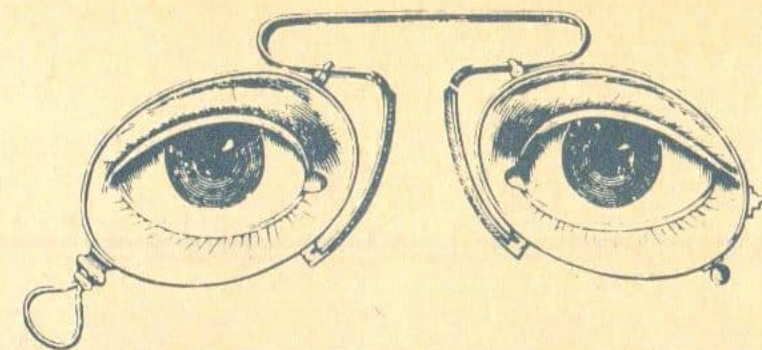
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

OUR BEARDS, OUR SELVES

BY CHRIS HALLINGER

As we grow into adulthood, our bodies go through a striking transformation, one that will have a profound effect on us for the rest of our lives. Our beards start to grow. Let's face it; we all want to have sexual relationships and jobs, and we're not going to get anywhere unless we shave. So we're going to have to practise some kind of beard control. In order to make an intelligent choice, we have to look at what methods are available and decide between them according to their safety, effectiveness, and cost. No one method is perfect for every man. In the old days, men had beards whether they wanted them or not, and they suffered in silence. Look at pictures of men in the 1890s: even government leaders had beards. Now, with the advent of modern shaving technology and the raising of men's consciousness, we have new freedom and power that we never knew in the past. We are gaining power over our own faces and the freedom to choose when and where we will have a beard. The first step towards taking control of our faces is getting to know them. We must lose our inhibitions about touching and looking at our own bodies. The best way to begin is with a personal facial examination.

Personal Facial Examination. Usually this is done in the privacy of the bathroom or bedroom, in the early morning or just before bathing.

However, it can be performed anytime, as often as you like, alone or in groups. All you need is a mirror and a fluorescent light. Don't be embarrassed about exploring the entire facial area. There is nothing to be ashamed about; we are all curious about our bodies. With some practice you can learn to find and identify your mouth, ears, neck, and other vital areas. Soon you will be able to recognise and understand what your beard is doing. The first self-examination may prove to be a joyous and thrilling event, as this student reports: "At first I was repulsed by the idea. Nice guys don't touch themselves 'up there'. But once I started, it was fascinating. I enjoyed it immensely. I found out that I have nostrils. Two of them! It was the most wonderful experience of my life." It is also

important to learn the scientific terminology. Barbers have tried to keep us ignorant for years so that we will be helpless and dependent on them. Now it is time for us to educate ourselves so that we can speak to our barbers on their terms. Jerry, a 25-year-old single man, tells a typical story: "I told my barber, 'Just a trim. I want it to come halfway down my ears.' He was shocked. 'Where did you find out about ears?' he wanted to know. 'What are you, a cosmetology student?'"

Now let's look at the different methods of beard control that are available.

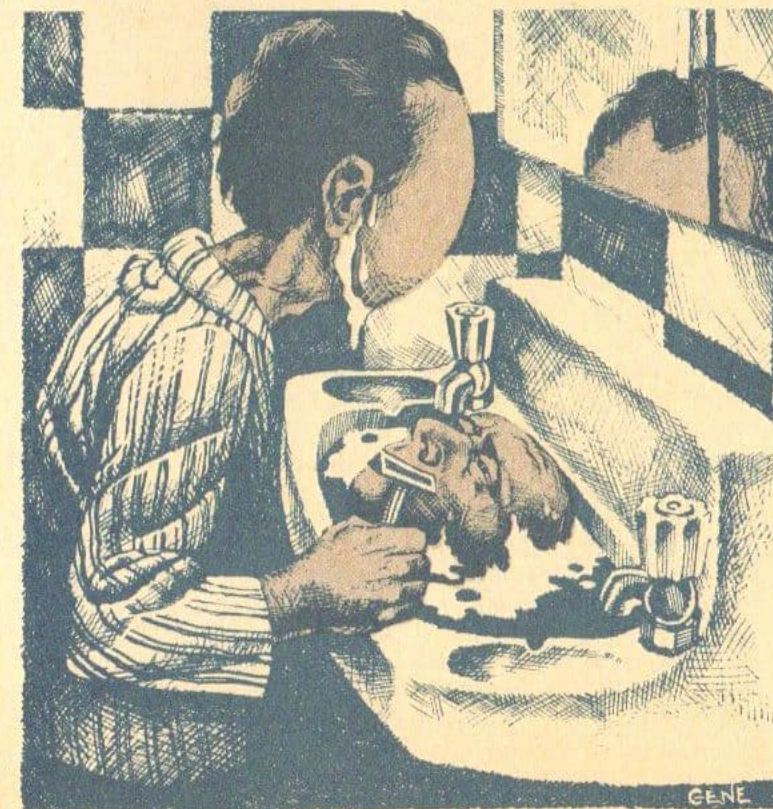
The Electrical Scraping Device (ESD). What it is: An ESD consists of a motor that is encased in plastic, a row of metal blades, and a coiled-up electrical cord. The blades may be either single-file or rotary, stationary or floating. The whole business is enclosed in a case, with instructions and a warranty. The case is usually made out of Leatherette.

How to Use It. Take the ESD out of the case. Attach the cord to the device (follow directions). Plug it into an outlet, and shave.

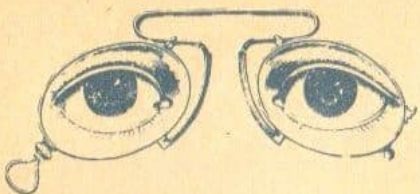
Advantages. It is quick. It is convenient. It is safe. There is no cutting or bleeding of the face. There is no messy foam or gel.

Disadvantages. It sounds terrible. Most ESDs sound like chainsaws, which may not be the noise you want to hear at 7am. It can be irritating to the skin. Many men report that they have to keep going over the same places until it hurts so much they have to stop. It is expensive. An ESD can run as high as \$70, not including maintenance fees.

Effectiveness. ESDs have a low effectiveness rating, getting only 70 to 80 percent of the beard. The effectiveness varies according to how sharp the blades are and how hard you push. The electrical scraping device was once considered to be the ultimate solution to the problem of beard control — the technological miracle of the 1950s. However, many men are becoming disenchanted with ESDs and are going back to



GENE



more "old-fashioned" methods.

The Blade. What it is. This device consists of a thin piece of metal that is incredibly sharp, attached to a T-shaped holder. The blade can be single- or double-edged, and it can be either injector or manual. It can be made out of chromium, tungsten steel, Swedish Steel, US Steel, or melted swords. The handle can be made out of plastic or metal. Some handles are hollow, so that you can whistle into them, while some are not. Some handles are equipped with a special hinge that allows the blade to pivot.

Consult your local barber or the nearest football player for advice on choosing the correct device for you.

How to use it. Warning: It must be used in conjunction with a foam, or shaving cream or gel.

First, the blade must be attached to the handle. This is done either by hand, or in the case of injector blades, with a special dispenser. Wash your face with hot water. The water temperature should be as close to boiling as possible. Apply the foam or gel to the facial area. This must be done within five minutes of shaving every time you shave. The whole whisker area must be covered. Now you are ready to shave. You should stand erect, in a well-lit area, with a source of water close at hand.

You should be reasonably awake and alert. The object is to take off as much beard as possible while leaving behind as much skin as possible.

Advantages. It doesn't make an unpleasant noise. No electricity is needed. It can be used while camping or in developing nations. It is quite inexpensive to purchase.

Disadvantages. It must be used with foam. It can be dangerous. Cutting and bleeding are common, especially among new users.

And there are possible

dangerous side effects: your hands and face can be burnt by scalding water.

Effectiveness. The blade has a very good effectiveness rating: as high as 90 percent of the beard, if used with caution. This figure can be even higher with a Trac II shaver.

After decades of being out of fashion, the blade is coming back into its own. Despite the hassles involved with its use, many men rely on its simplicity and effectiveness, just as our grandfathers did.

Foam. What it is. White foamy stuff that comes out of a can. It may or may not contain fluorocarbons. Check the label.

How it works. The foam sets up your beard for a smooth, close, comfortable shave. Shake the can well. Put some foam into your hand, and apply to face. Look into the mirror so you can see what you're doing. Try to keep it away from your eyes, hair, and glasses.

Gels and creams work the same way as foam, except they must be worked into a lather on your face. This can be done by yourself or your partner.

Advantages. Foam is easily available. It can be purchased in most shops. It comes in different scents, including lemon, lime, sea spray, wild forest, and musk.

Disadvantages. It is time-consuming to use. Some men find it cumbersome and messy to use. It tastes terrible if you get some in your mouth.

Astrological Beard Control. This new and controversial method of beard control relies on astrological charts, knowing the exact hour and location of your birth, and a lot of luck. Any results from this method are as yet unproven by science, although some men swear by it. We don't recommend astrological beard control, unless you want to be the proud owner of a new goatee.

Abstinence. Abstinence is a perfectly legitimate choice for

some men. You simply go without shaving. You'll be miserable in the summer, your face will feel hot and dirty, and you'll look like a derelict — even with a suit on. It's up to you.

Men's Consciousness. Times have changed. Our society has become more permissive. Matters that were once never mentioned in public can now be talked about openly; we can speak frankly and plainly about beard control. Parents are telling their children the facts about their whiskers so that they won't grow up learning half-truths from the street corner. You even see ads for masculine hygiene products in newspapers and on television.

It is important to communicate with our partners and our friends. We need to support each other and to talk about our needs and feelings. Here is one man's experience of the value of group support:

"I was in the barber shop, waiting to have a whiskerectomy. I was very nervous. I felt isolated and afraid, with nothing to comfort me but old issues of *Field and Stream*. I looked at my brothers in the room and realized that despite our differences in age and background, there was a common bond between us. After we talked awhile and shared some experiences, we discovered that we had many similar ideas and feelings. After our rap session, I felt comfortable. I was no longer alone."

Women and Beard Control. Unfortunately, even in our "liberated" society, almost all of the responsibility for beard control still falls on the men. We are the ones who must go to the barber shop and to the chemist; we must go through all the hassles ourselves. It is often a strain on us — physically, emotionally, and monetarily. We do it for their benefit as much as for our own, but many women will just shrug and say: "That's your problem."

It's no wonder that we feel angry and bitter.

SCENES



STARTING OVER

American rock critic Robert Palmer penned this tribute to John Lennon's life and music a few days before the former Beatle's tragic death. It is a fitting obituary.

When ex-Beatle John Lennon and his wife Yoko Ono returned to the recording studio last August after a five-year "break", the security was tight. They took over the top floor of the Hit Factory, a recording complex in midtown New York, and throughout most sessions the elevator that provided the only access stayed on the floor with them, securely locked. A guard was stationed in the lounge area that separated the elevator and the studio just to make sure.

Inside the studio, work proceeded methodically. When songs weren't being played back over the big monitor speakers in the control room, the atmosphere was subdued; Lennon and Ono sat at the console, quietly smoking Gitanes and Shermans, respectively, while coproducer Jack Douglas and engineer Le DeCarlo set playback levels and asked for opinions. As recording progressed and the pace had to be stepped up to meet a November release date for *Double Fantasy*, the first album to come out of the ses-

sions, Douglas and DeCarlo began looking more harried.

But Lennon and Ono, who made all the final decisions, seemed unruffled. They'd each contributed seven songs, and when Ono was working on one of hers, Lennon would often retire to a couch in an adjoining room and take a nap.

As soon as the pair retired from music-making in 1975, Yoko began administering the family business (land, cows, and of course royalties from John's days as a Beatle) while her husband looked after the house, with special attention to their son, Sean. A picture of Sean, who turned five during the recording sessions, on the same day his father turned 40, hung in the studio. Both Lennons wrote songs about him. It was evident that he meant even more to them than a child usually means.

"Sean became a catalyst for me," Lennon said one night after a session. "He enabled me to withdraw from the whole music business and gave me a focus in my life. I didn't make a conscious decision to take care of him for five years, not at first, but people kept asking me 'What're you doing?' and I'd say 'I'm with the baby.' They'd expect it to end in six months, but when people would ask, I'd say five years as a kind of pat answer. And it turned out to be the truth. It's still going on, and I feel it *should* go on. But I think he's old enough now to be without me while I'm working; actually, I probably miss him more than he misses me."

Lennon's most immediately attractive contribution to *Double Fantasy* is his optimistic *Starting Over*, but another song, *Watching the Wheels*, includes his most explicit answer to the inquisitive friends and acquaintances who've wondered why he abandoned music. "People say I'm crazy doing what I'm doing," he sings in an unmistakable Liverpool accent over a lovely mesh of guitars and piano arpeggios. "When I say that I'm okay

they look at me kind of strange/ Surely you're not happy now you no longer play the game." In fact, he claims, no longer playing the game has *made* him happy.

"The first 18 months or so were really hard," he says, "because I was in a frame of mind where I thought I was supposed to be producing something, no matter what it was, what it meant. But that went away — the music business and all the problems of being a creative whatever just floated out the window one day, and I thought, 'Oh, God, this is great!' And only the fact that it went away enabled me to even consider 'starting over'."



Fans and critics who remembered (or wanted to recapture) the magic of the Beatles were eagerly awaiting new music from John Lennon; that made *Double Fantasy* the pop event of the year. But Yoko Ono's new material wasn't as breathlessly anticipated. When Lennon left the Beatles in the late Sixties and, in league with Ono, participated in a series of avant-garde happenings, freak-outs, and political protests, Ono received much of the blame — not just for Lennon's puzzling tangents but also for the breakup of the Beatles. "One year in there a certain magazine named us Most Unpopular Couple," Ono recalls wryly. Their popularity wasn't ex-

actly strengthened by most of her recordings, which tended to feature lengthy episodes of screaming.

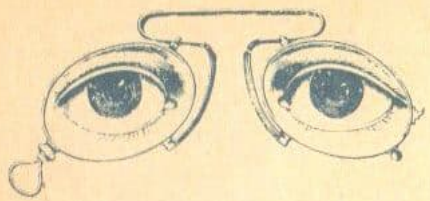
Though she's still crying out in her music, Ono is now working within the shorter durations and song forms of popular music. Her contributions to *Double Fantasy* are a varied lot in terms of mood, but I'm Moving On, Kiss Kiss Kiss, and Give Me Something are sourly astringent and provide a needed counterbalance to Lennon's sweeter, more melodious songs. Kiss Kiss Kiss includes a gripping passage of handclaps, guitar feedback, and moaning sounds from Ono, and Give Me Some-

other over the phone, and one suspects this long-distance duel of the tune-smiths had a competitive tone. Seen in this context, Lennon's *Starting Over* takes on added resonance.

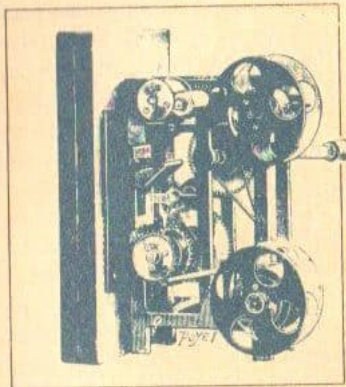
"Here's this guy," says Ono, "saying to a woman: Let's try to start over again, I'm sorry, I want to try. In the Sixties, you know, we went through this big thing with everybody feeling that we were going to be free, and it turned into a big orgy. In the end, the women realized all this sexual liberation was really for men. We had to take the pills that gave us cancer. This is a time that men probably have to reach women, because women are still bitter about these things. So when I listen to *Starting Over*, I cry sometimes. John's songs are so direct, he just comes out and says what's on his mind. Some call that sentimental, but I think sentiment is the most beautiful thing in the world."

This kind of talk, coming from the flaming radicals of the late Sixties, is as sure a sign as any that that flowered decade is over and done with. *Double Fantasy*, with its intimations of sexual and domestic battles, its family orientation, and its occasional facile complacency, may reflect this decade's emerging concerns as perfectly as the Beatles reflected the Sixties, a period that, according to John Lennon, has been distorted.

"The media are saying that the Sixties were stupid and naive, that the reality of today is disco and drugs and *A Clockwork Orange*," Lennon maintains. "But look at how much of what was sniggered about in the Sixties has become mainstream — health food, therapies, and all the rest. The naivete is to buy the idea that the Sixties were naive. The *bands* certainly weren't. In whatever little garage they were playing, they were making music for the sake of the music." The beauty of the Lennons' new music is that they're doing just that. — Robert Palmer.



FILMS



COMEDY OF ERRORS

Bo Derek, the "perfect woman" of Blake Edwards' film "10", makes her presence felt in *A Change Of Seasons*. The title sequence, which has Ms Derek frolicking about in a steaming hot tub displaying her ample charms, does much to perpetuate the fantasy she represented in Edwards' film. That is where the resemblance ends, for in the role of Lindsay Rutledge, Ms Derek presents a complete antithesis of the character she played in "10".

As Lindsay she is very much a real woman, not a fantasy figure. Lindsay is a modern woman who knows just what she wants and just how to get it. In this case, the object of her very real desires is an attractive older man, her college professor, Adam Evans (Anthony Hopkins).

This is where the problems, and the plot begin. The professor just happens to be married... happily supposedly, to loving and ever-faithful Karen (Shirley MacLaine), the perfect faculty wife of 20 years who although complacent, does provide a comfortable home and a genuine love for this quite self-centred man. Adam has it all... the perfect mistress and the perfect wife.

Thus starts the comedy of errors when, after yet another

faculty tea, Adam discloses the fact that he is having an affair with one of his students. When questioned by Karen, Adam admits that it's a "phase I'm going through... like adolescence" and goes on to add that "men are different... our needs are more baroque". An adequate enough excuse coming from a professor of Shakespeare.

And Karen does what many women today would do. In anger and in retaliation, she takes a course in adult loving education and finds a lover of her own. A younger man, one nearly half her age, Pete (Michael Brandon putting in an extremely sensitive performance) comes into her life one week while Adam, is away at some convention with the sexy Lindsay in tow.

What starts out as Karen's revenge turns into something much more. Karen not only discovers that she feels genuine affection for the very honest young man, but that she is having fun.

"I've had more laughs with him (Pete) in one weekend than I did in 20 years with your father," she later admits to her daughter, Kasey (Mary Beth Hurt proving to be a competent comedy actress). The fun, as well as the very basic human drama, develops as self-centred Adam cannot accept his wife's new life style, a life style which he first indulged in with Lindsay.

All relationships are resolved, including an amusingly old-fashioned one Kasey is involved in, during a week's stay at the family's Vermont cabin. And what is resolved here is not so much the sexual mores of the Seventies and Eighties, but the changing quality of relationships shared by men and women, as well as the relationships between the different age groups.

And if the situations are unconventional, it is an amusing way in which to present the emotional difficulties men and women encounter. Beneath the

biting repartee and the many side-splitting one-liners, lie some very heart-touching home truths.

Director Richard Lang hones in on the problems at hand, while never failing to catch the comic beat of a script by Erich Segal, Ronni Kern and Fred Segal. Lang, whose previous experience lies mainly within the realm of television, deserves just credit for handling the social comment and human drama with just the precise touch of comedy. Neither element is overbearing, finely making its mark on the audience.

And what can be said of the

ceedings. This is not to say that a Reynolds film needs charm and finesse — *Smokey And The Bandit* had neither — but *Rough Cut* claims to be a sophisticated caper film.

It is not. Reynolds plays Jack Rhodes, an attractive, witty man-about-town who owns a Chinese restaurant... very trendy of course. He also sweeps the ladies off their feet. But where does the wealth come from? Chinese restaurant or not, the man is, as they say, loaded. The fact that he likes to heist jewels — diamonds preferably — has more than a little to do with the facts and, in this case, the plot.



Bo does her best in *A Change Of Seasons*.

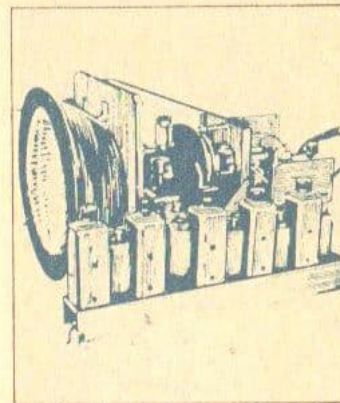
acting of Shirley MacLaine and Anthony Hopkins? These seasoned pros deliver their best in every scene. They convey the drama and humor of each moment with credibility throughout. And the beautiful Ms Derek? She, too, does her best.

David Niven, Patrick Macgee and Lesley-Anne Down all contribute their talents to *Rough Cut*, a film which, under any name, is yet another Burt Reynolds centrepiece. But unlike many of the other Reynolds films of the past decade, this one lacks the smooth charm and finesse necessary to carry off the pro-

Rough Cut's excuse for a plot centres on Chief Inspector Cyril Willis' last days at Scotland Yard. And, you guessed it, he wants to nail old Rhodes before he retires. To do this he "blackmails" kleptomaniac Gillian Bromley (Ms Down) into seducing Rhodes in order to learn what his next heist is to be.

The film suffers throughout from a fatal lack of imagination. Add to that the undeniable fact that both Reynolds and Ms Down, often appear to be merely reciting their lines and you are left with an extremely unnatural and stage-playish picture. Overall, *Rough Cut* is just that — rough. — Alex Anthony.

TV



SUMMERTIME BLUES

One of the more bizarre plots seen recently on the nation's screen involved a thief who took up his light-fingered occupation because he was bored with television. Fair dinkum!

Futhermore, when the thief found himself in the dock, the beak, obviously a man of infinite wisdom and sensitive taste, was so sympathetic that he handed out only a suspended sentence. No kidding!

The fact that the plot came from a British comedy (*Leave It To Charlie*, ABC) that was about as amusing as a lecture on economics by Malcolm Fraser, is neither here nor there. What caused me some concern, what made me look nervously at my Yale locks, was that the idea might catch on, especially during the summer when television is naught but a succession of repeats, rejects and cricketers wearing eccentric costumes.

I will not go into the vexed question of the non-rating period which is now upon us, except to say that I have never heard yet a reasonable explanation of why it should exist.

No other industry produces an inferior product for two months of the year. For instance, breweries do not brew flat beer nor bakeries bake stale bread because they want to get

rid of their rubbish. Should they do so, there would be riots across the land. Only television can get away with throwing scraps to the public.

No wonder Kerry and Rupert and the others end their prayers each night with the reminder: "And God bless Canberra..."

But enough. What worries me is that the aforementioned thief will have all the excuses in the world to practise his profession during the next 12 months. Because what is coming up is even worse than what has been.

The United States, which produces the majority of our prime time viewing, has seemingly run out of ideas, so much so that the studios are making spin-offs of spin-offs. One day they will spin-off and return unwittingly to the original theme, which should provide some confusion.

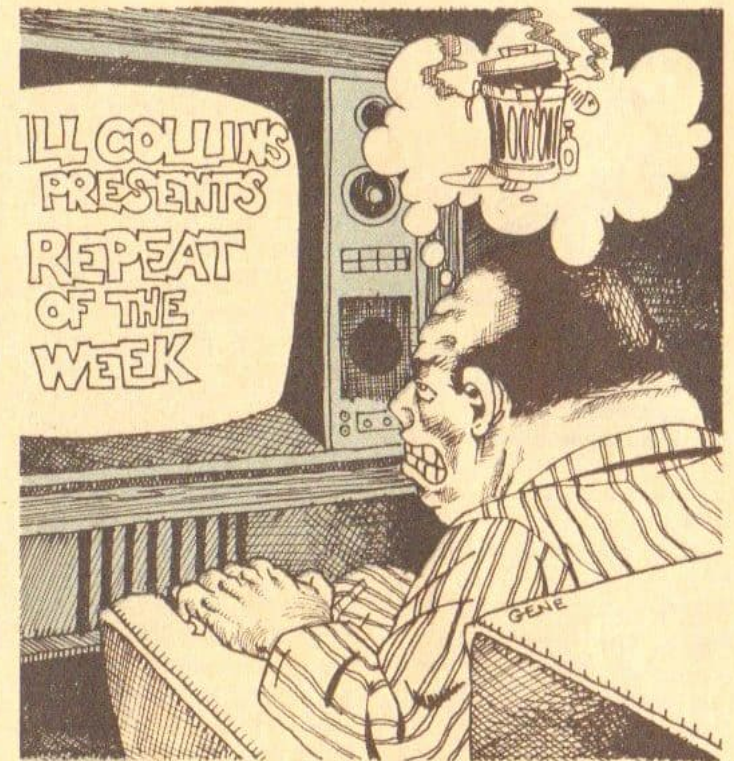
Good grief, they're so lacking in ideas they're even producing a series based on our *Number 96* which, admittedly, had some good points going for it, including those belonging to Abigail. "We'll be staying close to the original concept of the Australian program," says NBC entertainment president Brandon Tartikoff proudly.

I don't know what Mr Tartikoff is paid for making such imaginative decisions, but it's a fair bet he is not on the average wage. Nor, I suppose, are those responsible for three of the biggest-rating shows on American television which, sadly, will be equally successful when screened in Australia in the coming season.

During a visit to the US, I was told I must watch these programs, called *That's Incredible!*, *Games People Play* and *Those Amazing Animals*.

I did. I would have had more fun being mugged. *That's Incredible!* and *Games People Play* are little more than video versions of what the Romans enjoyed in the heady days of the Coliseum.

Americans call these shows



"reality programming". In fact, in the main they comprise stunts in which bone-headed adults risk their lives performing ridiculous feats for the edification of viewers safely ensconced in their armchairs.

Several performers have been injured. A motorcyclist attempting to jump the fountains at Caesar's Palace, Las Vegas, for *That's Incredible!* fractured his pelvis, thigh and leg. Another man all but had a foot torn off when he tried to leap over two speeding cars. A third suffered severe burns and lost his hands while running through a tunnel of fire.

(Incidentally, the burned man was paid \$8000. After expenses he cleared only \$2000.)

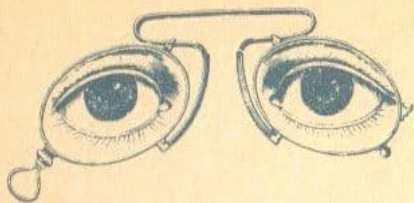
But the show must go on. Which is why there are such sophisticated scenes as a man who pours acid over his hands, a person who should know better hanging from his heels over a pool of sharks and a woman who gets her kicks out of being covered by bees.

That's entertainment? Well, it sure is.

These outdated carnival acts are drawing huge audiences, as well as condemnation from those who think a little beyond their wallets. Richard Sklar, professor of film at New York University, had this to say of *That's Incredible!* and *Games People Play*: "The grotesque aspects of popular culture — burlesque, vaudeville variety and pulp magazines — are finding expression on TV today. Television does not go out on a limb; it trails what is happening in society."

Whereas *That's Incredible!* and *Games People Play* are human sideshows of dubious quality, *Those Amazing Animals* is more a freak show of the animal world. Besides showing animals performing tricks, it peers at such delightful oddities as two-headed snakes, spiders that square dance and cannibalism among rats crowded into cages.

It also has startling ratings, thus proving once and for all that P.T. Barnum was wrong with his quote about fooling the people. The truth is that these days you can fool all of the people all of the time. — Neal Akerman.



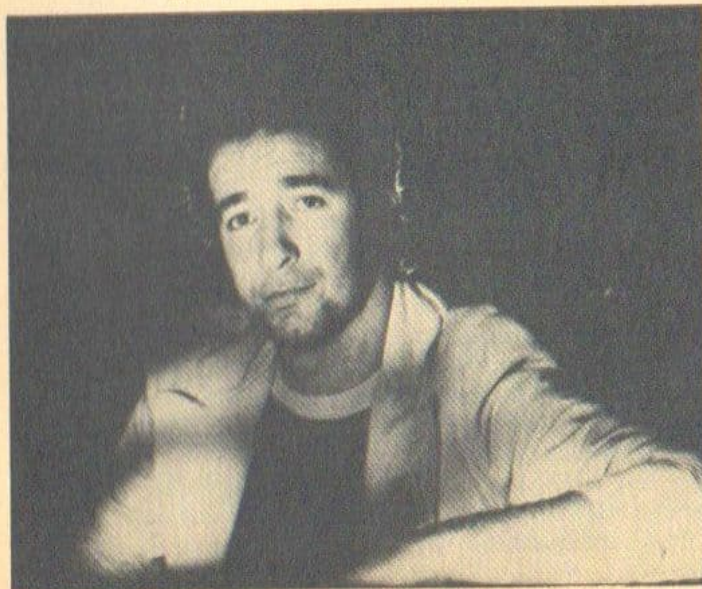
SOUNDS



SLICK AND SOPHISTICATED

The story so far: three Russian defectors — two boys from Siberia and a girl from Latvia — arrive in New York penniless, somehow find their ways to Los Angeles, form a band and land a recording contract with America's biggest black music label. Now read on... **Black Russian** is the name of the band (well, what else?) and the name of its first album on Motown. Being a cynic I expected a Cold War Abba, but Black Russian's debut is an entirely different cup of vodka — it's slick, sophisticated and exciting.

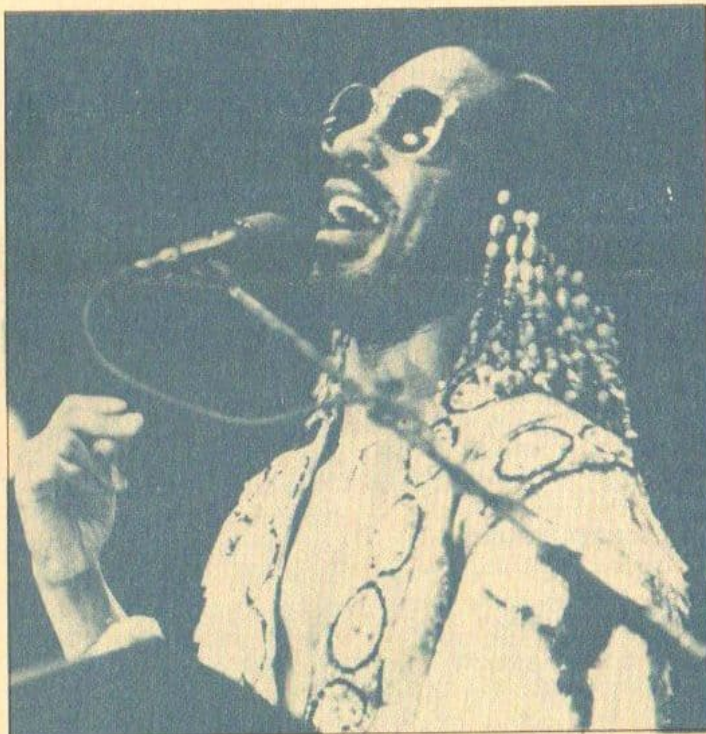
Swanee is worthy of recognition.



Although their music is basically derivative, Black Russian breathes a bit of fire into some well-worked jazz rock riffs. Leave Me Now, for example is very much like the early work of Gino Vanelli, while New York City owes a lot to Billy Joel's New York State Of Mind. There's even a hint of disco here and there, which now that the airwave saturation is in decline, is surprisingly palatable. Cripes, I must be getting old. Incidentally, a Ronald Reagan cowboy statuette for whoever wrote the biography material put out by Motown. It's an insult to the music.

Tunnel of Love, an excellent song which opens **Dire Straits** third album, *Making Movies* (Vertigo) takes a long time to get going, drifting as it does from a Rogers and Hammerstein waltz. This is perhaps a trick, designed to fool us into thinking the band has changed direction. It hasn't, which isn't to say *Making Movies* isn't a good album in its own right. In fact, if I hadn't been enchanted by the debut and slightly disappointed by *Communiqué* I would no doubt be singing its praises.

But a year off the road and a lineup change has done little to put a fresh face on a band which



Stevie Wonder can do no wrong.

has an unfortunately limited area in which to move stylistically. There are some good songs here — Romeo and Juliet is a powerful, thoughtful piece, Hand In Hand is a fine ballad and Les Boys is perhaps the most successful departure from style, a couple of minutes of Isherwoodian cabaret madness — but somehow it all lacks the punch of Sultans of Swing. Even the addition of keyboards player Roy Bittan (a Springsteen side-man) does little to relieve the domination of Mark Knopfler's unique guitar style, and, sad to relate, Knopfler is beginning to grate.

If ever there was an artist born to be enhanced by the digital recording process, it's **Stevie Wonder**. On *Hotter Than July* (Motown) Wonder's arrangements, orchestral overlays and percussion effects demand to be heard as well as (not behind) the masterly vocals. Is this a bit of a wrap? Well in my objective assessment the man can do no wrong and certainly hasn't on this set. Contrary to its title the

album covers a whole range of musical temperatures from the scorching heat of All I Do (a remake from his Little Stevie days) to the cooler climes of Lately.

As always Wonder's backing musicians live up to the standard set by the man himself, but it is wife Syreeta who shows, as she did on *The Secret Life of Plants*, how to harmonise with a voice that knows no bounds. As If You Read My Mind is one of the highlights of the album. Dedicated to the memory of Martin Luther King, this album bops along (no breaks between cuts), with what almost amounts to irreverence, but that's Wonder's style — a celebration of what is rather than a lament for what might have been.

Virgin Ground (Epic) the second outing for Adelaide protest/jig band **Redgum**, is a little bit like anti-nukes meet the IRA. But let's not be too flippant just because this is the 1980s, the band has a lot going for it. Unfortunately this effort falls short of the cross-referenced market

they should be aiming for, but it is at least a step in the Lindisfarne direction.

The delivery is a bit self-consciously Irish-Australian — somewhere between Peter Allen and Gary Shearston — and the lyrics are here and there quite embarrassing. However I am sure this sort of thing goes down very well with arts students and, with a bit of spit and polish, could earn Redgum a very big following.

Apart from being a good ole Adelaide boy, Jimmy Barnes' big brother and, by all accounts, an excellent drinking chap, **Swanee** is a talent worthy of recognition in his own right. *Into The Night* (WEA) is a good, ballsy rock and roll album in which it is hard to find a bad song. Granted Swanee has heavyweight help (musicians like Buzz Throckman, Jim Barnes, Tommy Emmanuel and Tony Buchanan, a producer like Mark Opitz) but he really does it all on his own. Tough At The Top and Ol' Rosie are the best songs.

Willie Nelson, a damn fine cowboy and the best exponent of timing since Frank Sinatra, is not, apparently all that damn fine in the ticklish area of career management. I suppose at 47 he adheres to the philosophy that when you're hot you're hot, but three pre-Christmas album releases hot on the heels of the *Honeysuckle Rose* soundtrack does seem to be a little ambitious. *Always* (CBS) is easily the best of the three. It floats along in the nostalgic style of *Stardust* and will undoubtedly still be charting a year from now. Also on this compilation is the recent single On The Road Again, which, for those of you interested in political trivia, became the theme song of the Reagan presidential campaign. Also from CBS is a re-release of *Pretty Paper*, a bunch of Yuletide favorites led by Willie's big hit for Roy Orbison back when the



Black Russian made a good debut.

world was somewhat less sophisticated. Not to be outdone Astor cashes in on Williemanism with *Family Bible*, a dreadful collection of dirges in which misery Willie is joined by his sister. If this one sells then we will have to concede that Willie is indeed bigger than God or the Beatles. — Phil Jarratt.

Some old rock and rollers never die, they simply fade into a vinyl vacuum. This rings true with **Jerry Lee Lewis**, whose puffy face decorates the cover of *Killer Country*, his new Elektra album.

The only thing the piano pumper kills here are the 10 cuts on the album. Knowing the record companies' lust for product to unleash on the unsuspecting masses, I sometimes wonder what an ancient Buddy Holly or Hank Williams would be churning out, were they alive. Which also brings up the point that if some young uninitiate was to buy this offering, he'd probably be put off purchasing the masterful Sun classics by this one-time rock giant.

Perhaps Lewis best sums it up on side one in the biographical I'd Do It All Again, when he

sings: "It ain't every day you get to hear a living legend sing/It takes a drink to make me think and live it all again."

I'll always love the early Lewis, but I think it's now a case of one too many Jack Daniels and a thousand miles behind. — Carol Ashdown.

WORDS



WARTS AND ALL

One of the most memorable scenes in that film satire *Oh, What a Lovely War* showed cynical Diggers watching red-tabbed Blimps establishing pecking order at a Great War bullshit parade — to

the tune of that irreverent other-ranks ditty, "One staff officer jumped right over another staff officer's back..."

I Remember Blamey (Macmillans \$19.95) shows that staff officers, both Australian and Allied, were just as athletic in World War II — with perhaps an even greater tendency to backstabbing en passant.

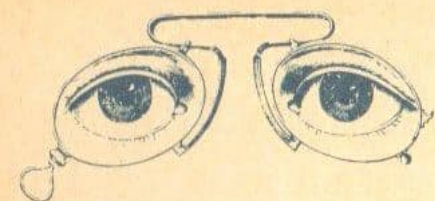
Written by his wartime aide-de-camp Norman Carlyon, it depicts Australia's first field marshal in Cromwellian fashion, warts and all.

Even the loyal Carlyon admits to some pretty ugly warts: "He was selfish, and he was vain. His mind, so flexible in military matters, could also refuse to heed moderating advice. He had the ability to be swiftly ruthless in removing subordinates who let him down. But over and above that toughness... Blamey would sometimes pursue the man who failed or offended with unreasoning vindictiveness."

Close reading of Carlyon's account reveals quite a number of other unlikeable traits, among them nepotism, hypocrisy, bullying and an arrogance which bordered at times on megalomania.

It's hard to respect a commander-in-chief who used his rank to get his soldier son aboard a VIP evacuation flight after the Greek disaster; who pulled seniority again to bring his wife out to the Middle East war zone (amusing himself with younger women until she arrived); who bullied his personal pilot into a near-suicidal flight through sheer impatience, and who had three civilians turned off a Perth-Sydney airliner to make room for his luggage.

Not surprisingly, he was unpopular in many quarters: but Blamey had his crosses to bear. After frustrating campaigns in the Middle East playing second fiddle to British generals, he found himself in the South-West Pacific under MacArthur — who would hardly let him into the or-



chestra, and disparaged his troops into the bargain.

Whether or not his motives were always admirable, Blamey deserves credit for a particularly difficult achievement. He was largely successful in preventing Australian units being swallowed by the campaign forces of his much bigger allies: they remained separate entities, with Blamey himself having a major say in their disposal.

This politico-military victory was due partly to the bluster and abrasiveness which failed to endear him to his own men, but there is little doubt it kept morale up and casualties down.

Blamey died, aged 65, in May 1951 — by then Sir Thomas, with a string of honors as well as the field marshal's baton presented only eight months earlier.

Perhaps his best epitaph came from an unlikely source, that austere introvert John Curtin — the exact opposite of his brash, arrogant commander-in-chief.

Answering Cabinet colleagues who complained of Blamey's lifestyle, Prime Minister Curtin told them: "I hired a soldier, not a Sunday School teacher." — *Dennis Hancock.*

First the good news: **Other Temples, Other Gods: The Occult in Australia** by Neville Drury and Gregory Tillet (Methuen, \$14.95) has some interesting information in it, is beautifully produced replete with photographs, is full of witchy gossip and would make an excellent Christmas (excuse that: Midsummer Solstice) present for anyone titillated by the idea, if not the actual experience, of the occult.

Now for the bad news: as a piece of writing, it's juvenile. The first chapter, on Australia's occult heritage, is scholarly, absorbing and sometimes funny.

Who is not delighted to read about the aptly-named Reverend Leadbeater who, under police investigation "did not deny sleeping with his pupils, or sharing his

bath with them?" (The pupils were invariably young boys.)

The section on Rosaleen Norton, that sad lady of El Alamein fountain, the "witch of Kings Cross" who was once Norman Lindsay's model and herself a most under-rated artist, is truly absorbing.

But all too often we are given the sort of cheap journalistic innuendo which the authors claim to despise:

I have seen otherwise intelligent and mature adults who shook uncontrollably and were reduced to tears when discussing their fear of the groups from which they had broken... "The appeal is twofold: sensation and power. It begins with the promise of wonderful experiences, sexual and sensual and mind-expanding..."

For a starter, who is the "I" in a co-authored book? Then who is being quoted? And what are these "sexual and sensual and mind-expanding" events aspirants to Magic are promised?

Miss Playsuit Girl 1957 (below) from the lavishly illustrated The Gold Coast Book (Jacaranda, \$15.95) by John Vader and ubiquitous photographer Fred Lang.



The only real mystery to this book is how two authors of considerable reputations among occultists, who take the subject seriously as thousands of responsible Australians feel it ought to be taken, could be induced to produce a book of such trivia. — *Richard Deutch.*

The Heights of Rimming (Jonathan Cape, \$17.75) and **A Blood-Red Sun at Noon** (Collins, \$12.95) are two fine adventure yarns which could have been written for holiday reading, their bindings slowly filling up with sand as they accompany you on daily body-broiling missions.

Duff Hart-Davis' *Rimming* offers the ultimate in contrasts with such scenes, with most of the action taking place in freezing, desolate areas of the Himalayas.

The nature of the plot is not exceptional — it's a standard blend of traumatised agent being recalled from self-imposed obscurity to rescue vital infor-

mation in remote places — but the execution is first class. The setting of the scene as Bill Stirling leaves his humdrum and unhappy home to trek the wilds of Tibet is masterly in its pacing, and the steady acceleration as the story moves toward its denouement — enhanced with a tinge of mysticism — displays a well-briefed storyteller at work.

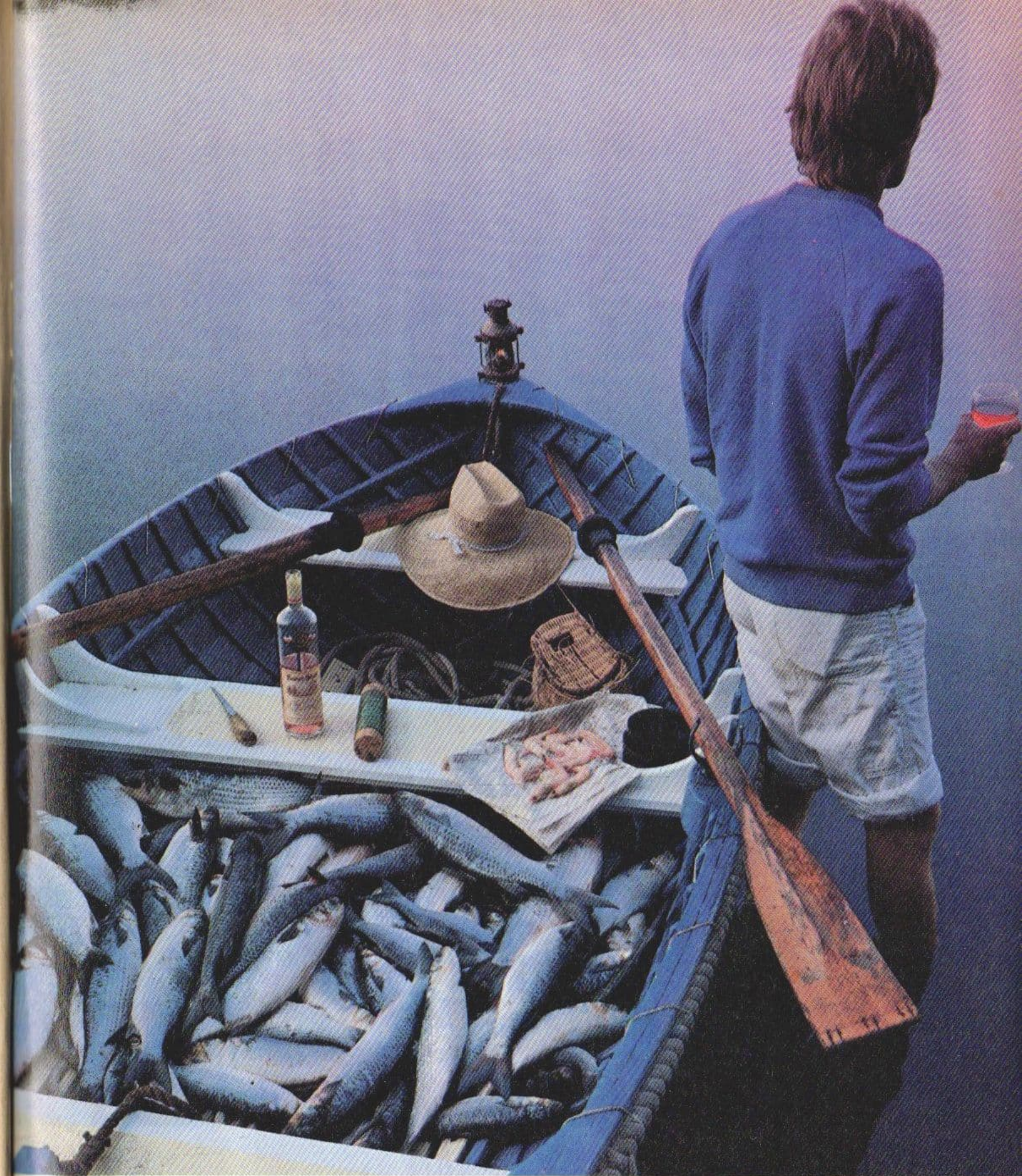
Hart-Davis' only major deficiency is his unbearably inept attempt to portray New Zealand/Australian vernacular, through one of the key characters, but these passages are mercifully short.

Richard Butler has no such difficulty in *Blood-Red Sun*. In spite of being born in England, he has lived here since 1962 so can make a fair fist of capturing the laconic and sometimes savage sarcasm of Australians under duress. More to the point, he doesn't rely on a welter of what these days are called ockerisms to establish the characters, rather depicting being Australian as a state of mind and attitude.

Apart from their element of high adventure, the two books are almost completely dissimilar. Where *Rimming* is set largely in snow, *Blood-Red Sun* is set in the steamy north-eastern coastal regions of Papua New Guinea. Where *Rimming's* plot is fairly pedestrian, *Blood-Red Sun* encompasses a chain of events — as the Japanese first shattered any illusions about our ability to defend the north — which combine an engrossing storyline with real edge-of-the-seat tension.

Blood-Red Sun makes no pretensions to being a definitive account of World War II in Papua New Guinea, but instead tries to depict the impact invasion had upon ordinary people, many of whom could not truly bring themselves to believe that the event was imminent.

In that, and in many other respects, it succeeds admirably. — *John Hampshire.*



What to have with fish.





THE RESOURCES BOOM

COMING READY OR NOT

Management of our resources
is the most critical
challenge facing Australia's
politicians over the next decade.

BY RICHARD ANDERSON

Illustration by Tony Pyrzakowski

The Chinese investor from Hong Kong looked round the table at his Australian investment advisers. Through the windows of the office tower, a panorama of boomtown Sydney could be seen spread against a Harbor backdrop. "My family trust has \$50 million, in Australian dollars, to invest," the visitor said. "We have decided to place it in Australia. We need to find suitable investment avenues in a safe country, and the family feels Australia is the most suitable place to do it." With that flat statement, the investment specialists found themselves with yet another \$50 million to add to a flood of investment capital — up to a billion dollars in a single month — pouring into Australia. Stories like this one are doing the rounds in Australia's financial community, as a swarm of overseas investors scramble to get aboard the biggest bandwagon in Australia's history, the coming resources boom of the Eighties. By now it is becoming obvious to everyone in Australia that highly significant changes are getting under way. As the rest of the world reels under the succession of petroleum price increases, Australia is emerging as one of the surest investment prospects of the next decade. From the Seven Sisters of international oil, down through the international aluminium majors,

a flock of overseas monied interests have done their exercises and seen Australia pop out on top of the computer printouts.

But one of the striking things about the forthcoming boom is the blank incomprehension shown by the people actually running Australia.

The resources decade will be bringing with it all sorts of problems. There is the prospect of massive industrial strife, of drastic shortages of skilled labor. There will be severe pressures on Australia's manufacturing industry, critical problems on overseas domination of the Australian economy, severe shortages of investment funds for other uses including housing and so on. It is winding up against a background of the worst inflation and unemployment in Australia since the end of World War II.

It is occurring concurrently with an electronic revolution in industry and office services, and while Australian manufacturing industry is under serious pressures from moves for restructuring. It raises crucial questions about the possibility of resource rent taxes, on who gets the cream from the minerals and energy bonanza, on what is done about petroleum taxation, now at a level of \$4 billion a year. In short, management of the resources boom will be a critical challenge for Australia's politicians over the next decade.

Yet so far, what we have mainly been getting from the politicians is a series of Pollyanna statements about how wonderful it all is. Federal Ministers, under hostile questioning over high levels of youth unemployment, imply that the resources boom will solve it all. Liberal Party deputy leader Phil Lynch issues studies adding up the volume of likely investment on firm projects. Federal Government statements point to the resources boom as the path out of the economic doldrums of the period from 1975 to 1980.

Missing in all this celebration is any acknowledgement that there are some pretty weighty problem areas that also need attention.

What has happened? How is it that Australia, a minor league also-ran in the councils of the western industrialised world, is suddenly attracting such a breathtaking range of interest?

The answers to these questions open a fascinating Pandora's Box of issues which will face us over the coming decade. This country is facing a massive transformation in its economic situation, one which will bring in its train a series of political and social repercussions.

Not since the gold rush days of last century has such a fundamental change been in prospect. Even the iron ore boom of the 1960s, based mainly in the faraway Pilbara district of Western Australia, has to take a back seat when compared with the magnitude of what is about to occur.

The resources boom of the 1980s is much more of a powerhouse animal than the iron ore and bauxite boom of the early Sixties. In the first place, it is much larger. Even if you deflate the dollar sums, to discount the effects of double figure inflation, the scale of the 1980s boom is an order of magnitude ahead of the earlier minerals development surge.

In the second place, the 1980s round of development is basically dependent on energy sources; black coal in Queensland and NSW, brown coal in Victoria, uranium in the Northern Territory, natural gas on the North West Shelf, electricity generation stations on Australia's eastern seaboard, and Bass Strait oil.

In the third place, the resources rush of the 1980s is attracting much wider international interest. The Sixties effort was mainly to supply Japanese steel mills with iron ore and coal. The one in the Eighties is of major interest to

In the
unstable Middle East
situation, Australia's
energy resources look
like a haven of
stability.

Americans, a range of Asian countries, sizeable European investors, French nuclear power agencies, British investment interests in tax havens, trade-minded Communist Chinese officials, trade-minded South-East Asian Chinese communities as well as the Japanese, uneasy about their highly exposed international energy position.

Finally, the social and economic implications of the 1980s boom are much more far-reaching. The main significance of the Sixties boom was in freeing Australia from periodic balance of payments worries, and adding some remote communities in the Pilbara to challenge the reputation of Marble Bar as Australia's hottest location. In contrast, the 1980s boom will be stirring up turmoil right in the industrial heartland of the Australian east coast seaboard.

At the heart of Australia's current international attractiveness is energy. Of the 24 countries of the western industrialised world, only four are net exporters of energy. These are Norway, Australia, the Netherlands and Canada. The rest are net importers, including many who have

to import more than 60 percent of their energy supplies. Countries such as Denmark, Japan and Belgium have to import more than 80 percent of their energy.

This wasn't so bad in the days when world oil was cheap, and the international oil companies managed a steady flow of cut rate crude from Middle Eastern principalities, paying off a few desert Sheikhs relatively cheaply. But the whole picture underwent a drastic change in late 1973. That was when the Organisation of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) raised the price of crude petroleum four times, and put an end to the hothouse growth rates of the western world.

On top of the price worries, there are also worries over continuity of supply. In late 1980, heavy oil importing countries could watch on their television news, by satellite, pictures of two of the main oil exporting nations, Iran and Iraq, shelling each other's oil installations to pieces.

If, like Italy, you are heavily dependent on oil imported from the Middle East, this can be an unnerving evening experience.

In the case of Iran and Iraq, important oil shipping and refinery plants in each country are strung along each side of the oil waterway, the Shatt-al-Arab. Such centres as Basra in Iraq and Khorramshahr and Abadan in Iran are thus very vulnerable when hostilities develop.

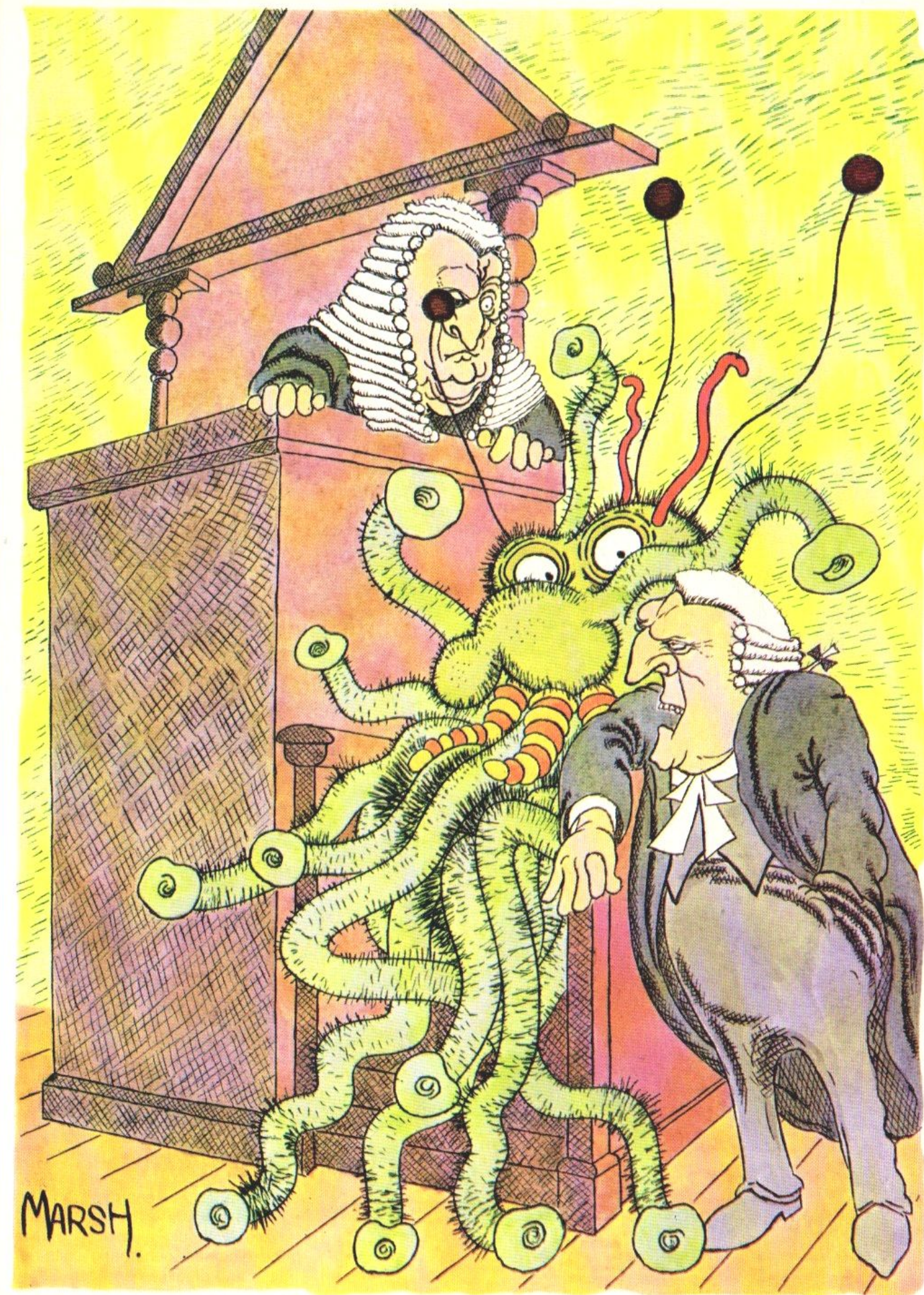
Not very far away we also have the oil fields of Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and the Gulf States. The whole area is basically a single oil-producing area strung around the flat, sandy terrain of the Persian Gulf. Unfortunately for the stability of the area, it happens to be split up among a number of divided, unstable and sometimes hostile principalities.

Moreover, nearly all the product exported to other countries has to pass through the narrow choke of the Straits of Hormuz, further down the Gulf. It is no wonder that countries from Japan in the Far East to France in western Europe get highly nervous over their energy positions when they start brooding over the Straits of Hormuz.

In this unstable situation, Australia's energy resources look like a haven of stability. There are large amounts of black coal in Queensland and NSW, much of which can be easily extracted by cheap open cut methods. Most of it is within 300 kilometres of the coast, in contrast to America which has huge reserves in western areas far from any coastline.

There are huge reserves of brown coal in Victoria, much more than is officially acknowledged, including large tracts in the western area of the State. There are large amounts of natural gas, most notably on the North West Shelf off the northern coastline of Western Australia.

To add to this are extensive reserves of the most economical uranium deposits in the western world, which can be profitably mined at price levels which would



"Describe in your own words, doctor, exactly what happened after you drank the mixture."

wipe out many of the higher cost mines in the US and elsewhere. Throw in near self-sufficiency in liquid fuels for transport, and you have an extremely strong energy position.

However, hardly anyone appears to have considered the industrial relations implications of this situation. A resources boom primarily based on energy necessarily means that a lot of the action will be around coal and oil fields and processing areas. As the succession of strikes at the Caltex oil refinery in Sydney has demonstrated, these are prone to industrial trouble.

In contrast to previous mineral booms, most of the development in the 1980s is going to be in areas close to capital cities or major provincial centres. On the east coast, a series of very large developments will be clustered around Gladstone and the central Queensland coal fields.

There is expansion of alumina refining, the construction of two aluminium smelters for Comalco and partners, and Alcan, coal export developments, the giant Rundle oil shale project, power station development, and so on. In NSW, the majority of the investment will be going into Newcastle and the Hunter Valley, 160 or so kilometres north of Sydney.

Newcastle is a traditional heavy industry steel and coal city, notable for its industrial militancy. Remember the long drawn out troubles at the State Dockyard? The start of the resources boom has come in with a wrangle over whether a badly needed additional coal loader is to be built by private companies as proposed, or whether union interests can compel the NSW State Government to take over the project.

There has been a history of industrial disputation at the big power stations located on the northern NSW coalfields. In addition, the whole area is within striking distance of Sydney on the Sydney-Newcastle expressway, by train or by commuter plane services, if city trade union interests wish to add their weight to any militancy that may be going on.

Victoria's stake in the resources boom, such as it is, depends basically on the brown coal of the Latrobe Valley, roughly 160 kilometres south-east of Melbourne. Although a new aluminium smelter is planned for Portland, on the coast near the South Australian border, the distance won't insulate it from the industrial militancy traditional in the Latrobe Valley. Its power supply is basically dependent on expansion of power station capacity in the Valley.

The Latrobe Valley has a long history of strikes and disputations, with its union consciousness and company town atmosphere of their strategic position supplying Victoria's power supplies. In the past, Victorian Governments have used power strikes to swing irritated voters in favor of conservative Governments at State elections.

For the 1980s, the Latrobe Valley looks like being a chronic headache. One example of things to come has been a succession of industrial troubles during construction of a giant new brown coal power station at Loy Yang. This big unit is a key item in ensuring adequate future supplies of power in Victoria. Yet midway through 1980 it was conceded that industrial disputes had lost up to 30 percent of construction time, adding hundreds of millions of dollars to the cost and putting the project well behind schedule.

The Bass Strait oilfields, which supply natural gas for Melbourne as well as sweet crude for Australian oil refineries, has regular industrial disputes, despite the high pay pulled down by the workers on the oil platforms.

Over in Western Australia, Sir Charles Court can give thanks that the huge North West Shelf gas project, the third largest engineering feat in world history, is far to the north of Perth. But a lot of the product will be coming down for process development by pipeline. Aluminium smelting proposals being canvassed in the west would involve plants not far from Perth.

Certainly, there are still iron ore projects, diamond mines and uranium projects out in distant areas, remote from big city union militants. They are at risk from sacred sites than from union secretaries. But the great bulk of the development will be in areas of traditional militancy, within reach of capital city trades halls.

This is one striking way in which the energy-related resources boom will be essentially different from the remote area minerals boom of the 1960s.

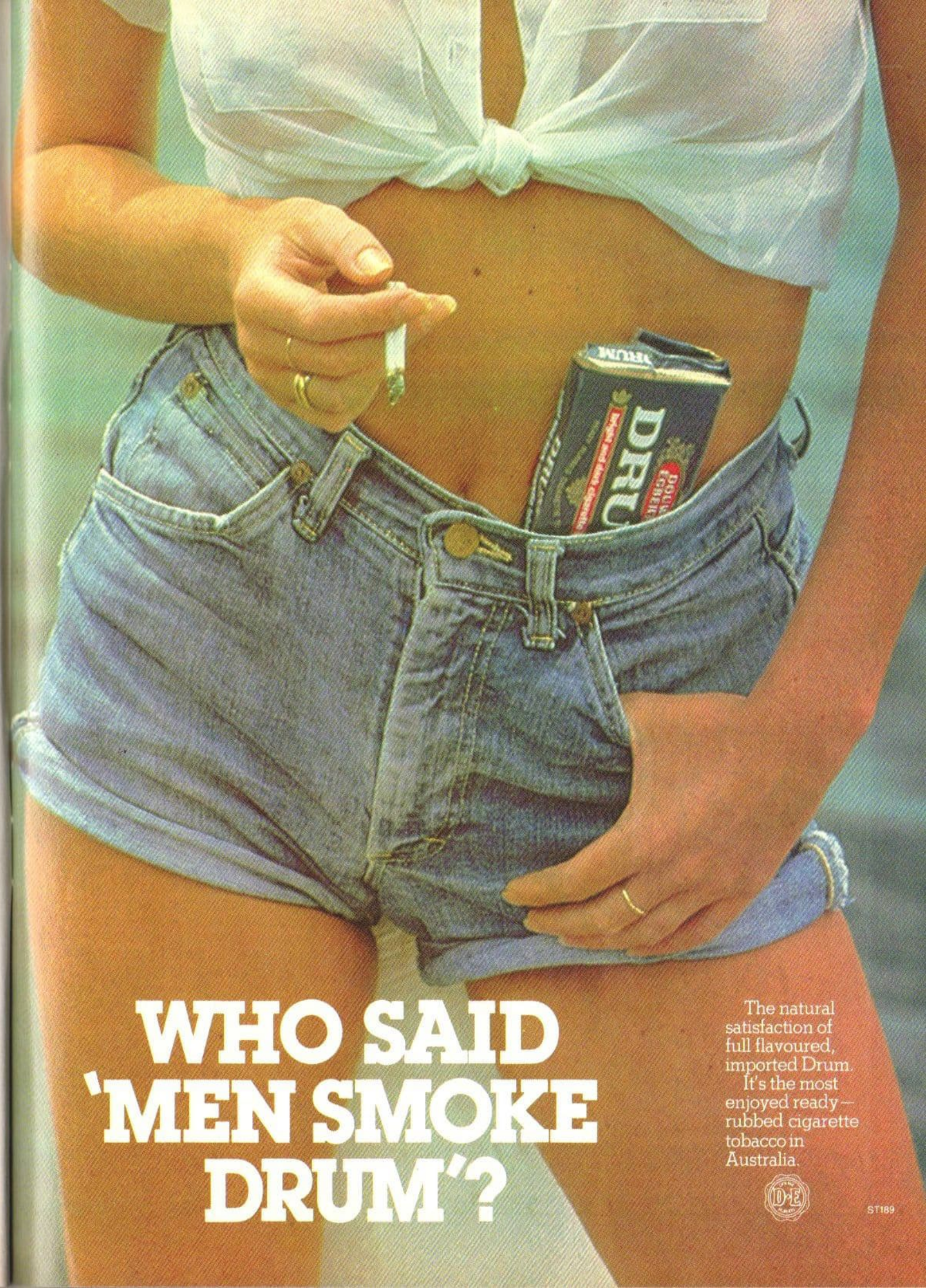
This fact brings into play a complex series of inter-related factors. There is the question of incomes of workers in the resource areas themselves. Unless stringent resource rent taxes are imposed by the Federal Government, a lot of these projects are going to be highly profitable. The profits may not show on the surface, thanks to the subtleties of international transfer pricing, but they'll be there.

Even if the profits are just ordinary, as distinct from bonanza, there is another consideration. The energy resource projects of the 1980s will be highly capital intensive, with big aluminium smelters, large electrical generating units, large trucks and draglines on open cut coalfields. This means they are vulnerable to strike action by a small number of key men, in a way that labor-intensive industries are not.

If a textile factory goes on strike, the



"Sorry, dear, but I came without you!"



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loss of wages is crippling to the union while representing a very large saving to the employer. But when men in a capital intensive resources project go on strike, the situation is reversed. The loss of wages is relatively small, but the company is still meeting huge payments on capital equipment, which can't be stood down, told to take early holidays, or retired at age 60.

The results of this have already been seen in places like the Bass Strait oilfields, where workers pull in salaries of more than \$40,000 a year, or on the Queensland open cut coalfields. It is rumored that ABC television documentary units have been warned off efforts to document the scale of the earnings in the central Queensland coal industry. It suggests that there will be extreme pressures in the 1980s for very high wages for both construction and process workers in these areas.

An example which occurred around the middle of 1980 was the construction of two pipelines from Sydney to Newcastle, one for natural gas, the other for petrol products. The gas pipeline is urgently needed. There are industries in Newcastle such as a fertiliser factory

paying very high prices for fuel and feedstock. They badly need to switch over to the cheaper natural gas, when it is available. But extensive industrial dispute has delayed construction.

There has been conflicting stories about the basic causes of the strikes. But some sources ascribe it primarily to efforts by pipeline welders to extract weekly salaries in four figures, over and above a previously agreed payment already far above the average for typical Sydney blue collar operatives.

The companies building the lines dug in their heels. They argued that to give in here would mean a spiral of extraordinarily high wage payments spreading all over Australia, sending construction costs rocketing.

The second question is the fallout effect. It is one thing to pay high wages to people working in outback areas. Even with heavily-subsidised housing rendered immune from the Taxation Commissioner, it is still difficult to get people to go there. Higher wages are needed to induce people to come. Once they have come, they are remote from the capital city workforce. The chance of wages fallout or spillover effects is small.

However, what happens when workers in energy resource projects are pulling in very high wages within weekend commuting distance of Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne or Perth? You may be able to insulate it if they are stuck on an oil platform some way out from the shoreline, working 10 days on at a time.

But what happens when you have three aluminium smelters near Newcastle, near coal miners pulling in high wages, right next to giant power stations with people on Government salaries? What happens when you have a series of capital-intensive developments concentrated near Gladstone, as this develops as the Queensland counterpart of the Newcastle area or the Latrobe Valley?

This situation will, as night surely follows day, produce a head-on clash between two fundamental, mutually incompatible doctrines of the Australian trade union movement.

The first of these is the principle of charging what the traffic will bear. If a large American coal company will pay extra high wages for industrial peace, then obtain the wages. The second principle is that of wages parity, or "wage justice". This is the system on which the Arbitration Commission basically works. Wage gains are won in a strategic sector, on the grounds of special capacity to pay. The system then turns round and awards the rises to the rest of the work force in award wage decisions, on the grounds of wage justice.

Applied to the coming resources boom, this situation is a recipe for chaos. We could have workers in large construction projects, pipeline welders, dump truck operators, dragline operators, underground miners, coal truck drivers and so on pulling in high wages from the resources boom. Meanwhile, only a few kilometres away, workers in city industries, many of them with identical skills, would be getting much lower ordinary award wages.

A lot of Australians would see this as socially inequitable, causing massive discontent in city industries and leading to chronic strikes. There would be very strong pressures for levelling up — for handing out bonanza incomes to workers in city industries, even though these will not be making bonanza profits.

However, if this is done the alternatives are equally bad. After the severe drubbing it took in the period from 1975 to 1980, Australian industry is in no position to cope with large cost rises. Reduction in population growth and the recession from 1975 on hit industry's markets. High internal cost levels reduced its competitive position against overseas producers. It was forced to unload some of the workforce, through retrenchment, attrition, early retirement and mechanisation. Companies which didn't mechanise fared even worse. Often, instead of shed-

ding some of their workforce, they went broke and put everybody out of work.

We have seen the consequences of this situation in the past few years, particularly in the western suburbs of Sydney and Melbourne. We have seen young people anxious to get a job trudging from one place to another, getting knock back after knock back. Large numbers of young Australians perfectly well qualified for apprenticeships have been simply unable to get them. Unemployment rates have consistently hovered around six percent or more for several years, and at much higher levels for teenagers.

In these circumstances, the last thing we need is anything that will put the dampers on manufacturing employment. On top of what has already happened, there are two new developments coming up. The first of these is the electronic revolution, such things as fixed sequence, moveable sequence and intelligence robots, automated welding equipment, computer assisted manufacture, electronic funds transfer, word processors and so on.

This will drastically transform Australian employment practices, eliminating many traditional jobs. The important thing to remember is that this hasn't really struck yet. The unemployment we have had so far is due to conventional recession, loss of international competitiveness. The electronic revolution is something new, coming in addition to what we have already seen.

The second important development is the emergence of a whole set of low cost, newly industrialised countries, ranging from South Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Singapore and Ceylon through to Brazil, Mexico and others. Most of the motocross bikes Australian youngsters pedal around on these days have frames welded in Taiwan, not Australia.

In response to this new international challenge, Australian industry is moving into high technology, specialty industry, the sort of thing with a high capital content, requirement for skilled labor, high quality control, fashion items and so on.

With this general background, Australia's politicians could have a hair-raising economic ride in the 1980s. If the energy resource boom incomes are ladled out to city populations as well, through big rises in award wages, the Federal Government has two basic choices.

First, it can provide enough money to allow for the resultant high levels of inflation, as city industry is forced to raise prices to cover increased costs. This would put Australia into high double figure inflation, encourage further industrial disputes and damage the structure of the economy.

Second, the Federal Government could clamp down, keeping the money supply tight. In this case, the result would be mass unemployment as city industries

started to unload the workforces they could no longer afford.

Both choices are very unappetising. The Australian economy started the 1980s with inflation hovering around or just over 10 percent a year, and unemployment at around six percent. That's in a recession period, before the resources boom. It's a very poor starting point for further turbulence and economic upsets. Dealing with the conundrums thrown up by these issues of social equity will be a recurring theme in the next 10 years.

If the Pollyanna politicians think the problems of the resources boom stop with industrial relations, they will be in for a rude shock. The next item we need to look at is the problem of high capital requirements and low employment creation in the resources area.

With modern technology, the requirements for labor, particularly unskilled labor, in the minerals industry are relatively modest. By comparison with the large numbers of miners and other workers in the past, Australian mining operations of today are relatively thin on the ground when it comes to people. The money goes into very large capital equipment items with very high productivity.

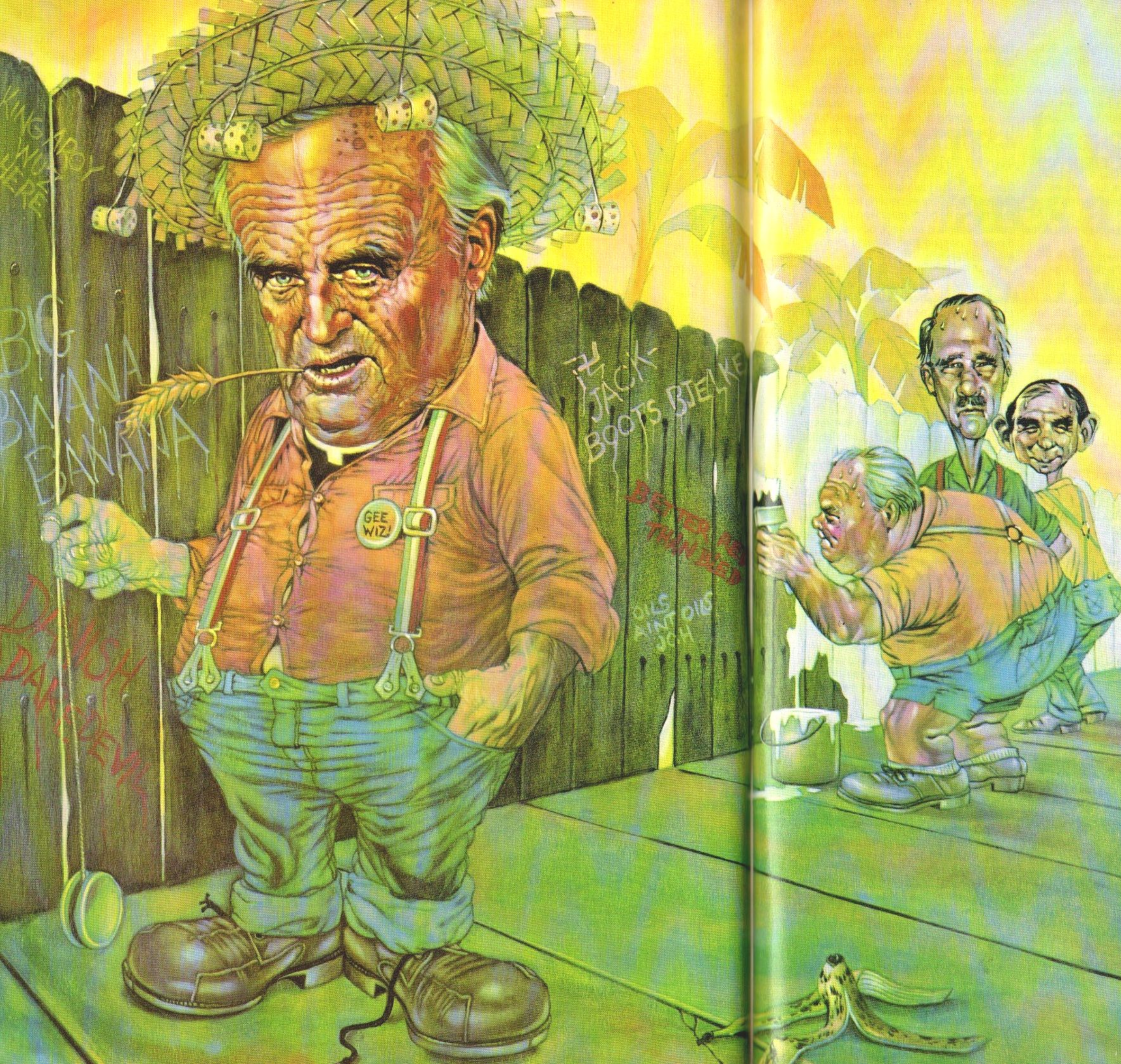
This means that it takes an enormous amount of capital expenditure to generate each job.

In one sense, this is a good thing. A lot of mineral projects are in remote areas, where it is hard to attract labor. While the weight of the 1980s boom will be closer to the cities, as set out earlier, the employment is still some way out of town. Most people want to live in the big cities. The high levels of high productivity machinery means we can get by with a relatively small workforce in the Pilbara, in the remote areas of the Northern Territory, on the central Queensland coal fields, in the power station sites of the Upper Hunter in NSW and so on. However, it follows that the minerals boom of the 1980s will not be creating too many jobs directly. From this, two separate problems follow.

The first of these is the need to develop what is called the downstream effect. If we can't generate large numbers of jobs directly in minerals projects, perhaps they can be generated indirectly, in the cities. This could be in firms supplying the minerals boom, through spillover effects

Continued on page 158





After another election win,
there's still one question being asked.

WHAT MAKES FARMER JOH FLY?

BY DAVID ROLLS

Dust settles in soft swirls on buffed brown shoes while their wearers perform the Sunday morning ritual of conversation blessed by recent attendance at St. John's Lutheran Church, Kingaroy. Women, plain rural faces enlivened here and there by cosmetic assistance and artful placement of bobby pins, stir limpid air with flowered fans. Men talk of crops and weather.

It's a big turnup — a fact which may or may not, depend on the regular attendance of star parishioner Johannes Bjelke-Petersen, farmer, paper millionaire and Premier of Queensland. He stands in the sun, wearing the broad-brimmed countryman's hat the media has been pleased to label a Joh Hat, and manifesting the easy assurance of a man who has grown old with childhood friends.

Kingaroy is, indeed, Joh country, a place where commies, radicals, homos, druggies, Feds and layabouts enter at their peril. Hard work, piety and free enterprise are the ideals here . . . oiled where necessary by political rat cunning in the best of all possible causes.

Back at Bethany, Joh's country home, the phones will surely be ringing. And Joh and wife Flo — the senator-elect, famous for her skill at making pumpkin scones and strong cups of tea, will be there presently to answer calls from cranks, devotees, pressmen and wise acres with folksy obfuscation. You dial the number expecting to hear the voice of a protecting secretary. Instead you hear the familiar voice: "Hello, Joh here." The Premiers telephone number is in the book for all to see; guard dogs may roam outside but who can say this is a remote ruler?

Thrusting skywards in the middle of Kingaroy stands a trinity of peanut silos. Streets here are wide and, after

6pm, empty. A railway line bisects the main street, guarded by a rusty swivel gun. There's a gospel hall and a giant cut-out peanut which informs visitors of the altitude, 431 metres, and population of 8100: "We love them all."

A few kilometres out of town you hit Bethany — 600 hectares, 360 in one holding and the rest scattered nearby. The original homestead, a big white weatherboard house, is at the head of the drive.

Joh and Flo live on the other side in a cream brick and red tiled place built when they married 28 years ago. Flo had been secretary to the Main Roads Commissioner when Joh came into her life as one of a deputation of shire councillors.

He invited her to listen to a debate at Parliament House, then proposed dinner. The literal meaning of Bethany is "house of poverty", a name given it by Joh's Lutheran minister father, Carl, who bought it for two and six an acre in 1913. Raw land then. Dense vine jungle made it no place for a frail Danish academic with a wife and two young children.

Joh's mother, Maren, did much of the early pioneering work. Joh's elder brother by three years, Christian, was delicate like his father. By the time he was 12, Joh had become the strong man of the family, clearing the farm, milking cows before and after school, ploughing the cleared land. Poverty reigned. Despite a disfiguring bout with polio, Joh forged back and never stopped fighting back — until the hardships were defeated and the "enemy" finally identified itself at Cedar Bay, where hedonists dared to walk naked in Joh's Queensland sun, smoked pot and left the jungle unmolested. Danish wrath neither tolerated nor forgave.

And, in August 1976, there was political mileage to be gained from holding aloft old fashioned values, especially for a poor dirt farmer become master politician who knew that virtue could be adapted to suit the occasion.

Parked at Bethany is a smart Bellanca Citabria, a single-engine aerobatic aircraft which is to farmer Joh what a telephone booth is to mild-mannered Clark Kent. Super Joh may eschew cigarettes and alcohol, but he is irretrievably addicted to flying — hovering over the State, dusting it with his famous political spray.

As with all super heroes, Super Joh has a companion, government pilot Beryl Young. They take it in turns to fly the government Beechcraft Super King, responding to one another with warm bonhomie. Joh and Beryl roam the firmament free from worldly interruption, making sure always to arrive a few minutes ahead of schedule, catching welcoming dignitaries unprepared wherever they go.

Beryl is not loved by Flo. She never flies in the aircraft with Beryl and has

been known to refer to her as "that woman". When Joh's daughter, Ruth, was married in October 1979, Beryl was a notable absentee at the festivities.

None the less, Beryl wields impressive influence over Joh who has more than once expressed admiration for her clarity of thought.

Beryl makes suggestions to improve Joh's speeches and Joh has been heard to wish aloud that Beryl could be present at Cabinet meetings. As if in answer to Flo's expertise with scones and pikelets, Beryl sometimes whips up an airborne snack for Joh — his favorite, toast and Vegemite.

A trim pleasant woman in her mid-forties, Beryl's airborne adventures with Joh began during the dramatic days of October 1970, when members of Joh's own party moved against him. Joh had managed to save his bacon in parliament through the expediency of using his own

Super Joh may eschew cigarettes and alcohol, but he is irretrievably addicted to flying.

casting vote to support a motion of confidence in himself. But he needed to consolidate his position, and the only man who could do that was the Country Party President, Bob Sparkes, who ran a property at Dalby.

Joh chartered an aircraft. The pilot happened to be Beryl, who earned the Premier's undying gratitude and admiration by flying Sparkes from Dalby to Brisbane in record time. Joh likes Beryl's cheerfulness in the cockpit and, above all, her willingness to comply with his rigid work schedule.

During the recent campaign he surprised even Beryl by phoning her from Kingaroy at 3.30am to let her know she could sleep in an extra hour. She had planned to rise at 4.30am for the drive to Brisbane Airport so that she could pick him up at his home.

Joh's "considerate" early morning call meant she could rest until 5.30am. No one would seriously suggest the existence of any romance between Joh and Beryl, but there is a closeness of thought and interests between them which is, in its own way, quite touching.

At 70, an age he achieved on January 13, this year, Joh is increasingly under attack as being too old for the job. When it came up before the recent election, he countered by inviting reporters to accompany him on the campaign trail, maintaining a cracking pace from dawn to dusk. He has stamina all right, but if reporters flagged, it would be probably due more to boredom than fatigue.

Joh's speeches do not vary greatly from town to town and not everyone shares his zeal for inspecting factories. In Bundaberg he harangued workers during smoko. They sat on lunch boxes, playing cards or peeling fruit, viewing him with mild indifference.

One man refused to shake Joh's preferred hand. Joh kept talking right at him until the man stalked off. Joh claimed victory: "You get one like that every six months or so," he says. "They try to embarrass me. But I say 'my goodness me, you've got a good job. I reckon I can get you a good job' and he gets so embarrassed he walks away."

The same day at Mount Morgan, a down-at-heel Labor stronghold, shire councillors showed Joh the town reservoir — it was bone dry, a pitiful collection of dry rocks. Joh promised help while letting people know they would get things done quicker with a National Party man in Parliament. Joh and his entourage nibbled on curling sandwiches listening to talk of citizens restricted to one bath every two days. He couldn't wait to get back to the plane.

The government plane is at once Joh's toy and important campaign tool — through flying he meets more people than either the Liberal or ALP candidates could ever do. Occasionally an interviewer will take him to task about his aerial taxi, paid for by the tax payers: Why not give the Opposition equal use?

"They condemned me when I got it," he says, "I wouldn't want to make them into hypocrites by letting them use it now, would I?"

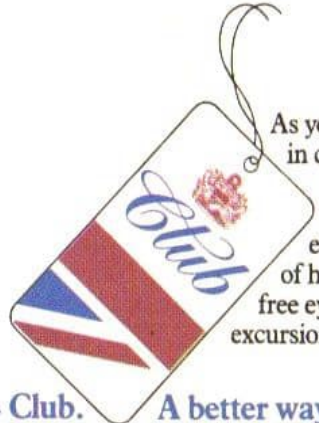
Joh's fetish with flight began in 1949 — two years after entering the Queensland Parliament — his scrub pulling business at Kingaroy had become sufficiently prosperous for him to import an Auster plane from England. Joh had already stolen a march on rivals by importing bulldozers. Now he used low flying planes to seed and spray crops: "You know, when you get into a cockpit and get absorbed in all the instruments and take off and so on, it's a tremendous feeling of relief just as you leave the ground to know that there's no telephone, and to know that you're right out of the traffic and the hassles of the traffic," he says. "That's the feeling I get in flying . . . we have our own aircraft, our own airstrip as you probably know, at home, and my children are used to flying."

To Joh, a plane is every bit as essential

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		SYDNEY/MELBOURNE	BRISBANE	PERTH
British Airways	Club	\$1121	\$1121	\$1066
Lufthansa	Business	\$1505	No flight.	No flight.
Singapore Airlines	Executive Zone	\$1505	No flight.	\$1391
Pan Am	Clipper	\$1557	No flight.	No flight.
Qantas	Business	\$1806	\$1778	\$1670

FARES APPLICABLE AS OF NOVEMBER 1, 1980



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as his broad-brimmed hat. And, goodness me, he wouldn't like to be seen in the country without that. It's not a flash hat, but in the back blocks Joh's head gear has become a kind of symbol.

You spot the hat before you spot the man, particularly in the rural environment where Joh tends to melt into anonymity — he is definitely country folks, a little more urbane nowadays in that he splurges on good haircuts to disguise protruding ears (all the better to hear you with, my dears).

A few city media men still treat him as an arrogant power-crazy hayseed. On television he is badgered, often with just cause, but rarely to any satisfactory conclusion. Joh can out-goblydegook any interviewer alive. He has a style which gives rise to almost surrealistic pronouncements such as his famous quote about uranium: "We won't be able to sit on uranium, firstly, because it would not be right and secondly because it would be wrong as far as we are concerned."

Always on the attack, a ploy he advocates as the best line of defence, Joh rarely receives the chance to display his personal charm, which is considerable. So preoccupied was Joh's publicity machine with projecting the iron fist that the velvet glove went unnoticed.

They notice it in the country. Out in the sticks, the thoughts of Chairman Joh make common sense. Country people agree: free enterprise is good, socialism is bad, Canberra rips off too much Queensland money through taxation, Aboriginal land rights are just so much hocus pocus, conservationists ought to wake up to themselves and get out and open up the land.

Inaugurating a farm machinery dealership in Emerald while on the campaign trail in November, Joh referred constantly to his days as a scrub puller. No arrogance, no swagger, just a reminder that his beginnings were hard and humble. Could that really be Jack Boots Bjelke on the podium, reminiscing near tearfully about starry nights spent beside his beloved bulldozer? "There's a lot talked about multi-nationals," he tells 300 people shading under a marquee, "but we couldn't do without them — we couldn't do without our tractors and our oil companies."

Certainly Joh couldn't. Since 1959, Joh's business empire has burgeoned into a highly complex network of interlocking companies that mostly centres around Queensland mineral resources. While weighing into communism and socialism as a threat to the Australian way of life, he has done very well for himself through shrewd investment.

The influence of the Communist Party has never been particularly noticeable in Queensland, but that has never inhibited Joh from using the red peril scare to curry anti-socialist votes for his National Party. It must be galling to the Communist Party

to consider how unintentionally helpful they have been to Joh merely through existing.

By way of retaliation, the Communist Party State committee once compiled a booklet painstakingly listing as many of Bjelke-Petersen's business connections as they could.

The picture painted, while incomplete, was of an ingenious corporate structure which proved very clearly that anyone who thought Joh a fool was fooling himself. Even the Communist Party conceded that, "at times it has been difficult not to be overwhelmed by the size of this power."

Wrote the authors of *Under Investigation*: "It is for this reason that the authors remain anonymous. Bjelke-Petersen, his National Party and his League of Right backers have established a State which has become the hallmark of reaction in Australia. An anachronism that glorifies

Always on the attack, Joh rarely receives the chance to display his personal charm, which is considerable.

the naked money connection between businessmen and politicians, reminiscent of the Power Without Glory era."

Of course, none of Joh's supporters were likely to take notice of a publication from the Communist Party... Although the authors claimed to have gleaned their information from the Corporate Affairs office and at the Stock Exchange. They had tracked down Joh's interests. And those interests were primarily in the areas most affected by State and Federal policy regulation: copper, uranium, and coal mining, oil, building and public works. They named three companies, usually working as a consortium, which formed the basis of the Premier's personal corporate investments — Oilmin N.L., Transoil N.L. and Petromin N.L.

Things may have changed since publication of the booklet, but Joh continues to be in the money.

Indeed his financial fortunes took a pleasing turn September 1979, when the South Australian Labor Government crashed, taking its anti-uranium mining policy with it.

That ALP catastrophe yielded Joh and

his family an almost instant paper profit of about \$500,000 on their shares in the potential uranium miner, Oilmin. Oilmin, Transoil, and Petromin together hold 50 percent of the Beverley uranium prospect near Lake Frome in South Australia, while the rest is owned by the Phelps Dodge group of the US. The Beverley consortium is believed to have at least 10,000 tonnes of recoverable uranium, with Phelps Dodge carrying responsibility to raise the \$100 million necessary to bring the mine to production.

Joh's wheeling and dealing has given the opposition plenty of room to attack in the House. In April last year he resisted Opposition allegations of misuse of office by raising the spectre of "black activists" taking over his property. Labor front benchner Neville Warburton (Sangate) drew attention to a draft proclamation exempting the Premier's land from the provisions of the Mining Act. The way Warburton told it the proclamation was somehow connected with valuable deposits of Kaolin, a fine clay powder used for coating art paper. There was plenty of Kaolin on Joh's property, perhaps \$10 million worth of it and it was implied Joh had his own reasons for looking after number 1. Joh thundered back that the controversial declaration had been necessitated by a threatening phone call.

The caller had suggested that Aboriginal squatters intended following the example of Nookanbah Aboriginal activists who claimed mining rights in the front yard of West Australian Premier and Joh's good friend, Sir Charles Court. Joh reckoned that squatters could claim his property under the protection of the Mining Act. It only became clear to him later that his land was protected by existing authorities to prospect.

Most country people see nothing wrong with Joh's business activities. "Good luck to you, Joh," is the response most would make to allegations that the Premier had misused political power for personal gain. Anyway, the National Party stands so strongly for free enterprise, it would be a tardy leader who did not take advantage of his own advice.

Sipping beer at the Emerald race course at a National Party barbeque, the locals watch him with admiration: "I'll be sorry if we ever have to look for a replacement," says a trucking contractor. "You heard him speak about his days as a scrub puller... you ask Labor politicians what they know about the rough side of life. He's a practical man who got there by the scruff of his brow." A part-time shearer chips in: "He's not frightened to speak out. Maybe he overdoes it at times, but he's always ready to back up what he says with action." Joh's their man. And no matter how city cynics scoff, Joh will always have grass-roots support.

Or will he? Despite his election victory,



there are signs that the National Party's grip on the Queensland Government is loosening. After gutlessly clinging to Joh's country coat tails for years, the Liberals under Llew Edwards finally found the courage to stand up to the Danish Daredevil. They may not have won, but their show of independence must have given him a nasty shock. Joh made threatening noises, then opted for a tone of wounded disappointment that old coalition friends should be so feckless.

He saw the entire issue in business terms: "There's not much sense, if you're in business and you're in partnership with some one, you don't usually go against your partner in the business. You usually work in co-ordination. We've always done that since 1920-something, we've been together. Now they're going opposite. It means spending a lot of money, an enormous lot of money, in addition to a tremendous amount more work. And if you do it to them in the Federal sphere as you saw in the Eric Robinson case, then it's all wrong. Then it doesn't maximise the anti-socialist vote, then it's something far different. No, it's a strange philosophy they have."

Does this sound like Jack Boots Bjelke? Bjelke of old would have dumped Liberal ministers from Cabinet in a flash, forcing them to campaign without the advantage of ministerial cars and the perks of office. Has the strong-man image been played out? Today the firebrand must, throw fewer sparks to compete successfully against the Liberals' and even ALP's more moderate policies.

In the past, Joh has never shrunk from indicating that National Party seats would receive preferential treatment because of superior accessibility to the top rungs of government. Now, the line has softened to a kind of patriarchal chiding of those who refuse to vote his way.

Around Rockhampton, known to the Nat's as the Red Centre because of the area's strong Labor vote, the issue is a sensitive one, particularly among voters who believe they are passed over for money handouts simply because they are not represented by a National Party man.

Joh denies it — after his own fashion. "We've spent tens and tens and tens of millions of dollars in Rockhampton. You take your station, your railway complex. The Teaching Institute out here north of Rockhampton, high schools, hospitals . . . we've spent a lot of money . . . it's got nothing to do with it really whether it's Labor or not. But I will say this, I often feel, particularly in Rockhampton, I've campaigned here down the years without any support or very little support and very little encouragement, no members for a long, long, long time. I always say to people: why not reciprocate. Everytime I come anywhere you ask for another two,

three, four, five million dollars. You keep on asking me. I keep on asking you for support at election time but so often I never get any or very little support . . . no reciprocation at all. That's fair when you think of it that way, but that doesn't stop me or anyone doing what we can for the girls and boys."

In the past, credit for Joh's tough stance went to his then Press secretary, Al Callaghan. A former ABC reporter, Callaghan turned a tough little farmer into a first rate media manipulator. His present Press secretary, Peter MacDonald, avows to be more interested in unveiling the Joh nobody knows.

"My idea is to draw out the pleasant man, the sensitive man," he says. MacDonald, a former AAP political roundsman, makes no pretence to Callaghan-style showmanship. "I'm slower. I have to sit down to consider," he says. "Callaghan was an ideas man. He shot

Queenslanders
have learned through
experience to take
the Bjelke-Petersens
seriously. The yokel
is only skin deep.

out ideas." MacDonald has only been eight months in the job, but Joh's approach has already mellowed. He no longer gets aggressive when flustered. He smiles.

Last March Joh surprised everyone by lunching with militant railway leaders and inviting Trades Hall chiefs to conciliate on a power strike. Political pundits speculated whether the Premier was knuckling under to pressure from within his own party, although at the time Joh-men denied it.

"The people of Queensland have always seen him as a strong-willed man unwilling to conciliate," one said. "They like his image as a strong Premier but don't realise he is also conciliatory. Joh has a long fuse."

Then last July, retiring Cabinet minister Ron Camm, Joh's Deputy Leader for 12 years, informed a somewhat sceptical *Sunday Sun* journalist that Joh was actually quite easy to get along with. All you had to do was "talk softly".

"He might appear at times to be rather dogmatic, to be rather autocratic in some of his statements, but when you're

associated with him all the time you realise that, after a few moments, he mellows down and you can talk to him," said Camm. "If you brush him up the wrong way, he can bristle, and you don't get things done by making people bristle up."

Despite honeyed words to the contrary, Joh had always profited mightily by bristling up, particularly when talking about union socialists, and Federal taxes. During a pre-election radio talk-back session with 4RO Rockhampton interviewer Jim McRae, the Premier's responses indicated that Super Joh of old was lurking close beneath the surface.

"Surely we've reached the height of absurdity in relation to strikes and the height of, well, what's fair and decent. We in Queensland could not possibly be better off.

"We have a high standard of living. I'd like to see lower taxes so far as the Commonwealth is concerned."

That last sentence contains the key to Joh's newest hobby horse, tax reform. He has already manipulated his wife, Flo, into a Senate seat. Elsewhere in Australia Flo's election may bear the earmarks of yet another deep north joke. With her Edna Everage-like appearance, odd obsession with scone making, and Joh-like peculiarities of speech (she has acquired many of her husband's stock phrases . . . "goodness me", "mark my words", "for goodness sake", "my word", "gee whizz"), Flo is tailor-made for the journalists' jibes and the cartoonists' lampoons. In 1977, the *Gold Coast Bulletin* described her as "homely as a sponge cake with passionfruit icing, as comfortable as a squatter's chair on a shady verandah, as straight forward and practical as a yabby pump and as wholesome as a plump ripe mango".

But Queenslanders have learned through experience to take the Bjelke-Petersens seriously. The yokel is only skin deep, and the lack of formal education only serves to veil a wily political cunning which, among other things, engineered the demise of Gough Whitlam's Labor Government, and has created electoral gerrymander which makes the National Party virtually invincible in Queensland.

With the thoughts of Chairman Joh issuing through not one but two powerful political voices, the man who believes in hydrogen cars that run on water, the cancer cure of Milan Brych and that God, not evolution, created the world, would appear to be shaping up as one of Australia's most influential men — and getting more influential every day.

In the early days of her marriage, Flo played the organ at St John's, Kingaroy, while Joh delivered the sermon. The exercise is about to be repeated, only this time with the people of Australia as the congregation. ☐



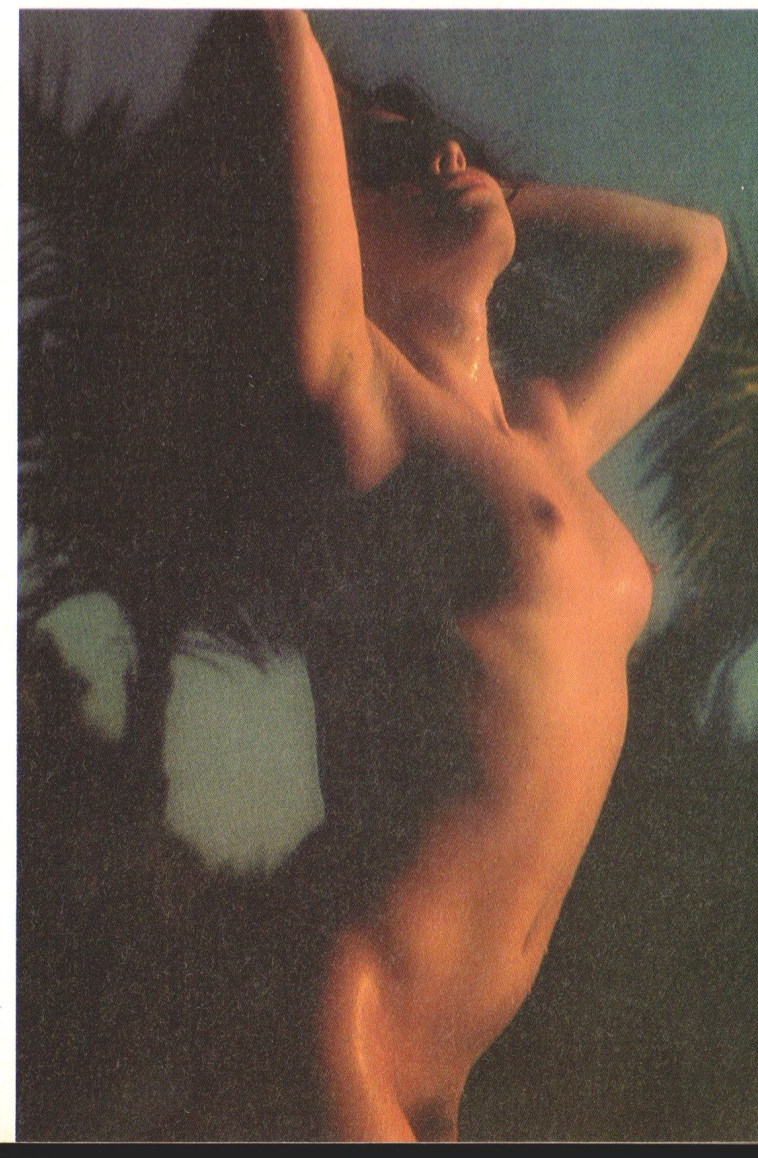
AVA

"I never pretend when I'm in bed,
only on the stage. When I'm lying in a man's arms,
full disclosure is the only way to go."

"What a time I've been having," exclaims Ava Monet. "I've just celebrated my 21st birthday and now here I am in *Penthouse*! What does the rest of the year have in store for me?" Ava's 36-23-35 form and black-haired, green-eyed, honey-skinned coloring guarantee any exciting future. "My mother taught me to be proud of my body," she says, "and I *always* do what my mother says!" Ava is part German — which accounts for her headstrong nature — but she admits men like her French uninhibited, sensuous side better. "As one admirer put it, I'm German from the neck up, French from the neck down." *Vive la difference!*

FRENCH KISS

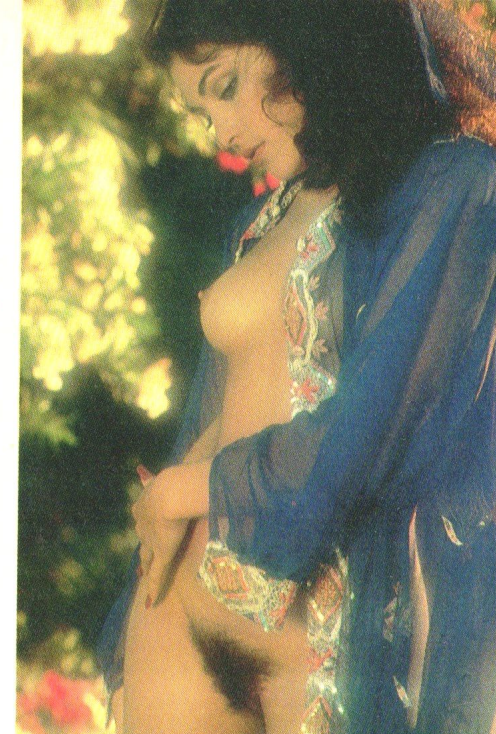
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER





Ava's extraordinary sexiness has always garnered her more than her share of attention and, not unreasonable, she wallows in it. "I love it so much I've decided to become a professional actress. In fact, I've just finished nine months of acting classes. Maybe I'll never be as good as Ingrid Bergman, but I can have lots of fun trying!"





Our Pet says her idea of heaven is lying on the beach listening to the Rolling Stones on the radio. "Their latest album really drives me wild!" She tosses her thick mane of hair, and does the same to us.



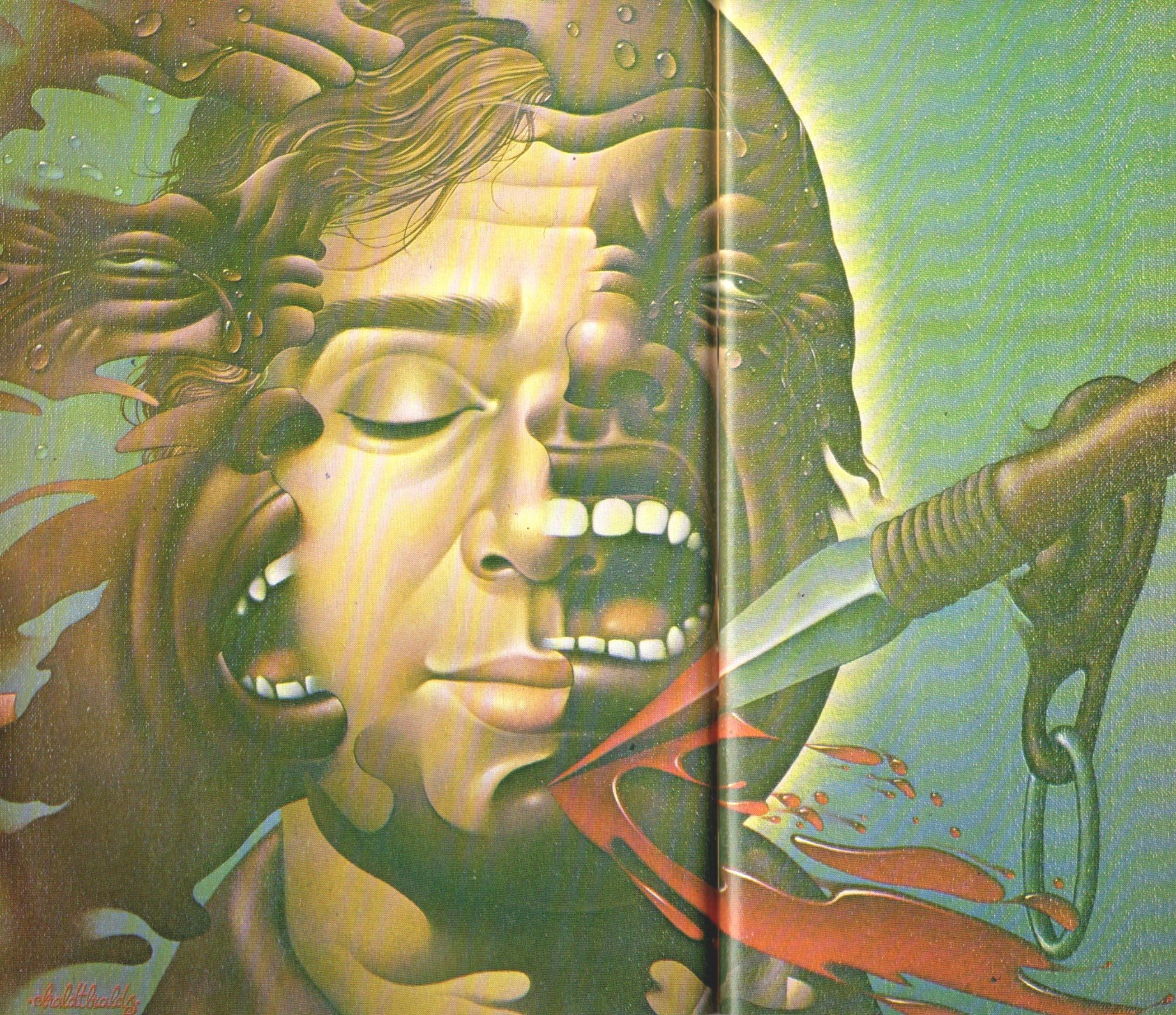
Ava has never lived with a man on a full-time basis, and won't, she vows, until she finds someone she's absolutely crazy about. "I'm very particular. He doesn't have to be a *real* knight in shining armor, but he'll have to come awfully close."





"It's important to me that a man looks masculine and have a firm body, but he doesn't have to be handsome or muscular," she says. "The main thing is for him to have a good mind and to be very strong with me. I want an equal relationship most of the time, but in bed I just want to be ravished. I can't *stand* passive men. They're a contradiction in terms!" Her ironclad rule is: "I never pretend when I'm in bed — I reserve my acting for the stage. When I'm lying in a man's arms, full disclosure is the only way to go." 





Mark was being murdered. He knew it; he could feel the knife slip down between his ribs. He lay, peaceful and unmoving, on the living room floor of his home in a suburb of Boston; his eyes were closed, his breathing deep and regular. The knife plunged into his chest again.

Diane Swygard, the co-author with her husband of several books on the occult, sat, unconcerned, nearby. She had led the young photographer through a series of

Finding out who you were may help you find out who you are.

PAST LIVES THERAPY

BY CRAIG R. WATERS

"consciousness" exercises, finally directing him to return to a former life.

Suddenly, inexplicably, he had become aware of images and impressions — he had begun to see and feel, to sense things; it was like closing one's eyes and reliving a vivid memory. When Diane asked him questions, answers percolated up irresistibly, unexpectedly, from his unconscious mind.

"What's your name? Do you have a name?" she had asked.

He was shocked and surprised, but, yes, he had an answer — yes, he had a name. "The name Almalgi," he had answered and spelled it out. "A-l-m-a-l-g-i."

He had then gone on to describe the life of a young warrior in Central Africa: a member of a tribe known as the Tzenti, married to a woman named Mala, the father of two children,

living in a hut of branches plastered with sun-baked mud. And now — now he was being murdered.

"It's as though . . ." He hesitated, studying the pictures playing on the inside of his eyes. "He has me pinned down on the ground. He's stabbing me in the left side of the chest with . . . with a knife. There's a very long handle on the knife; it looks like a pointed stick, but underneath the handle there's a long, very, very thin blade . . ."

"Was this a weapon you used in hunting?" Diane interrupted.

"No," he answered after a second. "It was for skinning animals; it would slide up underneath the skin, between the skin and the flesh — sever it away."

"And what was the fight about?" she asked.

"We were hunting together . . . and I killed an animal. I had killed the animal, and he took it from me."

"Did you die instantly?"

"No, I lived for three days," he said.

"What happened when you died?"

"My wife wept — she wept for a very long time."

"What did they do with your body?" she asked matter-of-factly.

"They threw it outside of the stockade — outside of the mud walls that ran around the village — and let the animals take it; the animals took the bodies away."

"Did you stay around to see that?"

"I see that . . ." Mark answered solemnly.

At first, Mark had been sceptical of his impressions, had doubted the reality of his own answers, believing that it was all illusion, the product of a fertile imagination. But as the sensations and scenes had continued to unfold, he had found himself intrigued and, finally, compelled by the rich detail, unfamiliar notions, and powerful emotions of the experience.

He had felt the hard, cracked leather that covered the entrance of a hut and had smelled its smoky interior; he had spoken of "old men who know about the gods" and of a mountain where the gods lived; he had described a special ceremony at which a child was given its name; and he had referred to white men as "ghosts". When Diane inquired: "What was the word for *man* in your language?" he had answered: "I know this is ridiculous, but I want to say the word *mandingo* — I want to say something like . . . man-deeng'-go." He had sung it: the second syllable rose strangely, musically. "Man-deeng'-go . . . man-deeng'-go," he had repeated.

When Diane had asked whether he was a man or a woman, he had flushed with indignation and shot back: "I am a warrior!" And, finally, he had felt the hot needle of that knife threading its way between his ribs. It was a disturbing, disorienting experience; everything in-

dicated he had slipped, somehow, into someone else's life. When, after an hour, the past-lives session ended, Mark was physically exhausted but intellectually eager; he pulled out an encyclopaedia and began checking. Could anything that he had said have been real?

Mandingo, he knew, was the name of a film dealing with slavery; as he flipped through the pages of the *Britannica*, he discovered that it was also the name of a group of people native to the Niger and Congo River basins of Africa. There was no reference to a Tzenti tribe, but similar names appeared, and some tribes did practise a name-giving ceremony. There was, however, little else.

The word *mandingo*, the location, and a few other small facts checked out. But where had the information come from, he wondered — from a book he'd once read, a movie he'd once seen? Or had he once been Almagi — had he lived the life of a

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primitive tribesman in another, earlier time?

Months later he was still wondering and slightly worried: he could recall no story, book, or film that might explain the details he'd know or the tale that he'd constructed around them, and twice he had dreamed of himself as Almagi. Finally, he sought out a psychologist who used hypnotism in his practice and who agreed to help him pinpoint the source of the material.

The psychologist tested Mark, found that he would make a good subject, and on a frigid evening, put him under hypnosis for the first time: "Now, I want you to imagine yourself in an elevator, and as the elevator descends you will slip deeper and deeper into a trance," a soft voice that was laced with Russian suggested. "All right, now beginning at the tenth floor and descending . . . nine — going deeper . . ."

By the time they had reached the sub-basement, Mark was pleasantly stoned; he felt relaxed, nicely numb, cut off from the outside world. "I want you to go back to the time when you first heard about

Almagi," the psychologist told him, but nothing happened. Mark lay on the couch, feeling good, experiencing nothing other than lovely patterns of colored light. "I want you to go back to the time when you first encountered this African warrior."

A sharp pain pulsed in his right calf; Mark grimaced and reached down to massage it. "What's wrong? What's happening?" the psychologist asked him and once more Mark found himself on a sun-bleached plain. In front of him he saw flat ground spiked with tufts of dry grass and, rising in the distance, a few small trees; behind him a mountain rose gently from the plain. "What's happening?" the question echoed.

"I had come to the mountain to be with the mountain . . . and to understand the god of the mountain," Mark answered in a dull monotone. "It's a much lovelier place than the village, but we can't come any closer because it's a holy place. If you spend time with the mountain, it gives you strength; if you stay with it too long, it destroys you."

"This is a fantasy," the psychologist explained. "I want you to tell me where this fantasy comes from."

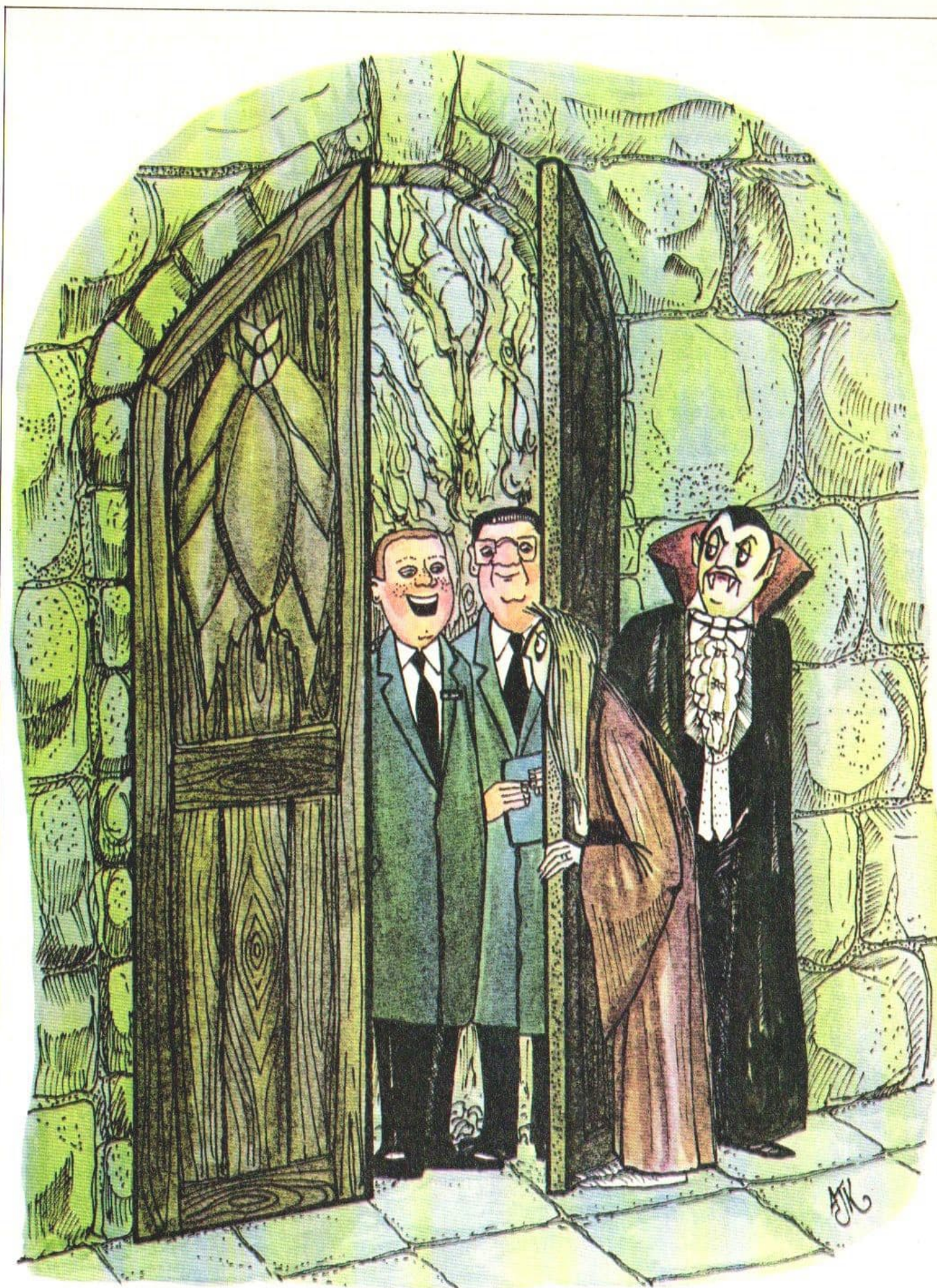
"I've fallen on rocks and sprained my leg very badly," Mark continued. "It takes me four days to return to the village; it should only take two."

The psychologist persisted, attempting to isolate the source of the imagery but to no avail; for more than an hour, Mark related the life story of Almagi — he described his village, the weather, how houses were built, the respective work of men and women, another tribe he traded with. Again a few verifiable facts came out, but their source remained elusive. Two later sessions proved equally unproductive: each time he was asked about the character's origin, Mark became Almagi.

Finally, reluctantly, the psychologist relented. "I find it hard to believe," he told Mark, "but there doesn't seem to be any other explanation — your memories seem to be real."

Reincarnation, past lives, souls that come and go as easily, and as endlessly, as fashion. From Boston to Los Angeles, tens of thousands of Americans are tripping out on remembrances of things past. They do it for a variety of reasons — curiosity, a desire to find oneself, a quest for spiritual enlightenment, even therapy — and employ a variety of techniques. They may be regressed into a past-life experience hypnotically or reach it via meditation or, like Mark, transcend time by exercising their consciousness.

The latter technique, described by Diane and William Swygard in a number of their books, is probably the simplest approach; it requires only a quiet room and the willingness to concede that



"Good evening . . . I'm Elder Thomas and this is Elder Abraham . . ."

consciousness may exist apart from one's body.

Their directions are simpler than those required to assemble a 10-speed Peugeot:

- Lie down, relax, close your eyes.
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- Extend your consciousness to a point one foot above your head; do this several times. Extend your consciousness around your entire body "like a balloon"; repeat the exercise, creating a much larger balloon.

- Now direct your consciousness to the outside of the building. Describe the scene in detail — the building's appearance, its surroundings, the weather, the time of day, etc.

- Direct your consciousness to a point 500 feet above the ground and describe the scene in detail. Change the scene from day to night to day.

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It is a natural, uncomplicated affair, as simple as breathing or daydreaming: it requires no gurus or drugs or hypnotists or mantras, and, if done properly, it produces surprising results. Depending on one's preconceptions, it thrusts one either into memories of a former lifetime or into an elaborate and strangely logical fantasy. The experience — whatever it is — is fascinating.

A few serious researchers are attempting to explain the phenomenon — to uncover its cause, describe its operation, and discover its relevance or importance. Also, a few reputable practitioners — therapists and psychologists — are using the past-lives effect in treating patients. But, as in any field where theories outnumber facts, one will find many opportunists and outright phonies; pseudoscientists whose research consists of gathering anecdotes for books and television talk shows and con men who have false credentials and set themselves up as healers of the psyche.

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Laetrile. It seems to contain an element of truth — perhaps even a significant element — but its true worth is buried beneath a thick layer of exaggeration, myth, and lies. The work of credible investigators is obscured by the razzmatazz spiel and thrilling sleight of hand of the hucksters — those who claim that the past-lives experience is a certified history of one's eternal soul or a panacea for every ailment from cancer to the common cold; one therapist uses it to increase the size of a woman's breasts.

The concept of reincarnation has been around for more than 2500 years; it was known in ancient Persia, Egypt, Greece and China. It has been espoused by poets, philosophers, scientists, and saints from Ovid to Nietzsche to Henry Ford — a long line of talented and thoughtful men have endorsed it. Even Napoleon, who would himself prompt so many counterfeits, believed that he had been someone else. "You wish to treat me as if I were Louis le Debonnaire," he once told a group of church dignitaries. "Do not confound the son with the father. You see in me Charlemagne . . . I am Charlemagne, I . . . am Charlemagne."

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A growing number of Americans not only believe in reincarnation but also accept it as an established fact. Psychologists and therapists employ past-lives theories in treating patients. Laymen trip out on earlier lifetimes at "Who You Were" parties. Books, brochures, and self-help tapes describe recommended techniques. *Time* certifies the phenomenon. Glenn Ford announces that he was a trail boss and a Scottish piano teacher in two previous lives. In singles' bars intense young men tell women: "I knew you in a prior life. We were married, but I was killed before the marriage could be consummated."

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All of this activity springs from what might be called the Bridey Murphy syndrome. In 1952, Virginia Tighe, a Colorado housewife, assumed the identity, under hypnosis, of Bridey Murphy, a woman who had allegedly lived in Ireland from 1793 to 1864. The story was reported in *Life*, yielded a best-selling book, and sparked a flurry of investigations by a variety of researchers. Not surprisingly, some concluded that Mrs Tighe had acquired the Bridey information through ordinary means while others decided that she could not possibly have done so.

But what was most important was, not the historic reality of Bridey Murphy but rather the reality of Mrs Tighe's experience. While hypnotised, she had reviewed an elaborate scenario that described the life of someone else; she had heard, seen, felt, and even acted it out. And, in so doing, she had demonstrated a largely unrecognised skill of the unconscious mind: a strange ability to compose detailed, coherent, and emotionally compelling biographies.

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She is a fitting addition to the ranks of contemporary gurus; a short, squat woman with the girth and jowls of Buddha, a gravelly voice, and a remarkable Marlboro habit. Her rap is an easygoing synthesis of clinical and pop psychology, medicine and holistic health, science and poetry — tenuous truce of scepticism and wonder.

On a recent Saturday she sat, dumping-like, in an armchair beside the flickering, gas-fed fireplace in her living room. Her eyes were closed; her words were a deep, drugged monotone: "Let the muscles of your face relax," she crooned. "The relaxation moves now from your facial muscles to the jaw . . . and as your jaw muscles relax, your tongue falls to the back of your mouth."

In front of her, 10 people lay on a crazy quilt of blankets and sleeping bags spread on the floor; their eyes were shut; their breathing was deep and regular. Each of them had paid \$30 to take part in this workshop; it was sort of a gang-bang of former lives.

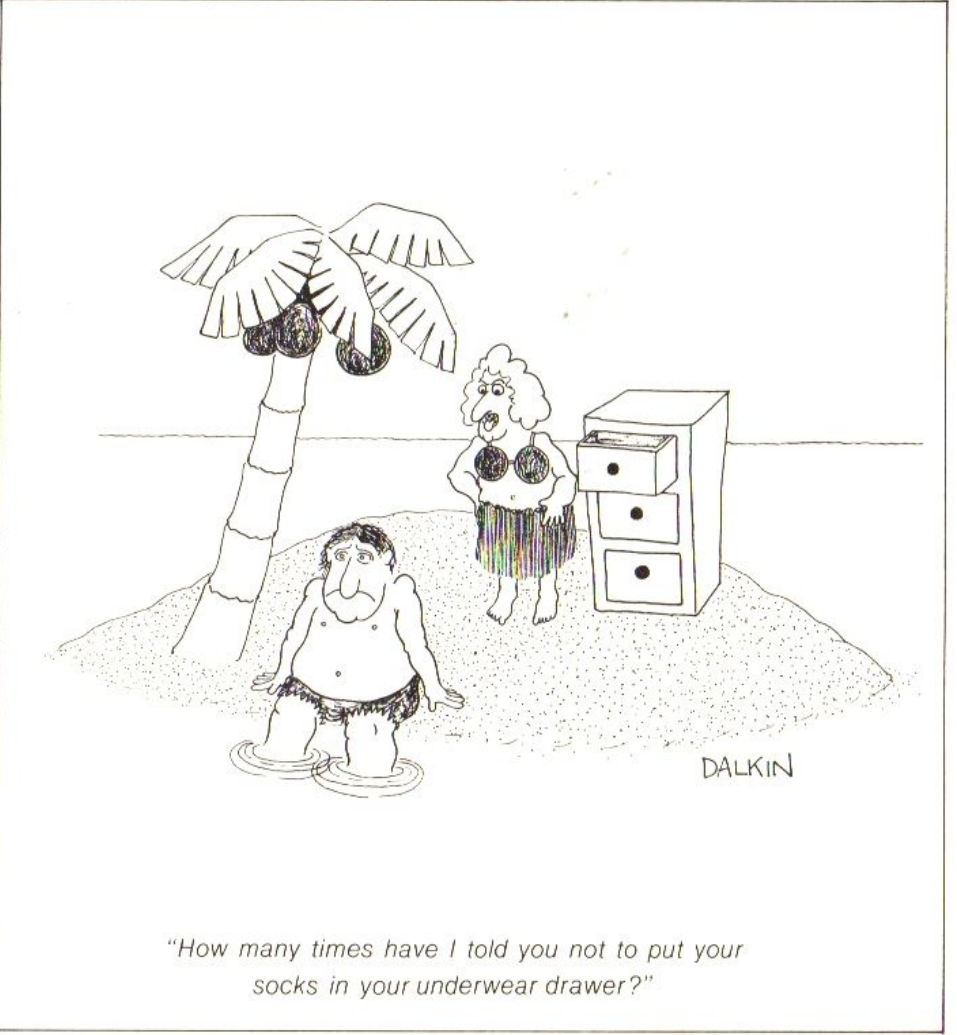
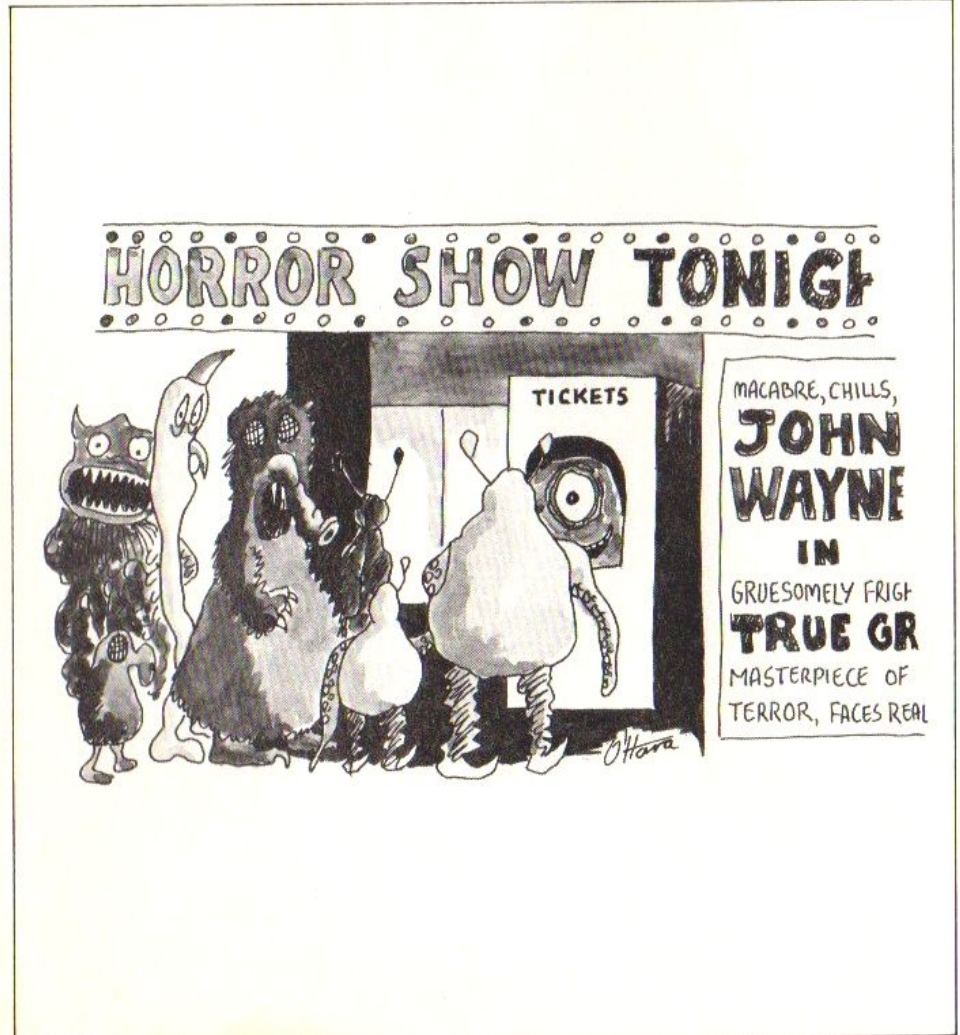
Wambach deepened the trance and began to guide them back. "You're drifting now, back through time . . ." she droned. "You're drifting back, and it's 1850." One by one, she evoked earlier periods — 1700, 1200, 1000, 25 A.D. — finally directing her subjects to choose

one. "You are alive in that time period," she told them. "Become aware . . ." Slowly, methodically, she helped them explore the images of their inner experience. "Look at the skin of your hands. Reach up and cross your arms across your chest. Do you have breasts? Are you a man or a woman?" One subject snored, but the others remained attentive and quiet; beneath some eyelids seeing eyes burrowed like frantic moles.

Wambach directed them to the detail — clothing, food, architecture, landscape, commerce, community events — before leading them to the finale. "Now hear my voice and follow my instructions; I want you to go now to the day that you died in that lifetime."

Finally, after nearly an hour, she brought them back to a waning Saturday afternoon. Her subjects first filled out questionnaires concerning what they'd seen and felt (the questionnaires are the basis of Wambach's research); then they discussed their experiences. Mary, a middle-aged black woman, was numb with disbelief. "I'm sorry, but I'll never believe that I was a drummer boy," she swore.

"But," she continued uncertainly, "I was walking with this boy, and he was drumming. His shoes were leather with large buckles; his shirt was of white cotton, and he wore short woollen pants; he had soft chestnut hair and greyish blue



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written a beautiful hillside home in Northern California.

She is a fitting addition to the ranks of contemporary gurus; a short, squat woman with the girth and jowls of Buddha, a gravelly voice, and a remarkable Marlboro habit. Her rap is an easygoing synthesis of clinical and pop psychology, medicine and holistic health, science and poetry — tenuous truce of scepticism and wonder.

On a recent Saturday she sat, dumping-like, in an armchair beside the flickering, gas-fed fireplace in her living room. Her eyes were closed; her words were a deep, drugged monotone: "Let the muscles of your face relax," she crooned. "The relaxation moves now from your facial muscles to the jaw . . . and as your jaw muscles relax, your tongue falls to the back of your mouth."

In front of her, 10 people lay on a crazy quilt of blankets and sleeping bags spread on the floor; their eyes were shut; their breathing was deep and regular. Each of them had paid \$30 to take part in this workshop; it was sort of a gang-bang of former lives.

Wambach deepened the trance and began to guide them back. "You're drifting now, back through time . . ." she droned. "You're drifting back, and it's 1850." One by one, she evoked earlier periods — 1700, 1200, 1000, 25 A.D. — finally directing her subjects to choose

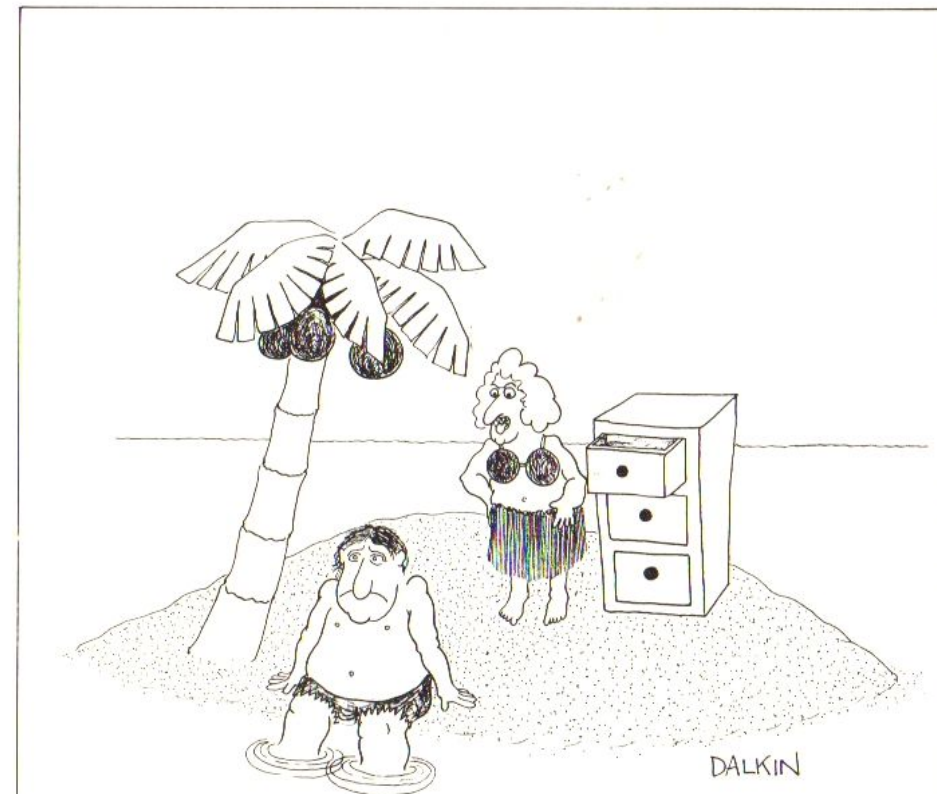
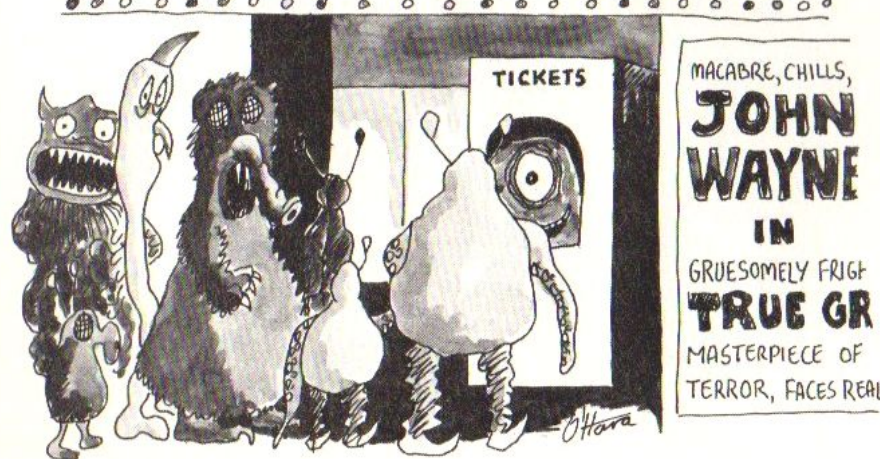
one. "You are alive in that time period," she told them. "Become aware . . ." Slowly, methodically, she helped them explore the images of their inner experience. "Look at the skin of your hands. Reach up and cross your arms across your chest. Do you have breasts? Are you a man or a woman?" One subject snored, but the others remained attentive and quiet; beneath some eyelids seeing eyes burrowed like frantic moles.

Wambach directed them to the details — clothing, food, architecture, landscape, commerce, community events — before leading them to the finale. "Now hear my voice and follow my instructions; I want you to go now to the day that you died in that lifetime."

Finally, after nearly an hour, she brought them back to a waning Saturday afternoon. Her subjects first filled out questionnaires concerning what they'd seen and felt (the questionnaires are the basis of Wambach's research); then they discussed their experiences. Mary, a middle-aged black woman, was numb with disbelief. "I'm sorry, but I'll never believe that I was a drummer boy," she swore.

"But," she continued uncertainly, "I was walking with this boy, and he was drumming. His shoes were leather with large buckles; his shirt was of white cotton, and he wore short woollen pants; he had soft chestnut hair and greyish blue

HORROR SHOW TONIGHT



"How many times have I told you not to put your socks in your underwear drawer?"

eyes. I walked to a building . . ." She paused, disturbed by the unintended shift in pronouns. "I walked to a building and got drumsticks. And there was a graveyard — a graveyard inside a circle of little one-storey houses . . ."

"When I died, I was shot in the head — it was very calm, very peaceful; it was Virginia . . . 1798."

"But I don't believe a word of it," she averred.

A young man described a primitive life — "I was filthy . . . my hands were beaten up, and my feet were wrapped in rags. I lived in a dismal stone cottage; I was eating off a piece of rough wood set on a little stone niche; all I had to eat was water and a potato . . ." Others told other stories, but three had none to tell; they either had fallen asleep or felt nothing.

Finally, as the room grew dark, Wambach had everyone lie down, she began her countdown again. "Let the muscles of your face relax. And now the relaxation moves," the leaden voice intoned. She would regress them twice more, leading them to another earlier life and then letting them relive their birth; after each episode they would fill in questionnaires.

The world was black when the workshop concluded. Most of the participants seemed satisfied with the results. And the three nonparticipants were stoic about their lack of experiences: it was just as well; the guru of past lives doesn't give refunds.

"Reincarnation?" Dr Ernest Hilgard smiles indulgently. "There's nothing to it," he says. "Oh, we all like Peter Pan, you know, and Mr O'Malley — it's kind of fun, and I don't like to spoil anyone's fun, but I don't want to get it into my science."

Hilgard, professor emeritus of psychology at Stanford University and director of its Hypnosis Research laboratory, has studied hypnosis for 20 years; he is eminently sceptical of past-lives phenomena. "You can do so many marvellous things under hypnosis," he explains, "such as seeing things that aren't there. You can gaze into a crystal ball and see yourself as a child at a birthday party."

"You can assign a previous life. You can have a person in a covered wagon train heading west, and he'll give the most vivid description of drawing the wagons into a circle to protect himself from Indians or of caulking the wagons to cross a stream; then the same person can be given a life lived in England or one in Rome at the time of Michelangelo . . ."

"I have people flying around on magic carpets under hypnosis . . . But there's a big difference between really doing something and just having some fun."

Past-life experiences, he notes, may seem quite genuine but generally consist of fantasy and information known to the conscious or unconscious minds. Separating the fiction from fact and then iden-

tifying the source of the latter are at best difficult tasks. Hilgard recalls a young man who, when regressed, demonstrated an impressive knowledge of Queen Victoria's family. "By questioning him under hypnosis, we eventually discovered that when he was in junior high, he'd made a thorough study of the British royal family; he'd forgotten all about it, but that was where the material had come from," the professor explains.

Most past-lives enthusiasts make no such attempt to segregate the real and unreal; as a result, their research often reads like fantasy. Dr Ian Stevenson, Carlson Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Virginia and a highly regarded investigator of cases "suggestive of reincarnation", is also sceptical of data derived under hypnosis. "The personalities" usually evoked . . . seem to comprise a mixture of several ingre-

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Past-lives
therapists believe
that traumas suffered
in earlier lives may
cause problems
in this one.
•

dients," he writes. "These may include the subject's personality, his expectations of what he thinks the hypnotist wants, his fantasies of what he thinks his previous life ought to have been, and perhaps elements derived paranoimally."

Information might be obtained via psychic ability, ESP or DNA (some researchers believe that we may inherit ancestral memories as well as physical traits).

Even Wambach entertains alternative explanations. "It could be that when we're in an altered state of consciousness, we can tune into Jung's collective unconscious and pull out impressions, memories, and feelings that were experienced by someone else," she observes. "Maybe all of the radio programs ever broadcast are still waving about in the quantum universe, and maybe all of the emotions and lives experienced are waving around, too."

The simple truth of the matter is that no one knows what past lives is all about. All that can be said with certainty is that the phenomenon may be entertaining, dramatic, even physically and emotionally

overwhelming; it may also, at times, be psychologically useful.

Past-lives therapists believe that traumas suffered in earlier lives may cause problems in this one: a woman raped in one life is now frigid; a man shot in the head suffers migraine headaches; a man reincarnated as a woman is a transsexual. Like Freudian psychoanalysts, they feel that by remembering and dealing with the traumatic episode, they can neutralise its effect and eliminate the problem. *Voila* — the lady thaws, the headaches leave, the sexual confusion disappears!

More traditional psychologists believe that past lives, like dreams, are symbolic clues to one's inner well-being. Even Hilgard concedes the possible therapeutic values. "So many things are therapeutic," he says, "bongo drums, bathing together, walking around rubbing each other . . ."

But whatever past lives is — it is real.

Five years ago Edith Fiore was a typical Seventies psychologist: a bright, chic woman with a model practice and orthodox techniques, a skeptic about the here-and-now, an agnostic regarding the hereafter. Now she is a convert to reincarnation and specialises in past-lives therapy.

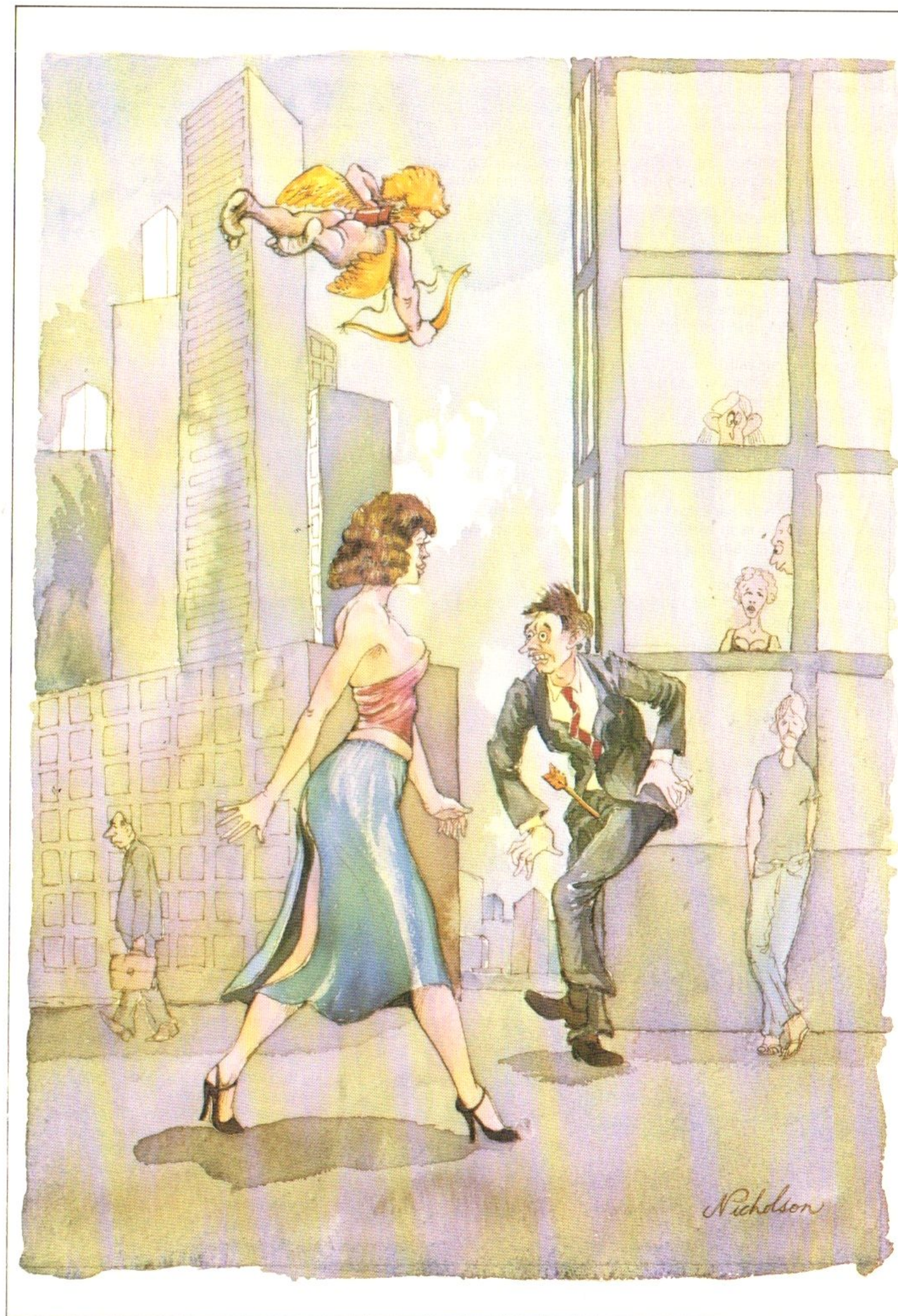
She is still bright and chic, an attractive and intellectually demanding woman with striking blue eyes. On this particular afternoon she sat in her office in Saratoga, and explained how the metamorphosis had occurred.

"A man came to me with problems of impotence," she recalled in a soft, even voice. "At our second session I hypnotised him and told him to go back to the event that was responsible for his problem, expecting that he'd find himself being caught masturbating or something of the sort . . ."

"Instead, he said, 'I'm a priest — we're not allowed to have sex.' He said that his name was Mario and told about his family, his training . . . But he was a young man who felt sexual urges; so occasionally he would masturbate . . . and it humiliated him; finally he vowed he would never do it again. Then he just started eating like crazy . . . and he died of a coronary at the age of 54."

"I was sure that it was a fantasy, but, at the same time, I was struck by its coherence and logic," Fiore noted. "Then, two weeks later, he came back to report that his symptoms were gone; the evening of that second session, he had been able to perform beautifully in bed."

When other patients slipped into past lives with similarly dramatic results, Fiore began to suspect that something more than fantasy was involved. "One of the things that convinced me," she said, "was the total immersion — the total involvement — of some patients. One



woman would flinch and jerk away from things; another had her throat slit here one day and let out a bloodcurdling scream . . . Now these people would have to be consummate actors if they didn't believe the experience was real.

"But what convinced me even more than their behavior was the relief from clinical symptoms; patients would leave my office free of symptoms that they may have had for 30 years."

Now Fiore concentrates on past-lives therapy; she sees 35 patients each week and has a waiting list of 250. This afternoon she would work with Joan, a middle-aged divorcee who had already overcome lifelong migraine headaches and was now battling the symptoms of multiple sclerosis.

A tall, stocky woman with dark hair and thick features, Joan lay in a recliner, her eyes shut, as a tape re-created the sounds of a tropical rain forest. Fiore sat, alert and attentive, a few feet away. As the sounds of the forest faded, Fiore began. "You want to go deep — deeper than you ever have before," her gentle voice instructed. As Joan sank down into the unconscious, the flesh of her face softened, relaxed; beneath the eyelids her eyes began to move.

"What's your name?" Fiore asked.

There was silence and then, after a minute, a slow, sleepwalker's response. "Corrinne . . . Corrinne McClary."

"How old are you, Corrinne?"

" . . . Twenty-six."

"And what year is it?"

" . . . 1726."

For the next hour, Joan, a 38-year-old social worker from California, became Corrinne McClary, a young school-teacher in the New World. She described her home, a cabin in the woods, explained how the townspeople distrusted her solitary ways, and told how, finally, one evening, they had attacked her.

"I'm in the schoolhouse," she said, her voice trembling. "There're a bunch of people outside: they've got torches. They're angry. They think I'm a terrible person." The muscles of her face tightened with fear. "They're yelling and screaming. They say I'm hateful . . . 'cause I live alone, and they think it's terrible. They're trying to break in the door." Her hands snapped down toward the sides of her chair. "They're throwing rocks through the windows."

"They want to kill me!" Joan cried.

"Jonathan is coming now. He's taking me out; we climb out through a window. The schoolhouse is on fire . . . He puts me on his horse and swats it — Jonathan has been a good friend."

The townspeople believed that Corrinne had died in the fire, she explained, but she had fled and never returned to town again.

"But I got even with them," Corrinne

smiled. "I made a list of their names. Then I would burn a candle, and when the candle got low, I would cross out a name and burn it; it brought tragedy to their lives . . . One, their crops died, and they had to leave. One became severely ill, became crippled. One of them, her child died . . . but I didn't mean for that to happen." Her mood switched from glib smugness to grief: tears ran down her cheeks, and her fingers fused into painfully tightened fists.

"Beth was such a cute little girl," she sobbed.

Fiore asked whether the numbness in her arms, a symptom of multiple sclerosis, was related to the experience.

"If I hadn't been revengeful, she wouldn't have died," Corrinne cried. "I needed their love and acceptance, but my hands blocked it out — by making that list."

Later, when the tears had dried, and the session was, gratefully, over, Fiore asked Joan whether her arms were still numb.

"Just in the fingertips," she replied, flashing a weary smile.

It had been a dramatic and compelling demonstration — rich in detail . . . emotionally devastating: one was tempted to conclude, without further consideration, that reincarnation was a fact.

But later a cursory check revealed that if it was a fact — if Corrinne McClary was real — the truth was well concealed. The town that she had named did not exist in 1726; it was not then even a glimmer in some pioneer's eye. The town's earliest records, if they had ever contained a reference to Corrinne, have long since been destroyed.

Joan had indicated that she had no conscious memory of the people or events that she'd described: neither, apparently, did history. As with Bridey Murphy and a long line of other past-lives personalities, the evidence was tantalizing but, finally, unconvincing.

After having studied reincarnation for more than 25 years, Ian Stevenson has concluded that, "there is nothing intrinsically more illogical in a theory of multiple rebirths than in the notion of a single birth and death . . . But as to how it might be done, and how it might be transmitted, all these questions remain unanswered, and I must say that I do not expect them to be answered in my lifetime or, for that matter, for a long time afterward."

Today more people are asking the questions than ever before, but until they are finally answered, the believers and nonbelievers will remain locked in bitter debate.

Sceptics such as Hilgard will continue to assert that "the mystery is life, not death . . ." While the believers insist that the mystery is neither life nor death . . . but rather *lives*. ○✚



"Caldwell, you'll be happy to know that we've decided to transfer you to one of our parent companies."



JUDY

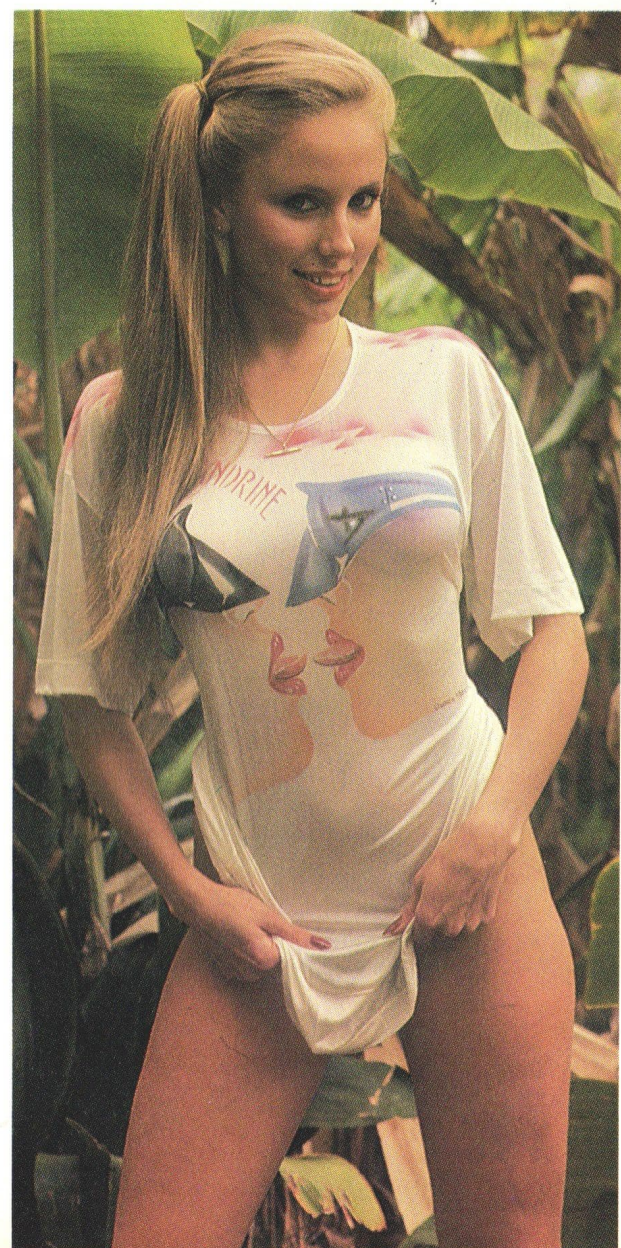


LOVE IN HARMONY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER BLACKIE

"Making love is like classical music," says honey-blonde Pet of the Month Judy Layne. "Everything must be in harmony. It is especially delightful when I expect only an overture and suddenly find myself getting a full symphony! The sensual rapport I enjoy with a man is acquired only when he explores the depths of my mind as well as my body. Then there are no limits, no barriers to our lovemaking."





Our 26-year-old Pet from Brisbane confesses that as a young girl she longed to discover the ways of the world. "But my womanhood was not to be fulfilled until I was 19," says the girl who came to Australia from Birmingham 10 months ago on a working holiday and now wants to live here.





"I miss England and my family," says Judy, "especially my sister, who is a successful model. It would be lovely for us to work together one day. I find myself recalling the past and my childhood. It's said that nostalgia is the happiest form of sadness . . . and sometimes I like to be nostalgic."





Our 35-23-34 Pet says that in the past she must have seemed shy or appeared to be naive to most people. "But now I realise I am secretly an exhibitionist who enjoys lots of love and attention. The experience of being photographed for *Australian Penthouse* has made me feel the ultimate in femininity and expression, and I would like to thank my man for allowing me the opportunity to express myself totally."

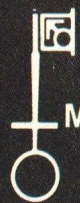
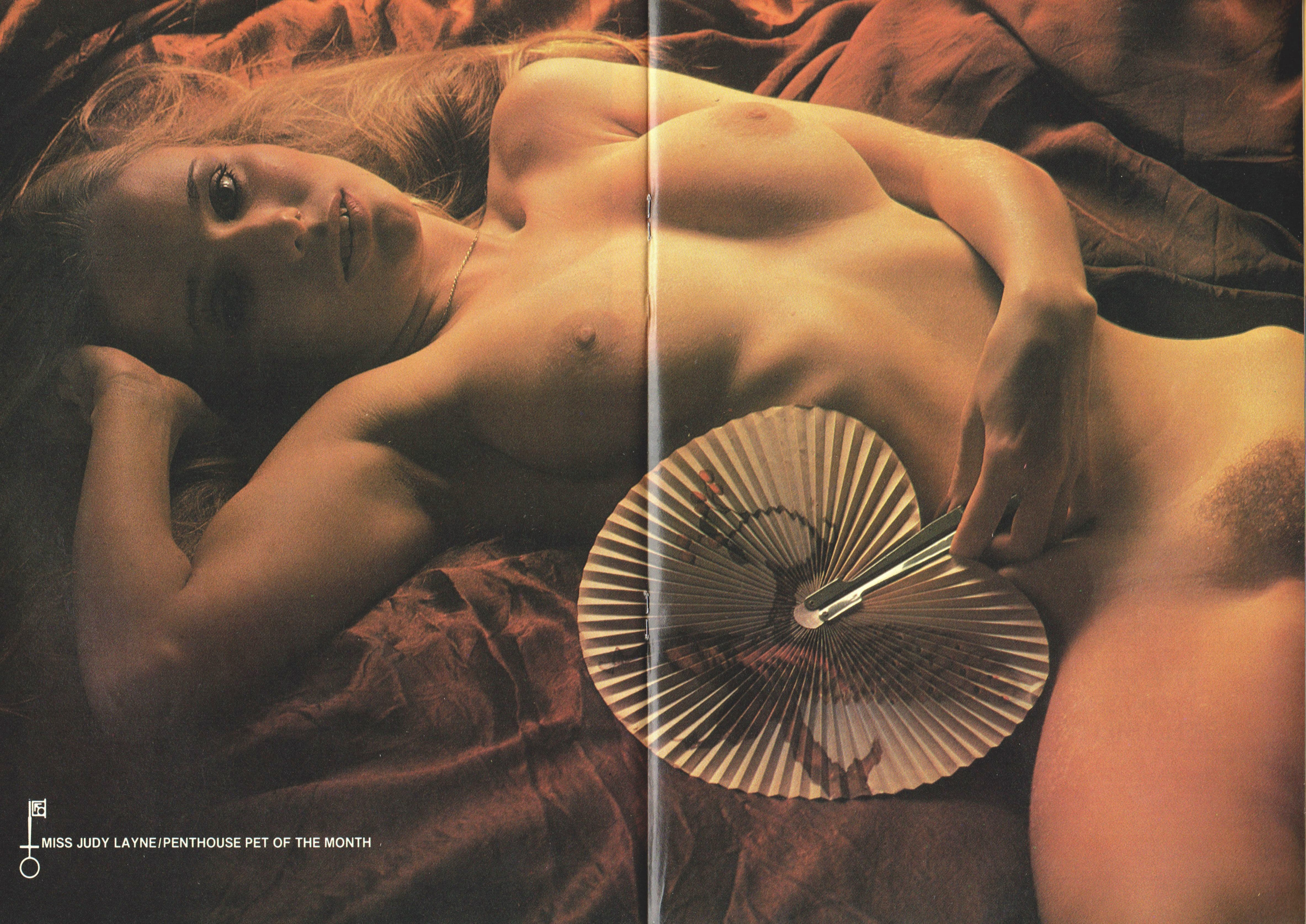
Lingerie: Raymond Castles; clothes: Cash Palace and John and Merivale.





Although she has occasional bouts of homesickness, Australia has won Judy's heart. "Finding a very special man has a lot to do with it," she says. "I want to go home, but only for a visit. Once you've experienced the Queensland sunshine and sampled the easy-going way of life found only in Australia, you're converted for life." We certainly hope so, Judy.





MISS JUDY LAYNE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



BY DARCY DUGAN

The author is perhaps Australia's best known modern criminal, having spent 31 of his 60 years in jail. In the Fifties he became famous through a series of daring jail escapes, and after being released from a life sentence in 1967, was sentenced to 14 years in 1970 for his part in an armed robbery. He was released on parole in May 1980, and married Jan Simmonds, the sister of convicted robber Kevin Simmonds who died in jail.

THE PROBLEMS OF CRIMINAL REHABILITATION

In recent years there has been an on going interest in prisons and, more to the point, criminal rehabilitation. Countless articles have been written, mostly by self-appointed psychological and penal "experts", offering various views of criminal behavior and telling how to rehabilitate these criminal outcasts.

When these various programs are examined objectively, it is plain that most are founded on untested theories. One certain thing to be derived from all these "experts" is: all the rehabilitation programs instituted over the years have failed.

Opinions and theories set forward by criminal psychologists are varied in degree, but largely set pieces with a common basis of optimism, they illustrate the difficulties involved in the continuing refusal of prisoners to co-operate and be rehabilitated. The articles are usually over-optimistic assumptions based on wishful thinking, or a set of apologetics offering "logical" excuses for the failure of the latest rehabilitation program, with the added proviso: "There is always tomorrow."

I want it understood that there are no "experts" in criminal psychology. There are men and women who are, in their own words, merely scratching the surface of the mind, and playing guessing games. There are men who are experts, or practiced at maintaining disciplinary control of prisoners; this class of penal expert is not qualified to be consulted when questions arise regarding criminology. It is doubtful, at least, as to whether the psychologist is of any great value.

The criminal psychologist must be suspect as an authority. Without too much examination he will admit that psychology is "an infant science". It can also be demonstrated that it is an inexact "science", composed of a number of factions with opposing views.

All the criminal psychologists' knowledge is acquired from books written by experts who acquired most of their knowledge from books written by experts who acquired most of their...

None of these gentlemen have ever had any "practical experience in the field". None of them has ever served a jail sentence. Despite this, they blandly tell us how and what the criminal thinks! With all this ostensible knowledge, one would expect the rehabilitation of a criminal to be a mere trifle!

I contend that "expertise" is being successful in your field: criminal psychologists cannot rehabilitate criminals!

As one who has had "practical experience" in the field (more than 30 years imprisonment), I offer my "expert" opinion as to why criminal rehabilitation is a practical impossibility.

Reading the articles penned by these criminal psychologists, one might be excused for expecting some slight insight into the tragedy of men and women caught in a legal, social impasse that is, in the main, so obviously attributable to environmental causes. I read the articles expecting relevant, constructive comment. To date, I have not read any criticism, comment or proposal that is relevant to the rehabilitation of

criminals. I was struck by the failure of these various "experts" to see and honestly put forward the essential and basic reasons for the failure of the rehabilitation programs of our penal system.

Penalogy has altered its face considerably in recent years. A new look is the fashion. To understand it in its proper perspective you must have an understanding of the attitudes of the past that have led to the attitudes of the present. The two are irretrievably interlinked. Praise or criticism without this knowledge is unwise.

Historically, the criminal has been punished, principally, for crimes against property. The laws were made by the rich to protect the property of the rich. The laws were to protect property, not people. Literally, the poor starved or committed "criminal" acts.

These criminals were punished variously to deter others by bloody example, or to deter the criminal himself (sometimes). The punishments ranged from decapitation, disembowelling, drawing and quartering and hanging for major crimes. For the lesser offences there was maiming, branding, flogging, chaining in dungeons, deportation and slavery.

Over the past 150 years there has been a very gradual change in the penal system; the change was predictably related to the spread of education, knowledge, and understanding. The Victorians were the first to make a major dent in the wall of prejudice and ignorance that shrouded the treatment of criminals. Some well-meaning, influential and religious people came to the conclusion that criminals were human! "It was not Christian that these social outcasts should expiate their crimes in filthy, rat-infested, vermin havens."

It was decided that they should retain some semblance of humanity and dignity and be punished with justice, in clean spartan cells, in solitary confinement! For five, 10, or 20 years! Christian duty would be done. Bibles were an essential part of the cell furniture. It was expected by the "experts" of the day that after 10 or 20 years of Bible study, the criminal would be released into society a reformed, converted Bible student.

It is anybody's guess as to whether the rats and vermin were preferable to the solitary confinement and Bible study. What is known is that prolonged solitary confinement in a stone and steel cell is mind destroying. (Today they are euphemistic about it — they refer to induced mental derangement as "institutionalisation".) They are also more "understanding": only two years in every three are spent in your cell. A third of the time — eight hours a day — is spent outside.

It must be understood that the Victorians did not set out to rehabilitate. Their way was "punishment with justice". Deterrence was the factor that influenced their thinking. It is now recognised that brutality and coercion, hallowed by centuries of use, was not only non productive in objective terms, but had an effect the reverse of that which was desirable.

"I was struck by the failure of various "experts" to see and honestly put forward the essential and basic reasons for the failure of the rehabilitation programs."

Having realised the futility of continuing with a system that a thousand years of recorded history had shown to produce nothing but contempt and hatred of society, it was claimed that punishment was passe and a new word came into vogue — rehabilitation.

The prison psychologists have registered a small number of professed successes but they have no answers for the mass failures. I believe the reason for the failure of rehabilitation is a simple one, it is also one our democratic society won't look on with favor. I offer some conclusions.

Rehabilitation is a process of winning a friend and influencing him. It involves changing the preconceptions usually formed over many years. Society must change those preconceptions to give a new outlook. Most criminals are not very well educated and some psychologists have grasped on it. They have, predictably, advocated the education of the criminal, their reasoning being that if you educate them you broaden their outlook and understanding. In this way they are better able to weigh the problems of normal existence and be more receptive to social give and take. This is good thinking — but it is a failure.

Despite the general policies of better treatment enforced today, prisoners are still unruly and unregenerate. This is because they have a greater understanding of the terms justice, equity, and their rights as human beings in a changing world. They have been told they are people with inalienable rights, yet those rights have been denied them by the police, the judiciary, and the penal authorities. Consequently, there is a running battle with authority. Prisons equate authority with society, so if authority is corrupt, then society is corrupt.

Criminals are people, and you can't hope to win friends and influence them by the use of the big stick. The penal authorities used the stick until recently. It has failed to influence, and so have all attempts to rehabilitate.

If you want to influence a criminal you have to win his trust and respect, which is not easy. Criminals are cynics. They are cynics because they are possessed of a quality of mind induced by superior knowledge of certain groups of men and certain institutions. This particular knowledge is what you would expect a criminal to have by virtue of his being a criminal. It is knowledge honest members of society would not be expected to possess.

The basis of successful rehabilitation hinges on being able to win the criminal's trust. What is trust? It is a corollary of respect, so you must be respected before you will be trusted by the criminal. In Australia, authority does not have the respect of criminals.

It has been said that people get the government they deserve. If this is so, our society is deserving of our corrupt police, corrupt judiciary, and brutal penal system. Society also deserves to be preyed upon by the criminals it fosters.

Before attempting to rehabilitate the criminal, it would seem appropriate for the criminals to say to society: physician, heal thyself! ☐



An Australian script writer finds that in Hollywood the sword is mightier than the pen.

TINSEL TOWN USA

BY TED ROBERTS



etty Grable was discovered at Schwab's Drug Store on Sunset Boulevard, sitting at the soda fountain with her legs crossed. I sat there for a total of 48 hours with mine crossed, and saw neither hide nor hair of a talent scout. Far from being contracted by MGM or Paramount, I received somewhat stranger and less lucrative propositions from a middle-aged, bottle-blond lady with mesh stockings and a sweet little blond gentleman in mascara and hot-pants. Neither proposal seemed to offer much assistance in achieving my purpose, which was to crack the Hollywood script-writing scene. Why anyone, moderately successful and making a reasonable living in his own country, would want to risk all for the doubtful prospect of doing the same in Hollywood remains beyond me. But try it I did.

Six months earlier, I'd been sent to New York as the Australian representative at the Affiliation meeting of English-speaking Writers' Guilds, and on the way home stopped off in Los Angeles, where I managed to get an introduction to one of the script editors of the television series, *Vega\$*.

Twenty-five of the 26 scripts required for the next season had already been written, they were having trouble getting a story for the last episode, and as they were well ahead of deadline, thought it might be amusing to give the writer from Australia a chance. They gave me their basic idea . . . to build a story around Arnold Schwarzenegger, the world champion body builder . . . and sent me away to start writing.

I returned with a story that they accepted, and it was then that I discovered the reason for that

dollar sign in the Vega\$ logo . . . and the reason why writers have always wanted to work in Hollywood.

Money. Large, obscene piles of it. Get yourself accepted as a regular writer on a couple of series and it's possible to start making large deposits in your bank account. A single episode of a series at going rates paid the writer around \$9000, with guaranteed replay fees, or residuals, for every repeat showing in the United States, and royalties for foreign sales. You don't have to do too much of that to make a living.

Vega\$ is made on the old 20th Century Fox lot, and the commissary has apparently changed little since the Forties. The script editor I was to work with took me there for lunch. Now, I know it would be an exaggeration to say I had lunch with Ray Milland, but we did sit at the same table, and in the flurry of introductions I did meet him.

And as the conversation flowed around me, I sat there opposite the great man as he ploughed on through his lunch. Determined to impress, I racked my brain for some conversational gem to hit him with, but by the time my main course had arrived I was still sitting mute. Then it struck me. I smiled brightly and leaned forward.

"Can I pass you the salt, Mr Milland?"

For a moment I thought the accent had thrown him, but then that great face, now somewhat ravaged by time, came up from his plate, and there was the well-remembered voice addressing me.

"No thank you. Not with the dessert."

He was eating canned peaches and ice cream.

The economics of making television programs in the US are staggering. Even the run-of-the-mill prime-time hour episode costs around half a million to make.

A production like *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*, depending as it does on expensive special effects and high-cost sets, can cost as much as \$800,000 per episode. *Love Boat* episodes usually run to around \$650,000, of which some \$40,000 goes to the writers.

Even a feature film, made in Australia for cinema release, would seldom exceed these budgets, yet the payment to the Australian writer would be far lower than the allocation made by the producers of *Love Boat*.

Of course, no one in his right mind would like to face a future of writing *Love Boat*, or, for that matter, *Vega\$*. Not and stay in his right mind.

But it is easy to convince yourself that a year or so of those earnings will put you in the financial position where you can devote the time to that often postponed feature film or tele play that's been lurking at the back of your mind.

So when the Vega\$ producers told me they thought I was a "very fine writer",

and offered me further work, I was hooked. It never occurred to me to ask why, in God's name, they'd need a "very fine writer" to write Vega\$. My sulphur crested cockatoo, whose vocabulary is limited to three words, would only have to brush up his typing to be equally capable.

Still, compliments seem to be very scarce around the Australian film industry, and this was pretty heady. The "very fine writer" agreed to return after a quick trip home, to a promise of three episodes of the series. Enough to guarantee freedom from the fear of starvation for a few months at least.

Back home, I rented out my house for three months, gave the aforesaid cockatoo with the limited vocabulary to a mate, the dog to another, and left the cats in the care of the incoming tenants, packed my bags, my kids and my wife, and set out for fame and fortune in the Land Of Rich Widows.

Those in the
box seat today
will not be there
tomorrow if they don't
keep their backs
to the wall.

I was unaware of one fact of life in the American entertainment industry. The rewards of success are so great that they encourage quite vicious rivalry. Almost any risk seems acceptable if it brings you closer to the pot of gold, and those in the box seat today will not be there tomorrow if they don't keep their backs to the wall and an eye on the man behind.

So it was that when I arrived ready to start my promised three episodes, the producer of Vega\$ who had made the promise was no longer a producer of Vega\$. He had, in fact, failed to keep his back to the wall, and had not seen the shadow behind him.

It's sad to see a man lose his position of authority, but it's sadder still if it affects you personally. My producer was in no position now to make good his promise, and I was adrift in Hollywood, with my family, and no prospect of work. Not at all the way I'd planned it.

However, I quickly assured myself that the situation wouldn't last long. The television set in my own apartment (\$700 a month, one bedroom) had 28 channels on its selector. That had to mean there was a

lot of work about, and I was going to get my share. Wasn't I, after all, "a very fine writer"?

A flip through the channel selector did a little to shake my confidence. There were two channels devoted to religious programming totally . . . and to religions of that peculiarly American brand of lunacy which involves ecstatic tears, jerking bodies and ranting preachers. As I can't speak or write in tongues, the market here seemed limited.

Another channel was devoted entirely to transcendental meditation and the Maharishi. Not much chance there. One channel to sports, one to 24 hours of news, one to Japanese broadcasts, one to Mexican, one to the stock market, one, believe me, to supermarket prices . . .

Still, it was obvious that there was a large and voracious machine here, swallowing up drama and comedy in great gulps. Some of that had to be for me. My next discovery was that there are more than 5000 members of the Writers Guild of America who share the same belief. The competition is, to put it mildly, stiff.

American series writers are an angry lot. With all this work apparently available, they find it hard to accept that very little of it seems to filter through to them. They complain bitterly over the practice of producers and script editors, while employed by their companies on extremely high wages, also writing the episodes which they are hired to produce or edit.

It's not uncommon for a producer to allocate himself four of a 13-episode package, another four to the script editor, and the remaining five to wives, lovers, sons, daughters or friends of them both. That way, each of them can add another \$40,000-odd to his immediate and already large income, plus keeping a similar amount "in the family".

The professional writers who thus find themselves out in the cold like to point out the appalling quality of much series television, and lay the blame for it at the door of such producers and editors. The less kindly among them have even suggested, with some cause, that the poor standard is deliberately encouraged, so that it never rises above the producers' own capabilities as writers.

Whether that's true or not, it is very apparent that the bulk of American series TV is of extremely low standard, and most of the fault lies with the scripts. Directors complain that they are unable to make sense of them, actors complain that they are unable to say the lines they're given, and film editors complain that they can't cut them logically.

Yet the system continues. When everyone is doing it, the competition isn't a problem. The networks, never too concerned about quality, will buy any show which they believe will promise high

ratings, and an established show offers a better risk than a new series, even if the standard is quite visibly slipping from bad to abysmal.

An audience becomes hooked on a show, and will continue to watch it long after it has started to lose the elements they first admired in it. Bad habits are harder to break than good ones. And there are many more episodes left in *Vega\$* or *The Dukes of Hazzard* or *Chips*, regardless of the depths to which they sink. That's the name of the ratings game.

So my competitors were not only America's 5000 registered Screen Writers, but every producer and script editor who felt like making an extra 10 grand a month (and who wouldn't?) plus anyone else who had the pull or clout to demand a piece of the action.

Every series star fancies himself as a writer, and all of them demand the right to supply the occasional script, even if it does need rewriting at all stages before it's usable.

But problems like this are only yeast to the brew, cream in the coffee and spice in the stew for your gallant boy from the bush. Undeterred, I decided to beat these Yanks at their own game. I'd market myself.

It wasn't hard to get an agent. No one will even talk to you, let alone read your submissions, unless your approach is made through a recognised agency, so the first job was to find one who'd handle me. Because I was able to offer 10 percent of the fee for my first Vega\$, and because the agent didn't have to do a thing to earn it, I had no trouble.

Normally I'd have found myself in the old bind that you can't get a job without an agent, and you can't get an agent without a job. Catch 22 again. But I was okay, I had my hot-shot all lined up.

Our first meeting was rather less encouraging than I could have hoped. In the course of half an hour's conversation he suggested that "we Europeans" were probably too sensitive to succeed in the shallows of American television, but tried to make up by further suggesting that perhaps I could devise a series, based on *The Egg and I*, set among the Zulus of the Outback.

I was able, with some difficulty, to convince him that Australia was *not* a European country, but he kept referring back to our Zulus, photographs of whom he'd seen carrying their spears and dead kangaroos. I began to get the feeling that I was going to have to do a lot of explaining while I was marketing myself.

I've got some 200 hours of television credits behind me, both here and in England, a handful of Australian awards, and some of the shows I've written for have been shown in Europe and Asia, so I thought it would look pretty impressive if I listed it all in a printed presentation to

break the ice when I made my initial approaches.

The finished brochure, spiral bound, red-covered, beautifully printed, was as impressive as I'd hoped. I sent 50 of them out, first class mail, to every one of the major production houses.

I heard nothing.

I decided to phone them. All of them, if only to ask why the hell they hadn't been interested.

By the end of that day I'd made 13 phone calls, and in not one of them did I get past the producer's secretary. It was a terrible day, and I still remember with some amazement that I was able to persevere so long.

All I achieved was an understanding of the awesome power of the American secretary.

I also learnt how to stand on my own two knees.

The American secretary is not born or made, she is mined. Her sole purpose in life is to ensure that no one ever be allowed to speak to that god-like personage, her boss.

"Good morning. Mr Brother's office."

"Good morning. My name is Roberts. I'd like to speak to Mr Brothers, please. Mr Warner Brothers."

"What was the name again?"

"Roberts. I'd like . . ."

"Is Mr Brothers expecting your call?"

"Uh . . . no. Not really. I'm a writer from Australia . . ."

"From where?"

"Australia. It's not in Europe . . ."

"What was it in reference to?"

"Well, I'm a writer . . ."

"A what?"

"A writer."

"Oh."

At this stage it's obvious the cause has been lost, but there's more.

"Does Mr Brothers know you?"

"Well, I wouldn't think so. I sent him a presentation of my credits . . ."

"Yes. Mr Brothers isn't hiring writers today, I'm afraid. Perhaps if you call again next October."

"I just thought that I might be able to submit . . ."

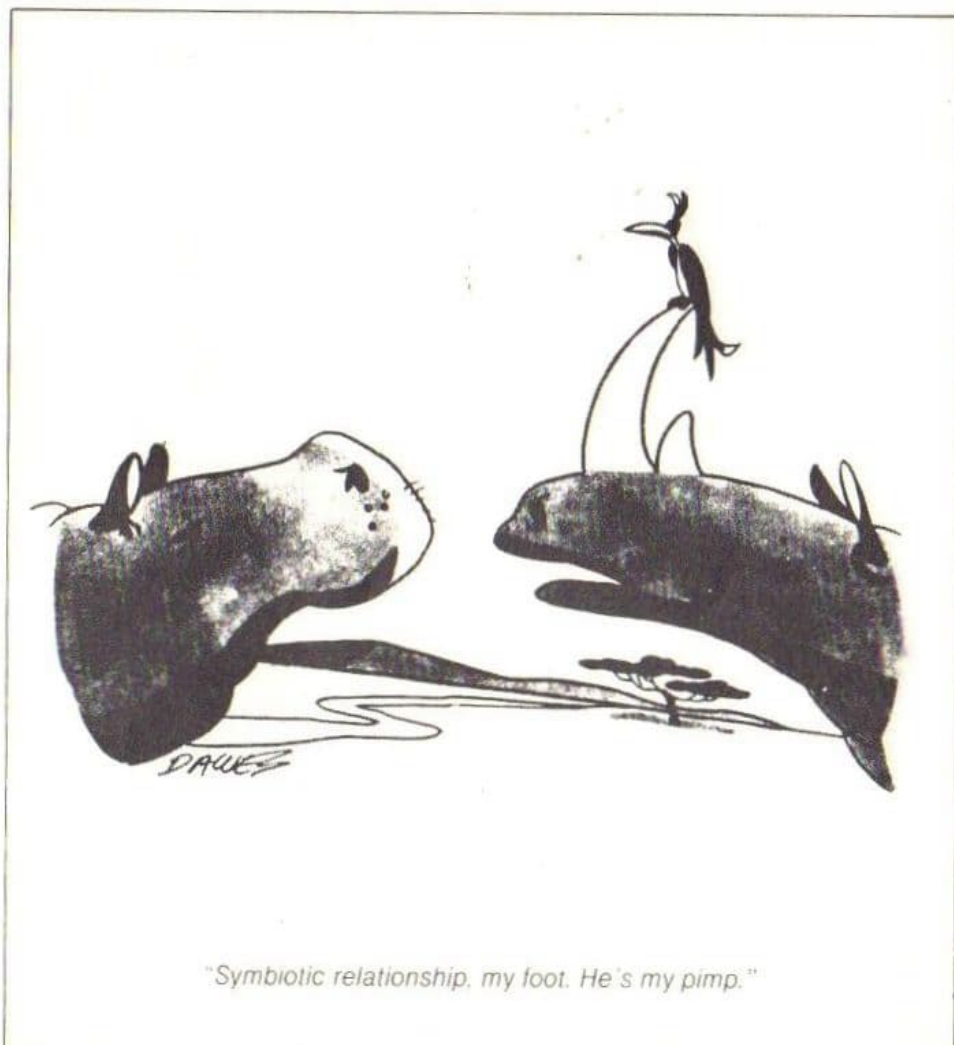
"Have a nice day."

Well, it's his loss, I suppose. I could have done him this great story based on *The Egg and I*, about Zulus spearing kangaroos outback.

There's another soul-destroying little Americanism that's very hard for your boy from the bush to cope with, and that's the unreturned phone call. It happens here, too, I know, but in Hollywood it's an art form. The Great Hollywood Lie is "I'll call you back."

No one ever does. Producers don't. Editors don't. Even your agent, who takes 10 percent of everything you earn or own doesn't. Especially your agent.

You can sit by the phone for three days, terrified of moving away for a meal, or a leak, or a weekend in Mexico,



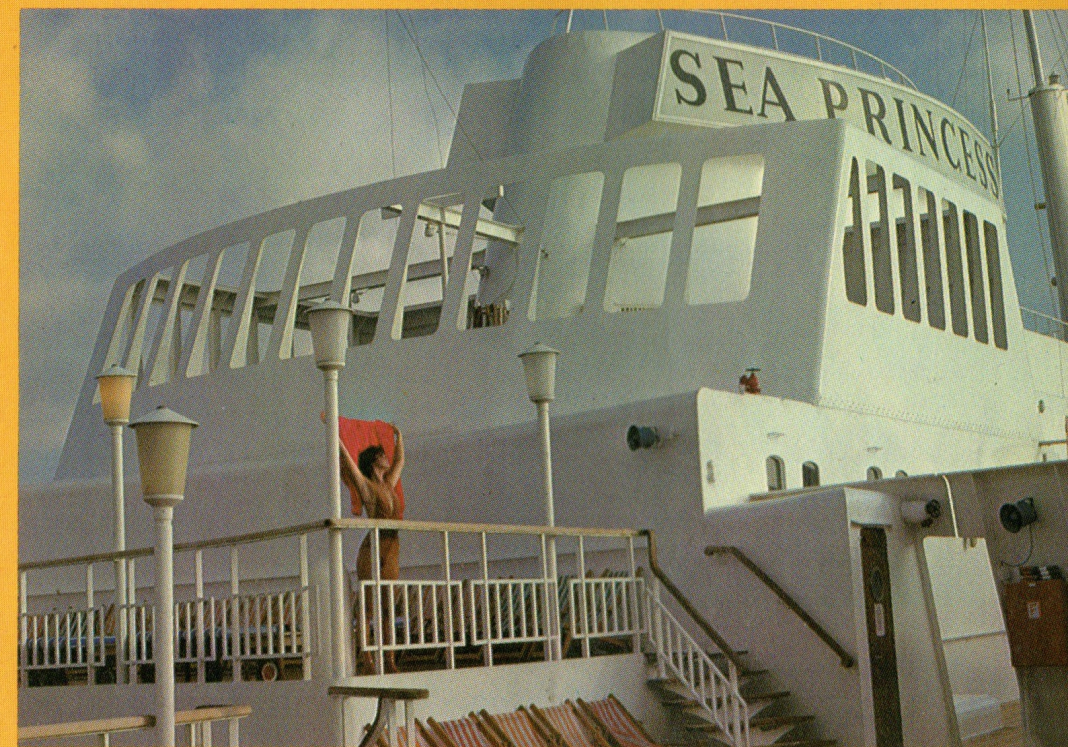
"Symbiotic relationship, my foot. He's my pimp."

PENTHOUSE 89



*Pet
of the
Year*

RUNNER UP



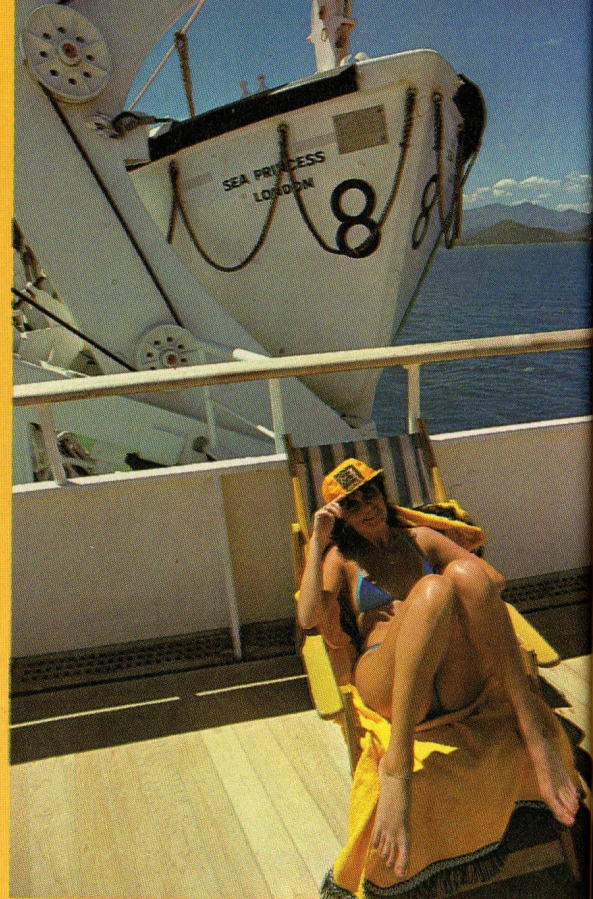


SEA PRINCESS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER GLOVER

The race for the first Australian Pet of the Year title was breathtakingly close, and here is the reason why. Brisbane's lovely Linda Ferguson attracted thousands of readers' votes, with only one percent separating her and titleholder Tracey Wallace. Linda, who won a luxury Pacific cruise on P&O's *Sea Princess* as part of her prize as runner-up, will continue to represent *Australian Penthouse* in national promotions — when she returns from a visit to the US.





Location: Turtle Club New Caledonia, New Caledonia Govt. Tourist Office. Grooming: John Coiffeur. Shoes, accessories: Accent. Clothes: John & Merivale. Sportswear: Selfridge.





"I had the most delightful, exciting time and everyone from the captain to the cabin boy was just wonderful to me," Linda enthused. "I was adopted by the ship's officers as their mascot . . . and I am willing to do service in that position at any time."





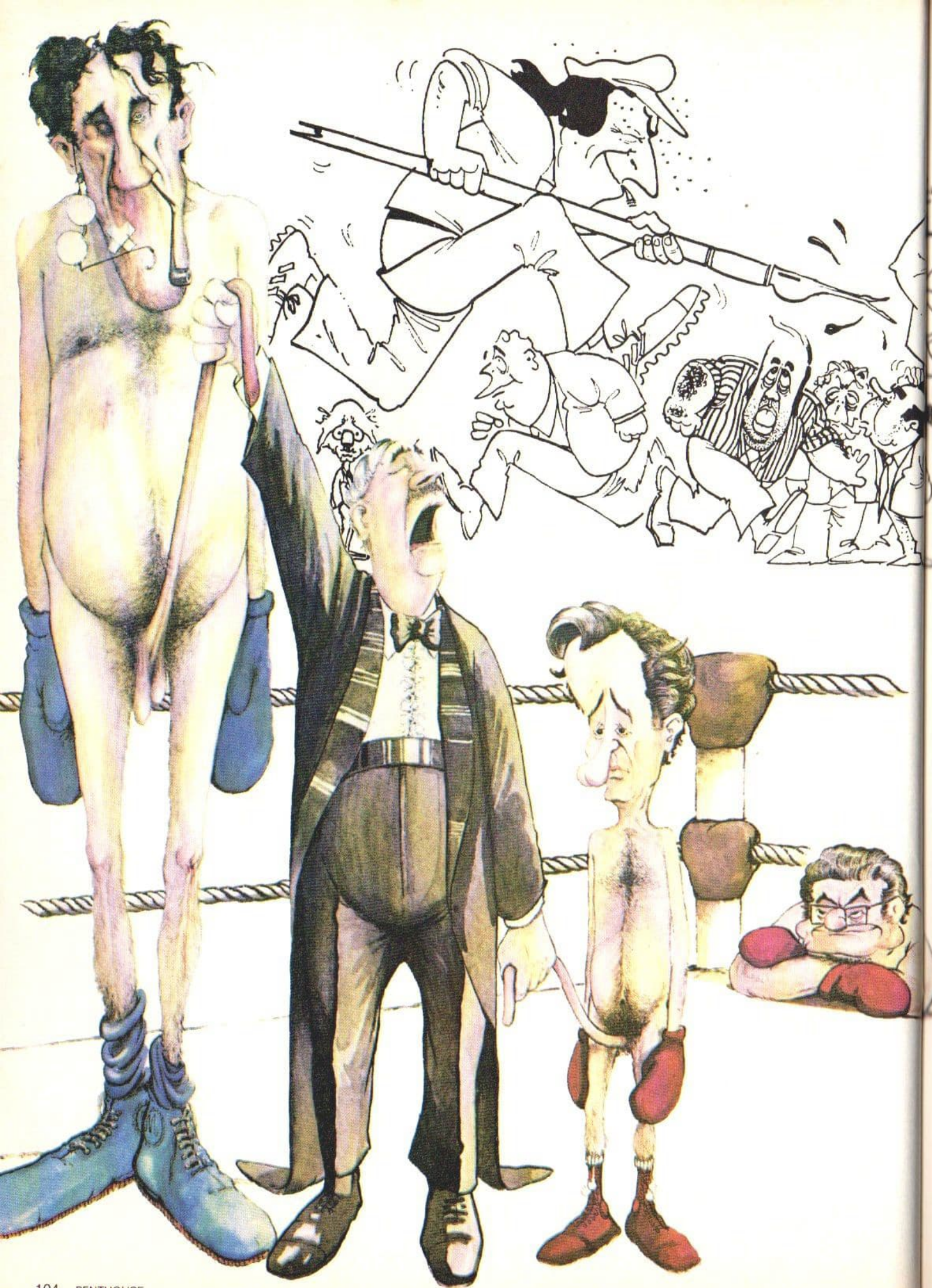
Linda's links with the sea come naturally. "It is my ambition to be a hostess on a yacht cruising the Barrier reef," she said. "Perhaps not one as large as the *Sea Princess*, but certainly something which brings together my spritely spirit and the wonders of the deep."



Linda has an affinity with nature . "I love being close to anything unpretentious and natural . . . whether it's an island hut or a wonderful man. I have no wish to complicate my life with high pressure, hassles, ardent feminists or any other pushy people — in fact, nothing which detracts from my pursuit of happiness for myself and my yet-to-be chosen man." Linda, we salute you as a beautiful tribute to womanhood. ○✚







A day in the (very hectic) life of
Pickering, political cartoonist, tomato grower,
daredevil pilot and millionaire.

LARRY'S LAST LAUGH

BY IAN McMINN

There was nothing very special about the morning; an early warmth with a promise of heat, Carter was still president, Fraser was comfortably back, Beldale Ball was yet to prove himself in Melbourne, summer was approaching and the flies were increasing. A pretty mundane start to the day that was to see a Cessna 206 almost slamming into trees at the end of a makeshift runway thus ending the life of Australia's most controversial cartoonist, Larry Pickering. We cleared the tree-tops by about a metre, and for the first time that day Pickering, who was at the controls, couldn't manage a laugh, but sighed: "Shit that was close, the closest I've ever been. Oh well, we still had 20 percent more flap." And that was a signal for all of us to break out in hysterical laughter because nothing really mattered after that. The man in the peaked cap has just announced his retirement to a disbelieving public. It isn't the first time he's said it. There'd been various interviews in magazines and talk-shows. It was just that no one took him seriously. It had to be a gimmick like so many other things that Pickering Promotions churn out day by day, year by year. There had to be an angle, some money-making scheme. Why would a man at the peak of his profession, a cult figure, give it all up to grow tomatoes? "Where will we be without Pickering?" laments John Singleton, advertising millionaire and one-time television star, who has dropped in to Larry's studios for a game of tennis ("either this or the beach mate, tough life, eh!"). But nothing so simple as a game in Sydney. Not for the Cessna

set. Destination: Pickering's 100ha tomato farm at Peat's Ridge, some 100km north. Singo looks fit and tanned, bedecked in white, and there's a beautiful American singer, bedecked in glittering rings, gold chains and bracelets. Larry is looking comfortable in jeans and cap and after a few pleasantries we set off.

At 7000 feet with the waters of Sydney twinkling below, there's lots of laughter and excited chatter until Singo turns around and announces he's about to have his first go at flying. There follows a short silence, a few muffled expletives, and then that well-known ocker tone remarking: "Now let's get this right . . . you push this thing this way to turn left, this way to turn right, down for down and up for up?"

After a few long minutes with the plane heading irrevocably towards the stratosphere, Pickering takes over, descends sharply and heads to a cleared patch somewhere in Tomato Land. We bump and grind along, coming to rest beside a newly-laid tennis court below an Australian flag, which droops in the windless conditions. Terra firma never felt firmer. The swimming pool is empty save for the odd bit of timber; the house, in the process of renovation. From the verandah, as far as the eye can see are tomatoes, some 1.3 million of them. A late model Mercedes and a Volvo gather dust. There's lots of flies.

Pickering's wife, Carmel, is at the door. We're introduced briefly, to follow Larry into the snooker room. Carmel stays in the kitchen preparing lunch. Fresh orange juice and beer are produced.

"Feel like a game?" and the balls are racked, the sides quickly chosen. Pickering, Singo and the singer versus the news team. Pickering breaks. A few shots later it's become obvious Larry is no slouch. The rest of us go through the motions . . . something about the pockets being too small is a good enough excuse. The room is sparsely furnished. The odd drawing and a sideboard. There's half a dozen trophies: Woy Woy Australian Rules Club, L. Pickering . . . best and fairest.

"Do much training during the season?"

"Oh, a few push-ups at the start," continuing a 20-break.

We scratch around for a bit. News is losing 35-2. Larry's turn again, delicately cuts the blue, sucks back on red to position black.

"Better finish it, we'll be here next year, it's getting a bit boring."

Tricia Daniels is an attractive blonde who sits behind a desk and speaks with a soft, English accent. Her movements are precise. One senses a refined, yet impish humor and as the marketing manager of Pickering Promotions Pty Ltd, she has become the cartoonist's alter ego, the sophisticated half who

completes the whole. She has a problem: can the business flourish when the central character is out of the public view?

"I urged Larry not to quit because it's my belief he's drawing the best that he's ever drawn. I believe one should continue to do what one can do best. But you see, he's not just a cartoonist. You and I might know him from *The Australian*, but most of the population has become familiar with him through the calendars. That side of the business is just beginning, but (and there's a wistful pause) he could have been as big as Snoopy."

Tricia is a self-made lady. She came here 12 years ago, married to an Australian, and was appalled by the gulf between the "product" and "the public". Using her good looks she made money out of television, and using her brains formed a company that was fuelled by the conversations of the cocktail set. In time she would do her bit in educating small and large business about computers and plastic.

A long-time fan of civilisation's most graceful game, she would be invited by Andrew Caro to market Packer's World Series Cricket. Then two years ago, with her heart set on returning to England and selling the hyped-up WSC version to a hostile public, she was invited by Larry Pickering to sell him instead.

"Not a week goes by without someone ringing up asking for Larry to endorse this or that. But we're aware it's possible to over-expose the person, to destroy his credibility. It's a question of balancing Pickering as he is now while continuing to market the product. I guess retirement means we'll probably lose a little."

The man hasn't arrived yet, but his presence is all-pervasive. On the walls are original cartoons and drawing. His year books are stacked along the white pinewood shelves. The *Jungle Game* is piled up in another room. It's a combination warehouse and artistic retreat.

"In the last week we've launched the Pickering Tomato Kit," says Tricia. "We've sold 20,000 already. It's a gimmick that works. You get a tomato tree, the Pickering potting mix, special nutrients, a pot and a hanger. It costs us \$3.20. We wholesale it for \$4.20 and the shops sell it for \$6.99."

"But it's only the beginning. Ultimately we'd like to see Pickering Produce Stores, where you can buy tomatoes, herbs and spices. Good, honest produce with a tea-room for Hubby while mum shops around. And then there's America. Spent five weeks there this year. Everyone loved the calendar, said we could sell two million, but it's a bit hot for them to handle. Maybe one day. Mind you, I did get some funny looks from various company presidents. You know, demure English lady ushered into the boardroom flashing through the product . . . mmm . . . perhaps I might re-phrase that."



Pickering comes in wearing white peak cap, blue slacks, white jumper, white T-shirt. His first words are: "I feel as crook as a dog." We're then led through a brief summation of the preceding night, spent at one of Sydney's "posher" restaurants where apparently the food wasn't fit for a beagle. One of the receptionists comes in and asks if Larry wants his money banked? "Dont worry about it, love . . . I've only got two bucks left." This causes a minor consternation and a certain amount of motherly tut-tutting. Pickering grins, and perhaps a little chided, continues:

"Yeah, well I dropped \$5000 at fan-tan last night. One of those nights. Bet on four, dropped a bit. Changed my mind and bet on six and dropped the rest. 'You lose again Mr Pickering' (he mimics a Chinese voice). But I made 10 grand on the Stock Exchange." "Do you punt much?" I ask. "Gamble on anything, mate. Started with a 2/6d quinnella bet that brought in more than 200 pounds. I was making four pounds a week. So I thought to myself, 'shit, how long's this been going on.'"

"As a boy, Pickering grew up in Caulfield, Melbourne. He was poor, lonely and would increasingly distance himself from his God-fearing parents. He had few, if any, friends, preferring to work odd-jobs — it being a means to attain some independence as if always knowing that at 14 he would explode "God is bullshit", bringing upon him a wrath of his mother who declared he wasn't fit to stay under the same roof as the rest of the family. His formal education was poor. Once again by choice. He deliberately failed every subject, including Art. School was another form of authoritarianism to be rejected, to poke fun at and at times to terrorise teachers. He was the official secretary of the Ishbondogla gang (a movement whose name is still shrouded in mystery). Admission to the

Order came with a 3d a week levy and a vow to annoy and unnerve every teacher at the school. The money was used to buy nails which were placed under the tyres of the teachers' cars, or buy paint which would be splashed on the cars, preferably new ones, or they would wait in ambush on dark nights capturing the foe, stripping them and burning their clothes. It was a pay-back for teacher brutality and Pickering, as the acknowledged leader of the group, paid heavily. So it was in 1957 that young Pickering would fake his age and seek work on the railway shunting yards and later the notorious docks of Melbourne.

During this time he would see brutal, savage things and he would feel keenly mob rule of another kind, and he would try to cherish another world by turning his thoughts inward to create his own living space through art. It became a balm to soul and mind, a retreat beyond the reach of human domination. He married at 17 and became a proof-reader on a newspaper in Melbourne. There

he began his path to fame and fortune as a cartoonist by adorning the walls of the toilet, each night, with a drawing of topical interest.

The play failed. So with his wife and a young family in tow, Pickering made the move to the nation's capital and joined *The Canberra Times*, once again working as a proof-reader.

Soon there followed the re-emergence of the cartoon-in-the-dunny trick.

For no less than 1000 nights an original Pickering cartoon would be pinned above the urinal in the hope that it would catch the editor's eye.

After almost three years, perseverance won the day to the tune of \$1.20 less 30 cents tax but, more importantly, publication and a job on the staff, paying \$120 a week.

It was the start of a 10-year plan: "Five years to get known and five years to make a quid."

In 1974, Prime Minister Whitlam chooses to take on Billy Sneddon — and calls for a double dissolution of Parliament.

They are days of vastly polarised opinion with the Labor Party determined

to break an obstructionist Senate and the coalition parties equally set on returning to the Treasury benches.

Pickering decides to enter the fray, standing as Liberal candidate in a safe Labor A.C.T. seat.

"Oh, it was a bit of a joke. At the time I didn't like what Whitlam was doing. The economy was going hay-wire. It was a way of making a stand and alerting the public.

"It was also a means of getting out of Canberra and *The Canberra Times* wouldn't let me go. The only problem was that for a terrible moment it looked as if I might win."

Pickering needed a massive 17 per cent swing to take a seat in the House of Representatives. He got 13 per cent. A remarkable result, made all the more remarkable because he had no desire to be a politician. But it was a useful period for Pickering, the observer of human frailties. He received obscene phone calls, had the brake lines cut on his car, a brick was thrown through his front window and he was spat upon, more than once.

To this day he denies that it compromised the integrity of his political car-

tooning: "Show me how I've displayed deliberate bias."

More importantly, it allowed him to join *The Sydney Morning Herald* on a salary of \$240 a week. Within a year it would rise to \$370 a week, but four-time Walkley Award winner, Larry Pickering wanted more.

"I would have stayed at Fairfax if they'd have paid me the same money and let me form a company. I wanted to do my own bit of tax-dodging. But after weeks of haggling I was invited up to the boardroom where a senior company executive asked me to gaze upon the various Australian originals hanging on the wall. 'Look, Larry, Hans Heysen, Tom Roberts ... they weren't interested in money ... so why are you?' I felt I was letting down the side, so I quit."

Rupert Murdoch was quick to appreciate his worth, signing him to a five-year contract reputedly starting at \$45,000 a year. More significantly, Larry achieved his aim: Pickering Promotions took its first tentative step forward on the road to widespread acclaim and millions of dollars.

He's relaxed, rolling a Drum, sipping coffee. Some color has returned to his face.

One wonders if he ever shakes his head, in a quiet moment, and questions his success. If he does, the moment is not now.

"The first calendar was the turning point. I was at a dinner party, and we got talking about the Jungle Series. The conversation turned to why I didn't put dicks on the characters. We had a good laugh and then I got to thinking about it. And I knew it would be a good idea. You know, a calendar.

"But the problem was finding someone to publish it. No one wanted to know. Or at least go it alone. I knew it would work. So I put up everything I owned, including two houses, and indemnified the publisher and the binder.

"But the biggest problem was getting it out on the streets without a restraining injunction being ordered. If that had happened we would have been sunk and I'd have lost \$150,000. So it had to go out without advance advertising.

"We just got together little bundles of them and dropped them outside lots of newsagents. It was a sell-out. Would you believe women bought the bulk of them? And the politicians didn't mind. Everyone was talking about it. We couldn't print enough.

"The next year the publishers were lining up begging for the business. I knew it wasn't offensive, a sort of Australian humor. It worked."

The calendar became a vehicle for Pickering to reach a vast audience. It became a collector's piece. The following year he was even more outrageous, launching the calendar at a press con-

ference at which everyone had to take off their clothes.

"Yeah, that was funny. We had the best bum award. Singo was one of the judges.

"Oh, it was all very aesthetic and his dog, Thug, was there and if Thug had a bit of a sniff that got extra points. The bird who won had a beautiful bum and the bloke, shit he had a face tattooed on his arse and he could make it smile. But no one got excited or anything. Poor bloke who owned the place though, he was charged with indecent something-or-other."

The financial success of the calendars allowed their creator the freedom to dabble in the stock market and play the ponies. His biggest bet is \$45,000, while a \$10,000 wager is not considered unusual.

He bought heavily into energy stocks, particularly uranium. Now he rides the boom. October 17, the Friday before the election, he took a plunge, convinced the polls showing Labor winning office to be false. Monday, October 20, he sold, picking up \$10,000. But to Pickering that could be considered pin money.

"When I bought my first farm I said to my broker I wanted to sell. He pleaded with me to hang on for a little bit longer. But they hadn't moved in two years and I wanted the place. So I sold. Within a month they took off. If I'd have kept them I'd have made \$1.3 million. Still can't get over that, losing that kind of money in a month.

"Over the past five years I guess I've made about three or four million. Spent a lot though.

"But I dunno, all money is about is being able to afford to spend it with your friends."

The conversation moves along. I remark that I'd found one of his cartoons relating to Afghanistan and Australia's participation in the Moscow Olympics particularly repugnant. He laughs a bit and explains its background. He'd hung it on a quote from an athlete who'd said something like "a boycott is pointless, we'll show the Russians who's boss at the Games". With thousands of Afghans being slaughtered, Larry thought the comment was puerile.

We move a step further.

"With my cartoons I try to be fair-minded throughout the year and then drop in the odd controversial one toward calendar time. You see, it's self-promoting.

"I know it sounds cynical, but that's business. business.

"Most cartoonists don't manage themselves ... they work out of a broom closet and get beaten over the head by the editors.

"Long ago I decided it would be the other way around."

Pickering is quick to point out that he is only an average cartoonist. He regards Petty and Leunig as superior craftsmen whose flaw is that their political beliefs polarise the audience; they work, necessarily, for publications of small circulations which are looked upon with great suspicion by the Right (translate money) or put another way, "it's no good cartooning on lavatory doors." And what could be interpreted as arrogance is immediately softened.

"You see, I don't always believe in some of my cartoons. Generally speaking, a good cartoon is telling people that they're right.

"That's what makes Bruce Petty better than me. The tragedy is, politicians don't look at Petty. But I wish I had his peace of mind."

The pursuit of self-contentment for Larry Pickering is to avoid the boring. Time and again that word boring, symbolises the end of a thought, conversation and ultimately, life style. He is most comfortable with politics. It is a subject upon which he thinks deeply and as a keen observer caught, with his pen, Australia awakening from the deep sleep of the Menzies' era.

It was Gorton who set him on the road to fame, then McMahon, Whitlam and Fraser.

Turbulent years, a time of social questioning and historical importance.

Pickering was there throughout, setting up his targets and knocking them off, one by one, with uncanny precision and amusement. Now the scene is just too boring.

"Malcolm Fraser is about as interesting as a bucket of sand and Bill Hayden's not much better."

"What about Bob Hawke?" "Yeah, when he becomes Prime Minister ..."

"You sound pretty confident?"

"That Hawke will be Prime Minister is a matter of fact. Six years' time. Hayden will lose in 1983 and the Labor Party will have to put up Hawke.

"You see the nub of the matter is, does Labor want to win? Hawke can take them to government."

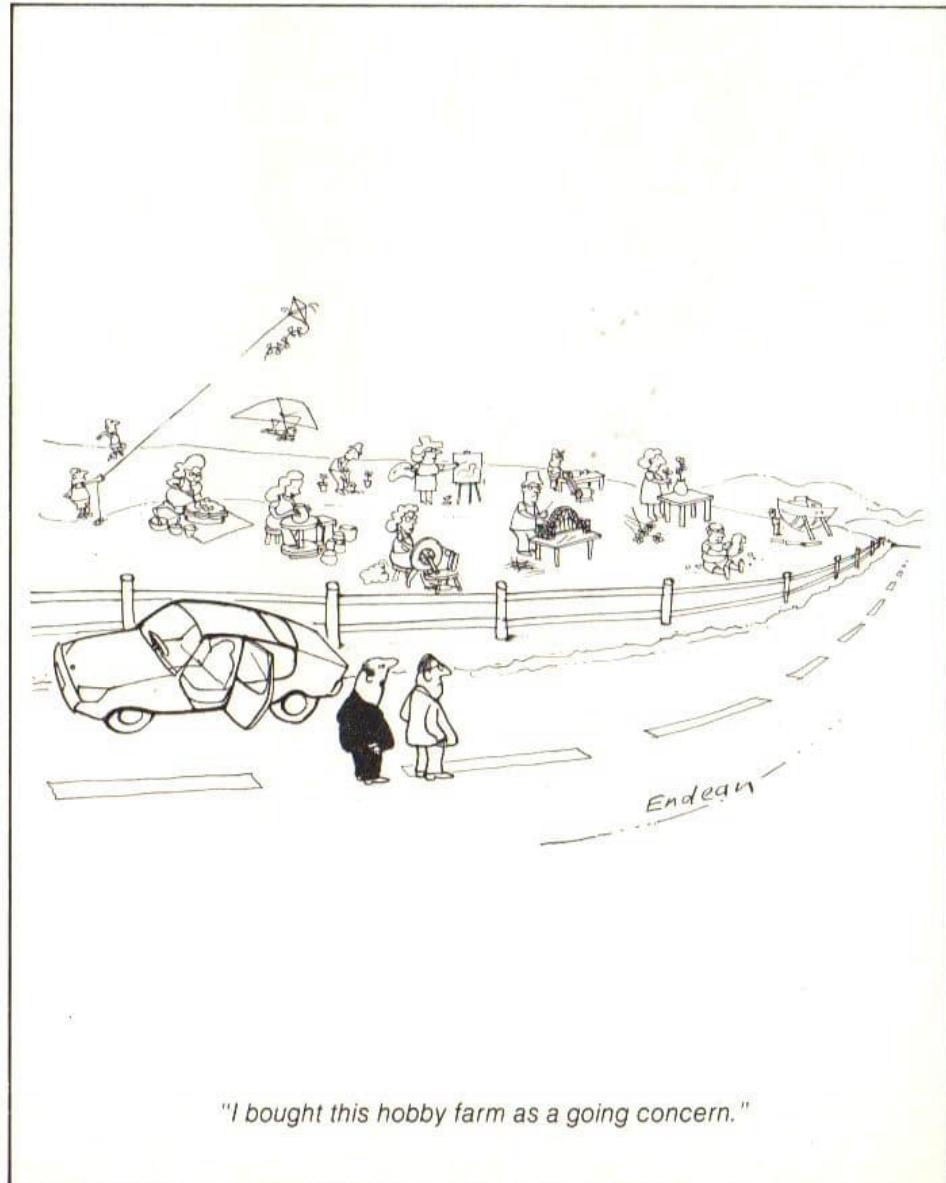
"And if he does?"

"Then I'll have to think very seriously about making a comeback. The whole scene would have changed. Now, no one really gives a damn."

Adrenalin is another favorite word. He



"You asked to see the Accident Prevention Officer, sir?"



"I bought this hobby farm as a going concern."

doesn't start work for *The Australian* before 5.30.

He works quickly. Pressure is important. Its absence spells oblivion and that's where tomatoes come in.

"The year before last I lost \$104,000. Hail got the crop. We had to plant late. Last year we killed them. I experimented with various sprays. Tomatoes are very disease prone. Anyway, all the other farmers lost 80 to 100 percent of their crop. Hit by a certain blind bud and bronze wilt. I didn't. My special spray saw my tomatoes through the worst. So I cleaned up.

"This year I hope to clear about \$700,000, will settle for less, but at its maximum it means about a 40 percent return on money."

"Real estate in, say, Brisbane or Perth, might be better," I venture.

"Too boring. Look, it's a bit of a punt. One day I want people to go in to a greengrocer and ask for a Pickering tomato, you know like a Jonathan apple. Because it will be the best tomato. And then I want to buy a couple of DC3s and fly all around Australia unloading them at the best prices. I dream of the big tomato."

We seem to be losing touch. I'm reminded of the time I once asked Prince Leonard of the Hutt River Province if he was fair dinkum. He hung up, leaving a stranded cadet reporter without a story, desperately ringing back and begging royal forgiveness.

"And after the big tomato?" I venture with appropriate seriousness.

"Racehorses. You see, tomatoes is a pretty sad business. You sit there growing tomatoes, hoping everyone else gets hailstorms, but owning a horse is the ultimate excitement.

"Seeing a horse you've bred winning with your colors and half a million people listening to the same race, listening to your horse win. It's one of those things you deserve if you work hard and do well . . . I have only one regret, it's hard to make new friends."

Singo has had little to do but watch the colored balls drop at the behest of Pickering's cue.

The phone rings and with Larry hunched over the pink, he bounds over and takes the call.

"Pickering here."

It's the ABC, Adelaide.

"Yeah."

A silence. "Well, I must be going (a pause) 'cause I have to go and grow some tomatoes."

It's good for a laugh, like Singo flying the plane, like the whole day.

"What do ya mean? I have to go now 'cause I have to eat a tomato. I have tomatoes in my orange juice . . . yeah, I'm trying to fill up my pool with tomatoes. Okay, see ya."

Like school kids on Muck-Up Day we enjoy the scene. Boring has passed. A good prank coinciding with the sinking of the black.

It's time to look at the crop and we jump on an old truck and head off to the reservoir, past endless lines of black plastic sheets nurturing Pickering fodder. Later Larry abides with a short television interview and the inevitable long shots of him wandering around the Pickering plantation. At one stage he stops for a closer inspection.

"This one's no good . . . about 30 seeds and no tomatoes."

We jump back on the truck. It's tennis time.

Carmel is still preparing lunch. Singo rings Adelaide but is told no one will be available for eight minutes. Larry throws him a T-shirt and a racquet and the game begins. This is serious stuff. The Australian flag flutters briefly. Pickering serves.

One day I
want people to go
to a greengrocer and ask
for a Pickering tomato
— like they ask for a
Jonathan apple.

There's a bit of filming. Carmel comes out, announcing that the ABC has called back.

At 40-30 with a serve for the first game, Larry yells out:

"Will one of you blokes take it and pretend you're me?"

"I'll just say you're busy," says Carmel.

About 20 minutes later the contestants return. Singo looks a little worse for wear but has put up a credible performance, losing 2-6.

Lunch is served. Mountains of sandwiches, fresh orange juice and wine. Carmel retreats to the kitchen.

"Do you like this drop?" Pickering asks. "Bought \$300 of it the other day. Thirty bottles of St Ferdinados '78. Some sheila came into the office and said taste this, if you like it sign here. So I did."

The conversation begins with inconsequential things. There is an atmosphere of bonhomie, a few laughs (what else) and a few pauses. Singo sticks to orange juice, "because when I start drinking I don't like work interfering" (he had a show that night), while the rest of us sip

wine and munch sandwiches. Someone remarks that the tomato sandwich is particularly good. "One of yours?", which gets the admission: "No, I had to buy them at \$10 a case."

"Well, I guess I won't have time to show you Kalnura. It's a bit late now . . . just paid \$400,000 for the stud . . . thought you could take a look at it . . . see if it's any good."

"Well, jeez mate," Singo replies, "it's a bit late now if you've been sold a pup."

"Okay, but what the hell, if Kalnura fails I guess I can always grow tomatoes," says Pickering.

Maybe not quite up to Onassis and the Monte Carlo set, but by Sydney standards the Cessna set more than holds its own.

The wind-sock is filled by a tail wind. The runway slopes downhill. We strap in and the single engine comes to life. A few of his workers look at us with idle curiosity as we accelerate and accelerate and accelerate. The trees come closer.

We pass the point of no return and still can't reach lift-off velocity. We are into the crucial last seconds as the plane groans a bare metre above the trees. Enough to chasten most men. He turns around and asks for a cigarette. I hand one over.

"You know, what I really like doing is chasing the hawks. You see a hawk and you follow it, through the clouds, this way and that. It's great."

He balances the cigarette on top of the dashboard, pulls back on the controls and we rapidly gain height.

"Watch this."

We enter a steep dive and for a second or so the G-forces suspend the cigarette in mid-air, weightless.

Larry reaches forward and catches it in his mouth.

"Not bad, eh!"

A little later, we're entering the control zone. Sydney lies before us. Everyone is quiet. A sense of calm has been restored. The cameraman remarks: "It's nice to be so close to death every so often . . . now I'm biting my nails . . . been bored for the last two minutes."

Landing instructions are given. We sweep low over the harbor, straighten up and sweep low again.

"This one's a tricky landing. To do it right you have to land on one wheel." We do.

We taxi and come to a halt.

"The other plane was offered flight path one-six-two, but he chickened out. You've gotta have a go."

"Larry, back there was it close, the take-off?"

"Yeah."

Singo has the final word: "Jeez just as well ya made it mate," glancing at his watch, "it would have been too late to make the afternoon dailies." And we have a laugh at that as well. ☐



From cowboys to businessmen —
they're all getting into . . .

THE QUARTER HORSE GOLD RUSH

BY CHRIS HECTOR

What is it about a chunky little American breed of horse that prompts otherwise sober citizens of good standing to spend thousands of thousands of thousands of dollars importing the very latest stallion or fabulous brood mare? What causes good old rodeo cowboys to sell their trusty stock horse, melt down their old poly saddle for bootleather and squander a year's accumulated three-point landings and a

gut full of arena dust for a fully carved California saddle with square skirts, silver conchos, a Cheyenne roll, and all on a Buster Welch tree — with a squat little Quarter horse to match? What makes the Quarter horse the single fastest growing breed in Australia today . . . a breed that supports three color magazines, a national association with a staff of 14 and a yearly turnaround of \$750,000, not to mention a host of chap makers,

Photos by Brent Taylor

western shirt designers, saddlers, trainers, breeders, bit makers and assorted hangers on?

Rex Cauble, the owner of the US Cutting horse champion, Cutter Bill, a horse that became a million-dollar industry all by himself, put it like this (and in the process, probably says something about the flamboyant style that is part of the breed's attraction):

"He's half a ton of poised and controlled energy, held on an easy rein and a hair trigger. He's a workin' man who can earn his keep on the range all week — and be a handsome dandy at the track on Sunday afternoon.

"He's proud when he stands, looks lazy when he walks, but when he runs he can whip the tears from the corners of your eyes and plaster your hat brim against the crown. He's big in the haunches, supple in the withers, stout in the neck and wide across the chest... to hold his great heart.

He's cow-smart and brave — though sometimes a clown — and to the man with sky in his eye and mud on his boots the Quarter horse is a faithful hand... and a friend!"

If Cauble's brand of folksy rhetoric gives you a pain, then you probably wouldn't like the Quarter horse scene... unless, of course, you are a hard-headed businessman who sees the opportunity to get in on the ground floor in a Quarter

horse sprint racing industry which has started to move with a vengeance.

The first full sprint race meeting, complete with on-course bookmakers, was held in Canberra in October 1979, and already sprint meetings are accepted as a legitimate form of racing with betting in all States.

Quarter horse sprints are included in race meetings twice a week in Queensland, and this year (1981) they will be held regularly in Victoria, New South Wales and Western Australia.

In July this year the biggest yet Cutting event, the Supersires Cutting Futurity worth \$45,000, will be held at Tynong Heights, Victoria.

The early boys, who were starting to wonder if they were ever going to see a return on their investment, are starting to smile and polish their stop watches, eyes firmly fixed on the Sires' Produce Stakes, with an estimated purse of \$100,000, to be run in June 1983.

Leonard Blach is a tobacco-chewing, good ol' boy from Yuma, Colorado. He is also the resident vet and manager for the Buena Suerte Ranch, home of the top running Quarter horse stallion, Easy Jet, who last year impregnated some 200 mares at a cool \$15,000 a time, thanks to the wonders of artificial insemination, spectrometer analysis, sperm motility counts and a bunch of 21st Century breeding techniques that keep the

wheels of the multi-million-dollar Buena Suerte operation ticking over.

Black has acquired an interest in the Australian Sprint horse breeding complex at Nathalia in Victoria — the La Velocita Ranch.

La Velocita is standing six top sprint racing stallions, including a son of Easy Jet, and, although a long way short of the Buena Suerte cash turnaround, looks set to fulfil the Blach's optimistic predictions for the future of the sprint horse in Australia.

Certainly there is a fair whack of educated money floating round the Quarter horse world. Sir Lawrence Street, Bob LaPointe of Kentucky Fried, Kerry Packer and Rupert Murdoch all have lavish sums invested. (In the toing and froing for control of Ansett, much was made of the thoroughbred racing connections of the various principals. The media missed the fact that the final resolution of the deal took place on Murdoch's Cavern Stallion Quarter horse stud, near Yass.)

But it's not just the running bred horses that are attracting the big money. A top Cutting horse can change hands for anything between \$20,000 and \$80,000, and at least one Australian stallion boasts a \$5000 service fee. Not that we haven't got a way to go; the American Cutting horse sire, Doc O' Lena recently changed hands for a million and a half dollars.

At the most recent Australian Quarter horse championships, the owners refused an offer of \$80,000 for the Champion Exhibit, a three-year-old colt, Morn Deck, by a running horse out of a Cutting bred mare... and this for a horse that so far has done no more than stand around and look pretty on the end of a lead rope.

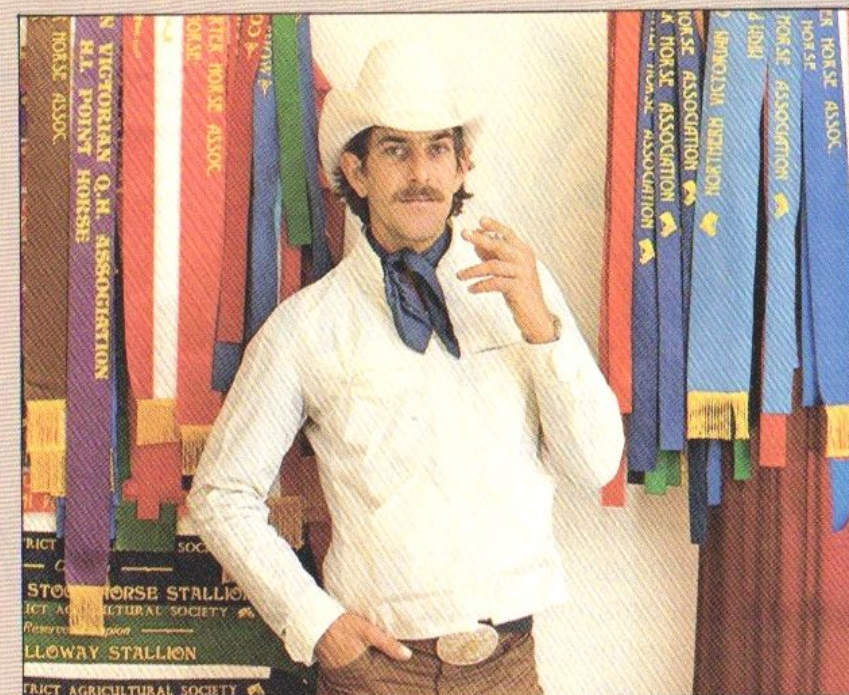
Although the Quarter horse breed was not officially organised and a stud book established until 1940, the origins of the breed lie in the latter part of the 18th Century, when the planters of the Carolinas and Virginia began crossing the blocky, agile, Chickasaw Indian ponies (themselves the descendants of line bred Spanish barbs) with the imported English bloodhorses of the day.

Pretty soon the offspring of this union were hurtling along the village streets and cowpaths in match races over distances of roughly a quarter of a mile, and carrying not only their jockeys but wagers of quite fantastic stakes.

As the colonists became more settled and established proper race tracks, the sprint match races fell from favor and the Quarter horse was displaced by the thoroughbred.

Quarter horse historian, Nelson Nye, describes the trek westwards:

"He was shoved back into the country and went with hardier persons — the pioneers, adventurers, and gamblers — into Illinois and Kentucky and down into Louisiana and Texas, and was, in this manner, removed from the beaten tracks



FULL-TIME COWBOY

Paul Farrell checks the girth one last time, makes sure the reins are firmly attached to the bit, takes another drag on the chain of fags that started 20 minutes ago when he first hit the warm up arena, just edges the horse around in a real slow spin, jams his hat tight as they call his number... "Ladies and gentlemen... Paul Farrell and Skipa Bill!"

The chunky liver chestnut stallion jogs into the arena and starts his dry run, and Paul unwinds. "That's when it all comes right. As soon as I'm in there the nerves disappear. As soon as I get the nod from the judge to start my work."

It's a tight, precise run that the horse has to make, and any deviation from the set pattern can mean disqualification. First a lope, a circle to the left, the beginning of the figure eights. As the horse hits the centre of the eight, Paul shifts his weight, pushing Bill on to the other lead, a perfect flying change, and into the second circle, one more flying change at the apex and Paul opens the horse out, galloping now, faster, wider round that second eight, and then out of the circle, tossing off another effortless change, as the horse straightens and heads for the end of the arena.

Just short of the fence the horse stops, hesitates, turns to begin his run... flat strap for the other end — past the markers — sliding to the stop, and spinning, a full 360 degrees, then another 180 and out and into the second run, another stop, another spin and a half, and off up the fence again, this time really pushing, really flat out, and just over the centre line, Paul hits the brakes for a final sliding, dying stop, a back-up, walk to the judge, stop, pivot, ninety degrees to the right, one eighty to the left, one eighty to the right again, and settle, the dry work done, waiting on the luck of the draw, both horse and rider tense, waiting for the cow to emerge...

The cow comes out of the chute, and the wait is over. A good one this time, a cow with a bit of fire in its belly. Bill and Paul block the cow, working it on the end fence, playing with it, toying with it, anticipating every dash for freedom, block and turn, showing the skills you need to hold a beast out of the herd.

On that final fence run they come out of the turn, between the cow and the fence, pushing it out into the centre of the arena, circling the cow now. First to the right, swinging across behind the beast, circling it to the left, then wrapping it up, moving faster and faster around the cow, circling it in on itself. The cow finally immobilised, wrapped in the centre of its own circle.

Paul reaches down and pats the cow on its head and the crowd has its turn to explode. They know that Paul Farrell and the Quarter horse stallion, Skipa Bill, are something special. Even for Paul, at 26 a veteran of one of the most demanding and spectacular horse events — the Working Cow Horse — every run is new. Every trip down the fence its own adrenalin boost.

For a city boy, born in East Melbourne, Paul has come close to where he wants to be, one of the top young trainers in a rapidly expanding Quarter horse industry. "When I was a kid we used to watch cowboy pictures, all that fantasy stuff, now I work at being a cowboy full-time." ☐

and the haunts of fashion and beauty. Once again he was harnessed to wagons and ploughs, but he came into his own with the fly-by-night gentry who loved a fast horse as they did their own lives.

"Then the cow crowd took hold of him and crowned him king. In the West he was used for a multiplicity of purposes. Out in the brush he became a race horse again, helping money change hands in the lap-and-tap matches. He did tasks no thoroughbred could possibly have stood up to; and the cow crowd finally built a registry for him."

The year 1900 saw the emergence of the legendary foundation sires, horses that even 1979 Australian owners trace their prized possessions back to... horses like Traveler, who came west pulling loads of dirt for a "Texas and Pacific" work gang, who changed hands in a swap for a mule, won the world in match races all over Texas and firmly stamped his influence on the breed.

Or the great running horse, Peter McCue, who as a two-year-old was clocked at 21 seconds or less on five stop watches, all operated by experienced race timers and handicappers, (and that in the year 1897) and the first horse to cause his jockey to make the remark still echoed on tracks where ever Quarter horses run: "It was the closest thing to flying I have ever felt."

The turn of the century saw sires like Lock's Rondo, Chicaro and Joe Blair — each of them a "boss hoss", all of them to throw equally prepotent sons and standardise the Quarter horse type.

When the Quarter horse started to take on in Australia in the Sixties, it brought more than a superior variety of horse-flesh — it brought a style of riding and a philosophy of horsemanship that was as attractive as the horse itself... it also offered free rein to the cowboy fantasy.

A whole generation of closet cowboys came out of the woodwork to deck themselves in suede chaps, ostrich skin boots, studiously shaped cowboy hats, silver spurs, ornate belts, imported cowboy shirts and brightly colored scarves... the Sundance Kid rides again, and, no surprise, Robert Redford is a keen Quarter horse owner. And the horse was not left out of all this dressing up: silver-encrusted, fully-carved saddles, beautifully braided bridles and reins covered with the intricate woven knots, hackamores and bosals, braided reatas and hobbles, engraved silver half breed bits and silver stirrups. It can set you back somewhere in the vicinity of \$3000 for a top Western outfit — and that's before you buy the horse!

But the Quarter horse is far from being a glorified tailor's dummy. The new breed brought a whole program of events, events that were to show the versatility

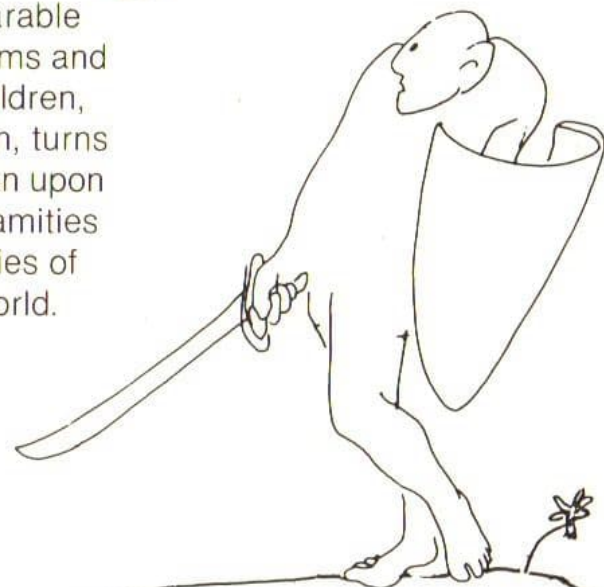


"That's the wrong page, Father; you're reading the Last Rites."

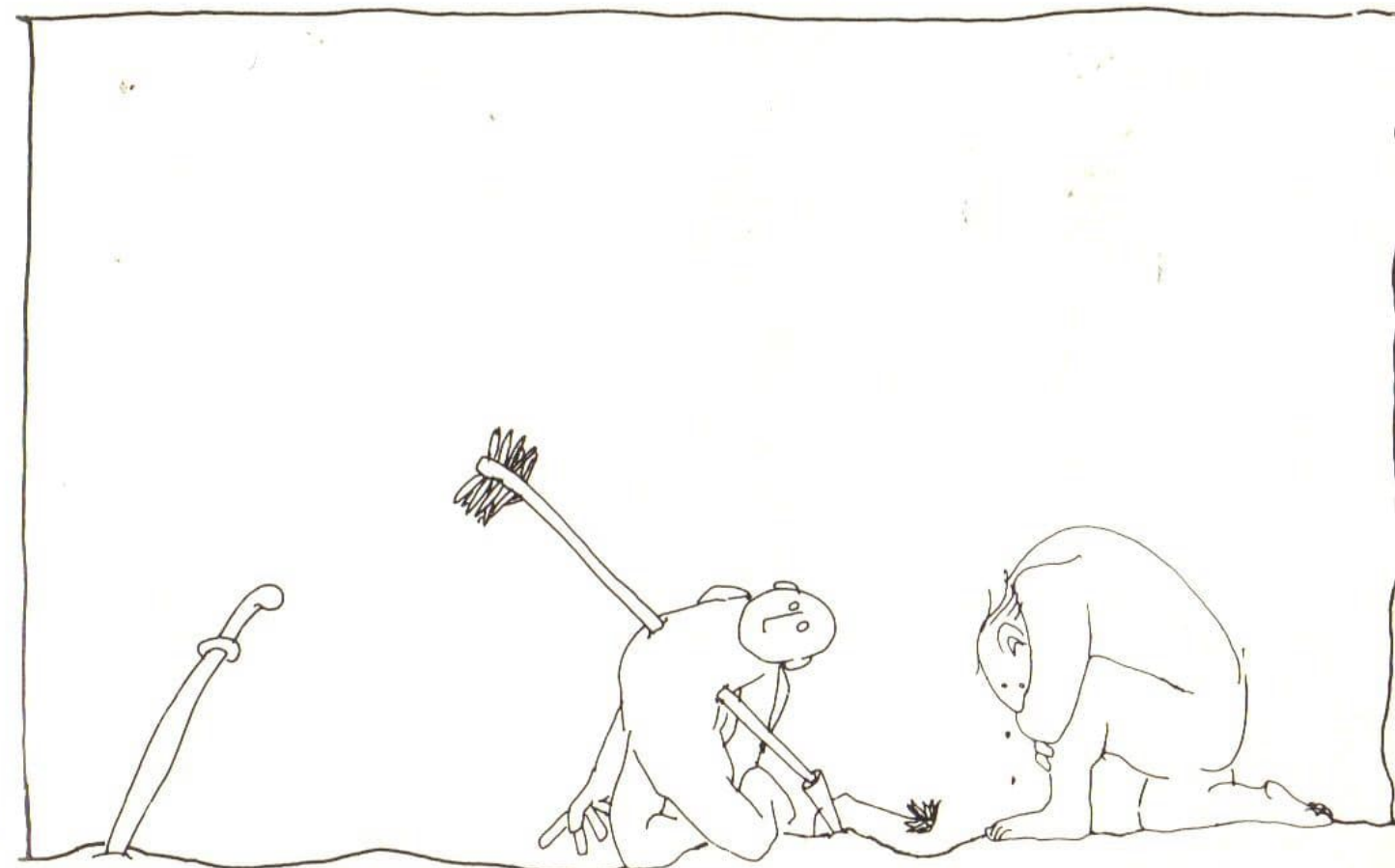
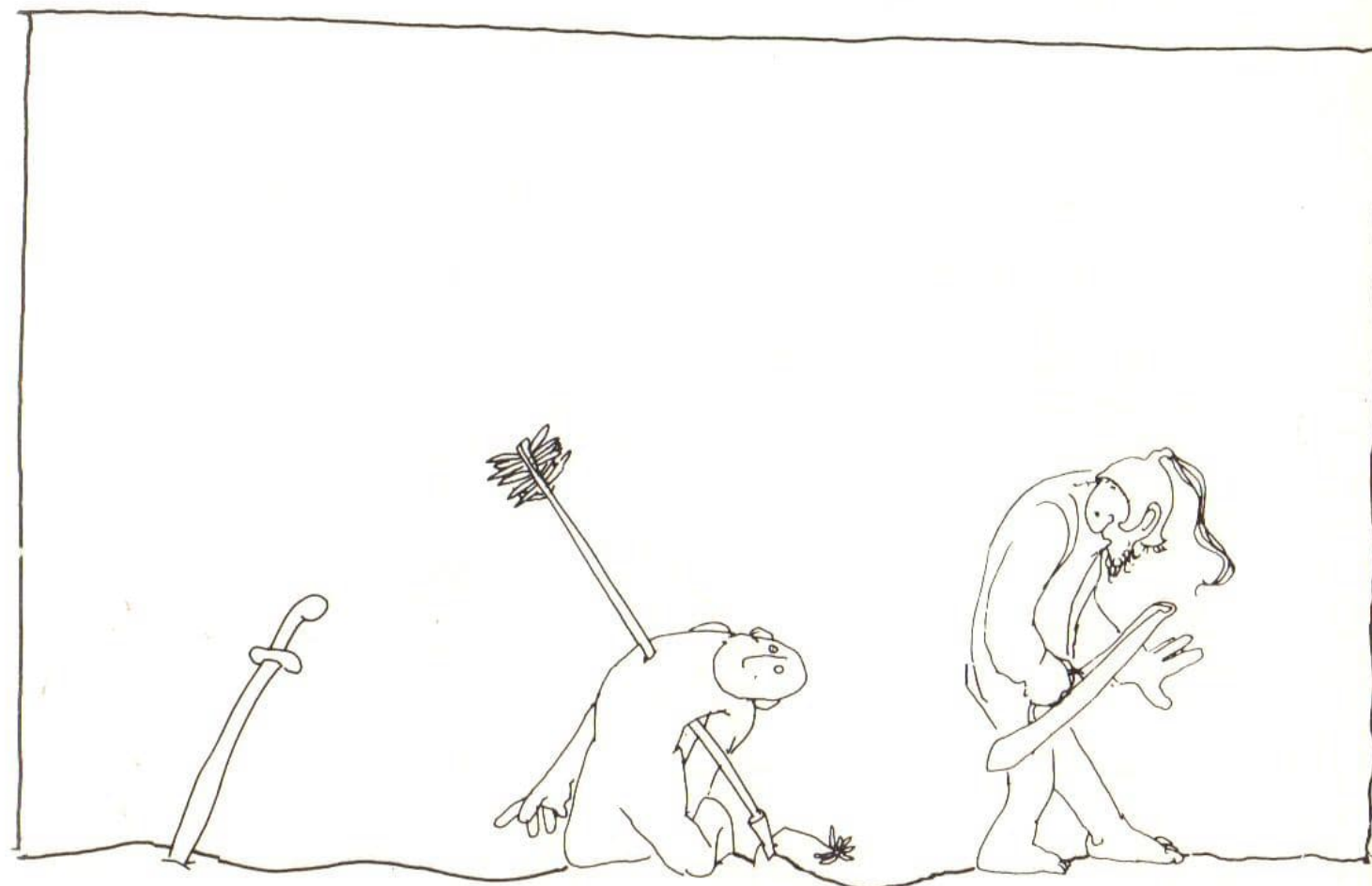
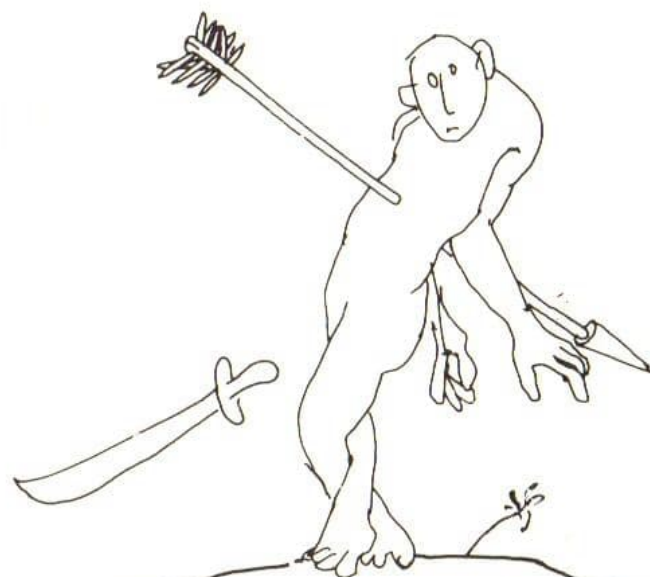
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Silverstein

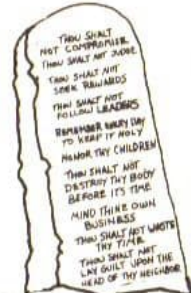
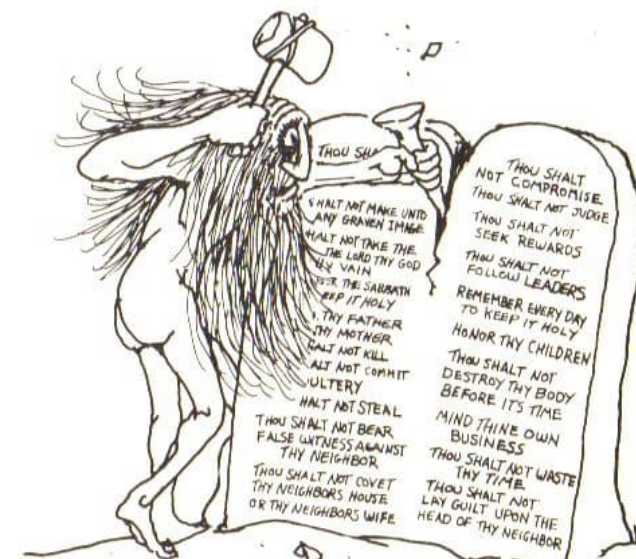
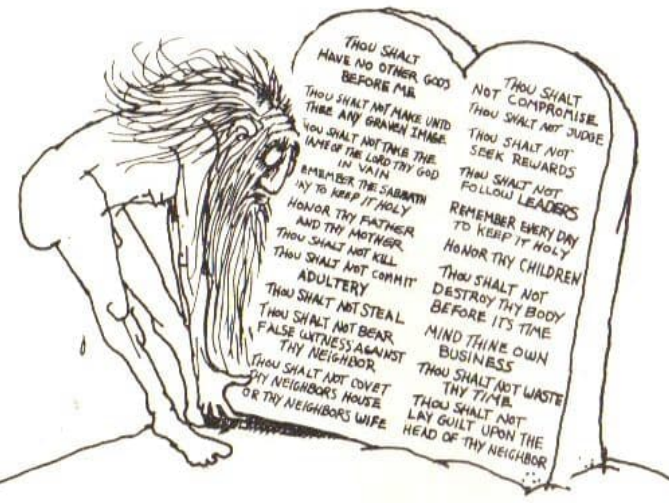
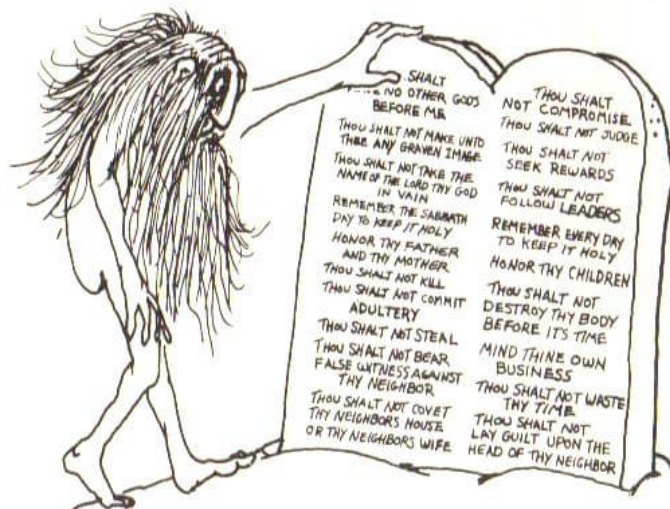
The incomparable creator of poems and fables for children, Shel Silverstein, turns his eye and pen upon the social calamities and absurdities of the adult world.



CRY FOR THE DEAD FLOWER



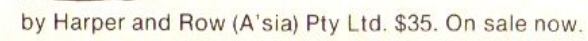
THE TWENTY COMMANDMENTS



BABY'S FIRST WORDS

The comic strip consists of six panels arranged in three rows and two columns. The title "BABY'S FIRST WORDS" is at the top center.

- Panel 1 (Top Left):** A man crouches down, looking at a baby sitting in a high chair. He points his finger towards the baby.
- Panel 2 (Top Right):** The man leans forward, blowing air towards the baby's face.
- Panel 3 (Middle Left):** The man is leaning over the high chair, holding a spoon and attempting to feed the baby.
- Panel 4 (Middle Right):** The man is jumping or falling backwards in the air, holding a long banner that says "DADADA" above him. The baby is looking up at him.
- Panel 5 (Bottom Left):** A woman crouches down, looking at the baby in the high chair.
- Panel 6 (Bottom Right):** The woman is holding the baby out of the high chair, shouting "MAMA!" with her mouth wide open.



QUARTER HORSE GOLD RUSH

Continued from page 113

and sheer rideability of the Quarter horse.

There's the Trail Class, where both horse and rider must negotiate a series of obstacles: a bridge, logs on the ground, must open and shut a gate, drag a bale of hay or carry a sack of empty cans, back along a U-turn and all this with calm and confidence, demonstrating the qualities the rider would look for on the trail.

There's Western Pleasure, the glamor event of the card, where the horse must demonstrate that it is a pleasure to ride. Working entirely on the loose ride, jogging smoothly and easily, cantering out of the stop, turning to the slightest pressure of the leg and the neck rein, travelling slowly and smoothly, handling like a charm.

There's Reining, which has been described as dressage at the gallop, where the horse must perform a series of sliding stops, spins, pivots and blinding fast roll backs, all at speed, all responding to the slightest of cues.

In the Working Cowhorse event, the horse and rider first execute a Reining pattern and then work a cow, showing the speed and cow sense that made the Quarter horse so prized by the cowboys

of the Old West. And then there's Cutting. A taste for Cutting is like a taste for fine old burgundy . . . something to be acquired. Not that the event is not spectacular enough to the outsider, as the horse and rider take the cow out of the herd and keep it there, diving, twisting, pivoting, the horse working totally free, reins absolutely slack, and stiff penalties for any rider caught picking up on the rein or hurrying along the horse with the spur.

But Cutting is an art and a sport which has endless depths for the aficionado to plumb, the source of endless considerations of the Doc Bar snap, or the Freckles freeze, or the Hollywood Gold "cow"; an area where bloodlines run supreme.

It is also the event which has caught the imagination of some of the toughest competitors of the rodeo circuit. Guys like Max McTaggart, one of five rodeoing brothers, who saw in the Quarter horse the very same qualities traditionally prized by the bush horsemen. "I saw the Quarter horse, and he was just like the old Waler type," McTaggart said. "Out in the bush we'd got our horses too hot, too much thoroughbred blood. The Quarter horse was a doing horse, a horse that looks half asleep most of the time and then when you ask him for it he explodes."

And it was the Cutting model of Quarter horse that got Max going:

"When you've trained a Cutting horse, you've trained a horse to let him go free. You've put everything you can into him, but when you are there, when you are in the arena where it counts, you've got to put your faith in him and let him go free."

And Max's horses have repaid that faith. Riding his great Palamino stallion, Mr War Cutter, Max has taken out the Senior Cutting at the National Quarter Horse titles for two years running.

John Guyatt, at 34 one of Melbourne's biggest discount retailers, has shown his faith in the Quarter horse, in the form of a \$200,000 indoor arena he has erected on his Tynong, Victoria, property.

The arena is basically for his personal use, although he intends running four or so big Quarter horse shows a year using the venue. Like Max he is a Cutting man.

"When I first saw them it looked like the closest thing possible to riding a sheep dog. They could clap on the pace, creep along the ground, bury themselves in the dirt and as they were burying start to unleash that enormous power to get around again. I'd owned thoroughbreds, but all you can do with them is stand on the sidelines and cheer. With the Quarter horse you can get right in there among it and with a bit of work you can knock off the best of them."

It's not just running horses, or cow horses, or Cutting horses that are making their name for the breed. The Quarter horse has a calm and even temperament, making him big news in everything from show jumping to the kids' pony clubs.

When the National Mail Relay Ride came down the east coast of Australia, following 5000 kilometres of unbroken bridle path, we rode our Quarter horses on our section of the track and then fronted up again for the last leg of the journey, a cavalcade of 30 or so riders, escorting the mail down St Kilda Road and into the Melbourne GPO.

As we assembled for the ride, we were spotted by a leathery old bushman. "Goodday," he said. "Jack Adams from Townsville's the name, can I've a look at your horses?"

We sort of crept away. We'd had one too many rounds of the bushies' scornful comment "where's the other three quarters? Ho ho ho".

As we quietly unloaded one pure-bred gelding from the float, Jack whipped around the corner.

"What's his breeding, ay?"

I told him, pure Clover Leaf, and waited for the jibes.

"Great horses, ay. I've got one bred just that way myself. We didn't know what we were missing before we got those Quarter horses."

And that's the truth. We now have a breed, a new race industry, a chance to play cowboys, a new way of riding and, speaking personally, some very good friends. 



"This is for filing late, this is for claiming a fake deduction, and this is for not bringing in your receipts."



Catch more than your breath.

You'll catch your breath over Johnson power and performance.

Then you'll catch a lot more.

Like the good times.

The big ones.

The great skiing fun.

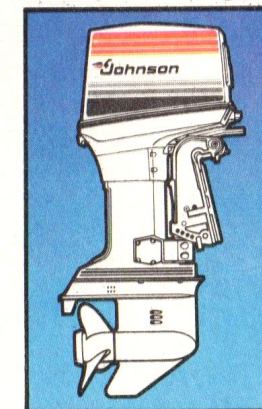
In fact, all the pleasure that the Johnson world of river, lake, bay and open sea has to offer.

So enjoy it, knowing you've got Johnson reliability and economy on your side.

As for the others, they're all a little breathless trying to get near the

Johnson range, dealer network, spare parts availability and the top service facilities you need.

Catch the Johnson range and see why the world runs more Johnson than any other outboard.



Johnson
OUTBOARDS



JOHN BYRNE

ADULT BOOKS

Sex shops — the money-making novelty of the Seventies — are a big yawn in the Eighties.

THE PORN BROKERS GO BUST

BY PAUL LESLEY

Happily, sex as a participant indoor sport has lost none of its appeal to either the Australian male or female, in fact we seem to be going at it stronger than ever. If sales by sex shops are any indication we are doing it with more confidence in our own ability and less need for outside titillation.

As an industry, Australian sex shops reached their peak just after the mid-Seventies, but today many are lurching towards bankruptcy with the remainder facing bare subsistence. And the industry is really in there trying with such products as Laura and Teena, the ultimate in life-size dolls. The upholstery of these dolls includes filling with soft, flesh-like foam, as much flexibility as the human body, soft, long, silken implanted hair, built-in female organ with pubic hair, French and Greek features (and we all know what that means), new soft faces permitting the mouths to open and close, soft, flexible shapely breasts and limbs, and an exclusive four-way action remote control.

You can buy these dolls just about anywhere. Ten years ago there were only three sex shops in Australia, one in Sydney's Darlinghurst and two in Kings Cross, but now it would be impossible to assess the number of outlets for such goods. The four major importers of pornographic books, sex aids, and sex novelties are understandably reticent in discussing their clientele, but there are more than a hundred sex shops operating throughout Australia, mainly in the Sydney and Melbourne metropolitan areas.

If you are shy about purchasing your dolly in a sex shop, you may obtain one by mail order, under

CAMERAS
NOT ALLOWED
IN THIS STORE

CLEARANCE SALE

KINDLY FINISH YOUR
FOOD AND DRINK
AND ICECREAM
BEFORE ENTERING
THANK YOU
PERSONS UNDER
THE AGE OF 18
NOT ADMITTED
EXPLICIT PICTURES
DO NOT ENTER IF
NUDITY OFFENDS

plain cover of course, and if you cannot speak or read English, you can claim your dumb bride at any one of the scores of migrant-operated delicatessens which stock such items.

And despite the claims of the quoted ad, inflatable dollies are not new. Almost from the beginning of Australia's sex shop boom there were three-holer dollies, ranging in price from \$50 to \$400, who could offer the same accommodations and comforts to their proud owners.

The dolls, which are marketed as sex novelties, were never big sellers when compared with books, magazines, or the more popular sex aids. Yet in the context of the spectacular rise of the sex industry and its inevitable decline, they tell it all. There are now too many participants, the market is over-supplied, nothing new is being introduced, and much of the novelty has worn off.

In studying the growth of the sex industry in Australia it would be pointless to examine the surreptitious sale of visual erotica by fly-by-night pedlars. Erotic art has flourished since the dawn of history, and "feelthy peectures" have been available since the development of the camera. It seems that the first commercially promoted sale of sex goods in this country was the electric vibrator.

In the early Fifties, some major women's magazines began running ads for plug-in vibrators which were said to massage and restore healthy tone to tired muscles and tissues. These ads usually depicted the model working away on her throat or chest without ever reaching the cleavage of her breasts, or on her leg muscles, with the line being drawn on the lower thighs. Though the visual effect was intended to be sensuous, the text never inferred that genital stimulation was a possibility, though it wasn't hard to read the message that a woman could get herself off with such a device.

However, it was the early sex papers that inserted the thin edge of the wedge into the door of the sex-product treasure-house. The innocent front-runner was the *Fannie Bay Whisper*, a oncer produced in Darwin in 1964. The success of that venture prompted two partners, who don't wish to be named, to sell an expanded version in the streets of Kings Cross on New Year's Eve.

Many of Sydney's top journalists wrote for the first *Kings Cross Whisper*, which was also intended to be a oncer at two shillings a copy. But its phenomenal success prompted its owners to run a reprint, and within a few weeks it was exceeding half a million copies an issue. In essence, the *Whisper* was not a sex paper. It was a cleverly written, highly satirical publication that lampooned personalities and events of the day, yet in its editorial columns and cheesecake shots it went further than any of the Sunday scandal sheets had dared to go.

There were three distinct stages in the sex paper boosts which launched porn industry into free orbit. First, several aspiring press tycoons hopped on to the *Whisper* wagon by producing similar papers. Second, as the competition developed, each paper strove for greater permissiveness than its rivals, and it was during this stage that the first arrests and confiscations were made. And the third stage saw the holus-bolus pirating of material and pictures from hard-core overseas publications.

The three survivors of the 20-plus weekly porn papers of the mid-Seventies are *Ribald* and *Bawdy*, owned by Bill Horne, and Jan Domabyl's *Searchlight*. Horne's two papers are seen as fixtures, having beaten off all rivals and established a regular readership, while Domabyl still issues the low-circulation *Searchlight* primarily as a vehicle for mail-order advertising.

The scene
simply exploded
into a bonanza.
We could sell anything
that looked remotely
naughty.

Even today Bill Horne has little idea of what prompted police raids, how magistrates interpreted the cumbersome laws, or what became of the confiscated materials.

"They were crazy days," he recalls. "I remember one day in Sussex Street when the police arrived with two great table-tops and began emptying my warehouse. While they were taking all our back issues, we were running around with galley proofs and negatives frantically trying to meet our next deadline. I just couldn't figure it out."

While Horne is unabashedly frank about his porn activities, his aversion to the unlawful use of drugs is such that he can scarcely bear to discuss it. However, his experience with the non-return of confiscated books tempts him to believe the theory that when the authorities burn seized marijuana, they set fire to it one joint at a time.

In deciding to ignore the lone pedlars who operated in the early days, it would be remiss to exclude Hannah and Harry, two of the most unlikely marital and business partners imaginable. Hannah is

a shrewd and uncompromising business-woman who learned the art of survival as a child in a Nazi concentration camp. Harry is an affable blunderer who has blazed an awesome trail littered with the debris of his financial disasters.

In about 1968 Hannah began receiving parcels from her mother in Germany, and from her Mosman home began selling pornographic material and a few sex aids through the post. In doing so, she began compiling the nucleus of Australia's first porn mailing list. When the *Whisper* sex shop opened in Oxford Street in 1971, to be followed a fortnight later by Jan Domabyl's shop in Kings Cross, Hannah and Harry opened in Bayswater Road in time to catch the Christmas trade.

"The scene simply exploded into a bonanza," one of the early shop assistants remembers. "We could sell anything that looked remotely naughty. There were far-out pornographic books from Sweden, sex aids from Germany, dildos from the Orient, and cock-warmers and crutchless panties made in deepest Darlinghurst. We could not keep the stock up to the shelves."

There are reports that the first Kings Cross shops were taking up to \$40,000 a month which, calculated on an 800 percent mark-up, represented a gross weekly profit of more than \$8000. The public blithely paid the outrageous prices, which didn't escape the scrutiny of property owners. The rents of Kings Cross sex shops with street frontages skyrocketed, and today they're steady at about \$1250 a week.

Suddenly Hannah and Harry were moderately wealthy. Soon they were to become mightily wealthy. When Domabyl began to demonstrate that the biggest sex shop would be Australia Post, they established their own sex paper, expanded their mailing list, and planned to operate a chain of sex shops.

By 1975 there were more than 40 sex shops spread over all States except Queensland and Tasmania. There were at least 20 sex papers, with an aggregate circulation exceeding half a million weekly, carrying house ads for sex products. An estimated 300,000 catalogues were issued half-yearly, with a response rate of between 60 and 75 percent.

Nobody knows the national turnovers the sex trade reached in, say, 1975, because nobody knows the extent of the imports. One operator, who took his profit and sold out at the right time, did his best to stab at an estimate.

"I suggest you get the Taxation Department's figures for those boom years, then multiply by 10," he said.

It was also about that time that the Hannah and Harry jokes started. The couple went to extraordinary lengths to conceal from wealthy Jewish friends the real nature of their own lucrative business, yet they held their staff meetings at



"Oh hell Arnold, I wish you wouldn't take everything so literally!"

the Hakoah Club, one of Sydney's better known Jewish watering holes.

"There we were, an unruly menagerie of poofers, dunces, dykes, con merchants and drag queens. How could they watch us and not know what we were into?" said a former employee.

But the most hilarious Hannah and Harry story wasn't a joke, because it happened, and in spades. Harry's misfortunes began the day an elderly gentleman visited the shop to make a selection from the six types of artificial vaginas on display. Two days after making his selection he returned to exchange it for another in the range because the clitoris had fallen off.

Harry grudgingly made the exchange, and the customer departed with a model adorned with black pubic hair, because he was of Indian descent and fair women didn't appeal to him. A few days later he was back because the hair had fallen out. This time Harry sent him off with a model sporting an inbuilt vibrator, which also proved unsatisfactory because the vibrator stopped vibrating.

A reluctant Harry exchanged it for another model and told him to take his future business elsewhere. But when the man arrived a fourth time to complain that his prized vagina had gone mouldy, Harry told him to get nicked.

This prompted the outraged customer to contact the Consumer Affairs Department, who bravely tried to sort out the mess. Legal action followed when Harry steadfastly refused to either replace the vagina or refund the money.

When Harry arrived in court with the entire vagina range in his brief case, the magistrate inspected the exhibits, heard the evidence, and did his utmost to remain solemn. Harry was prepared to fight to the bitter end, but his resolve collapsed when the complainant astounded the beak and the court officials by producing his wife to testify that the artificial cunts (his words) were no good. A shamefaced Harry had to slink back to the Cross to face Hannah's wrath over having the case and the costs found against them.

Another of Hannah's old staff tells a story that must be prefaced with the explanation that with so many porn titles being issued, the naming of books becomes a real challenge.

"How many different ways are there of saying 'fuck'?" is a common lament among porn editors seeking originality, for they also had to avoid duplicating titles used by their competitors.

One day Hannah was on her best behavior while interviewing a Jewish dignitary who was interested in discussing the size of her contribution to a kosher charity. She was interrupted by a call from a manager wanting a further stock of a book with the quaint title of *Cunt Marbles*. After a profuse apology to her distinguished caller for the interruption,

she leaned back in her chair, tilted her face to the far row of bookshelves, and bellowed: "Hey 'Arry. You got any *Cunt Marbles* down there?"

The visitor appeared somewhat astonished, a reaction which was not apparent in another caller with whom Hannah tried to put on the dog. He was a carrier who had staggered up the stairs with a weighty load of books, and was looking desperately at Hannah for directions on where to dump his burden.

"Come on, missus. Where do you want these bastards put?" he pleaded.

"How dare you swear in here?" Hannah said haughtily, fixing him with an old-fashioned look.

The flabbergasted carrier dropped his load, straightened up to mop his brow, and gazed about at the rows of vibrators, anal dildos, outlandish plastic pricks with bulging balls leering out of their sacs, artificial vaginas, and sundry assorted sex

The advent of Bankcard and video cassette recorders had a temporary steadying effect on the slump.

aids. "Why shouldn't I swear in here?" he demanded. "It isn't a fucking cathedral, is it?"

With so much easy revenue in an industry wherein even Harry could succeed, it would seem inevitable that the heavies would move in for their share. That they did not is either a reflection on the police or a tribute to the police of the day, depending on one's acceptance of the proposition that the law is incorruptible. Several porn shop operators claim they paid police both for protection and for warning them of impending raids, the system that applied so well in the days of street bookmakers.

Those who say cannot back their allegations, and those who know do not say, so each individual must assess his judgements by the facts that the stand-over men never moved in, that nobody appeared to be persecuted, and that, save for two Victorians convicted of selling child porn, nobody has been imprisoned for operating a sex shop.

Not until October last year did anybody claim they were being victimised. Don James, a Perth sex shop proprietor,

made this charge after being fined a total of \$2750 for possessing obscene publications. James claimed that while he ran the most discreet bookshop in Perth, he had been singled out for prosecution while other outlets selling exactly the same materials had been left untouched. Superintendent George Brown, head of the Liquor and Gaming Squad, said he was satisfied James was not being singled out, though between May and September 1980, he had been raided nine times and convicted five times.

It was late in 1976 when Hannah and Harry scented a downturn and decided to franchise out their dozen or so outlets outside the immediate Cross area. Under an ingenious contract they set a selling price of a neat \$100,000, with a guaranteed bank overdraft of \$10,000 as deposit, so that the purchaser was up for \$110,000 plus interest over three years. The pair retained a monopoly to supply the purchasers, whose monthly loan payments depended on the amount of stock they took from Hannah and Harry.

The franchise which bought \$2000 of stock in a month was obliged to repay \$850, though if he improved to \$5000 the next month his repayment dropped to \$650. The minimum monthly rental was \$600 when \$8000 of stock was bought.

It was good business for Hannah and Harry who, as importers, were taking a nice wholesale profit from supplying the franchises. But the reduced repayment incentive to hustle more stock backfired when all but two failed to meet their commitments. Hannah and Harry succeeded only in weaving an accounting tangle which nobody has yet unravelled.

The advent of Bankcard and the appearance of video cassette recorders had a temporary steadying effect on the slump. The buying public appreciated the extension of Bankcard to cover their sexual fancies, but all the portents indicated that the industry was floundering. Some understanding of the reasons might be gleaned by harking back to the format of a typical sex shop of 1977.

On entering the premises, the prospective buyer found himself surrounded by shelves of unclassified books and magazines, and display cases of sex aids, which were permissible in the immediate off-street area as novelty items. A second door, bearing a printed warning about the middle section's contents, led to a display of hard core books and magazines. The third section housed the pornographic film projectors.

"It was the ideal layout," says one proprietor who failed. "Every Thursday and Friday we had a stream of regulars who came in for *Ribald*. Since this was sold in the middle section, they had to pass the sex aid display on their way in and out. While in the middle they might browse through the other hard core material and make impulse purchases.

"Those who came in to view the films had to be involved in all three sections, but you had to hope they made their impulse purchases on the way in, because so many wanked off in there, they'd lost interest in sex by the time they came out."

Such merchandising techniques were vital to proprietors faced with an increased monthly loan repayment should his sales diminish, but the seams were parting inexorably. The expected spiral in the sales of porno film cassettes didn't materialise, mainly because of the high initial cost of the equipment. The legitimate industry found that a minority of about 10 percent of the public would spend about \$1100 on the hardware, while the porn pedlars found that only 10 percent of that minority was interested in their product.

The next jolt came when Bill Horne put *Ribald*, *Bawdy* and *Gay* into those newsagencies which would stock them under the counter for sale on request. The *Ribald*-type impulse buyers ceased patronising sex shops.

"By the winter of 1978 we knew we were going for a burton," the proprietor says. "There were plenty of people about in the Cross late at night, but in our area we were wasting time staying open after five on cold nights."

"The increase in the number of outlets eroded our revenue even further, and since we couldn't compensate by extending our trading hours, we had no choice than to scarper out of our contracts."

One suburban operator who doesn't mind remaining open until midnight is a delicatessen owner on Sydney's north shore. At six every night he locks away the meats and cheeses in his shop in Military Road, and gets out his *Ribalds* and other porn magazines for display. His great advantage is that he is not pestered by competition, because the northside newsagents aren't keen to lower the tone of the district by stocking under-counter publications.

But the north shore isn't known as the "gin, Volvo and wife-swapping belt" for nothing, and the residents' tastes in erotica vary little from those in West Preston or Bexley North. If the deli man ever becomes confused between a dildo and a salami, his grin as he enters the bank doesn't betray it.

Of the four major importers of porn, Jan Domabyl and Hannah and Harry seem the likely survivors. Employees of a third Sydney-based group are relieved when the bank honors the weekly wages cheque, while the fourth importer has already changed his name three times, and has developed the strange quirk of continually peering over his shoulder.

The one solid publisher of Australian pornography is Bill Horne, who will survive well. Those who have watched his progress since his arrival from New

Zealand 10 years ago have resembled tennis viewers, save that they've gazed up and down rather than from side to side. But he was never as far down as his watchers believed, or wanted to believe, and he outstayed them all to entrench himself as Australia's king of porn.

Who buys porn in Australia today, and what do they buy?

Pornography respects no geographical, ethnic or sub-cultural boundaries. There is no sample of the residences or occupations of people who patronise sex shops, and a distribution print-out of *Ribald*'s top selling areas would be misleading because of the magazine's haphazardly available outlets. It is the mailing lists which confirm emphatically that sex products sell fairly uniformly across every suburb of every capital city, and every major country centre.

There is no socio-economic bias evident. In fact, the sales are so evenly

Books and magazines are the biggest sellers, followed by sex aids, cassettes and novelty items.

distributed that suburbs like St Ives and Toorak appear to have higher per capita mail order purchases than some of Sydney's western suburbs, due no doubt to the access to sex shops in the more densely populated areas.

Books and magazines are the biggest sellers, followed by sex aids, cassettes and novelty items. Proprietors estimate 90 percent of customers buy for their own needs, with gifts and practical jokes accounting for the remainder.

The books continue to sell despite their sameness. Homosexual action is in good demand, with lesbian porn easily out-selling male gay books and magazines. These sales confirm that while heterosexual men perve on lesbian lust, heterosexual women have little interest in studying poofers, even though the models are all endowed with monstrous penises.

The biggest drop has been in sales of vaginal, clitoral and anal vibrators. When a woman's vibrator peters out she replenishes it with batteries. If she's far enough into it to have eight or 10 vibrators she's just about exhausted the range, and the next catalogue that drops

into her letter box can offer nothing new.

Dildos, and condoms with attached ticklers, are also part of a diminishing or largely non-recurring market. The more costly items, like dollies and penis enlargers, are still moving slowly, but again, their market is well saturated. Five years ago, when a sex shop's weekly takings were lagging, the situation could be restored by the weekend sale of three or four cock enlargers, or a few dollies, but today this would be a rarity. So it seems that the novelty has gone from the novelty sex goods.

The Prices Justification Tribunal has never interfered with the porn and sex aids industries, though from the outset the proprietors recognised that a cartel arrangement was necessary to protect their mark-ups. Traders who could land a book for \$2 and sell it for \$18 might have been tempted to increase turnover by cutting prices, yet for almost five years the rigid price fixing was generally adhered to. The few who did break the agreement were invariably raided by police within a few days, and the status quo was restored when they pondered the coincidence. So perhaps a certain Perth citizen who feels he is being prosecuted could be suffering by his rank incapacity to interpret coincidence.

Sydney remains the hub of the Australian sex industry because it was forged in Sydney and its spokes emanated from there. Had the cartel been successfully maintained, the surplus of suppliers would have been shaken out and the industry would have diminished to realistic proportions without sacrificing the mark-up honey pot.

It was one of the cartel's own architects whose treachery engendered its destruction. When his own importing structure began to buckle, he flooded the market with poor quality reproductions of high class overseas porn. Even those who would dispute that any porn could be rated high class would have to be impressed with the technical excellence of the Scandinavian and German products.

Though the producers of Australian porn had by then the technology to reproduce overseas pornography on newsprint or poorer quality magazine stock, this was regarded by the major importers as being legitimate business, since the Australian products such as *Ribald* and *Bawdy* had established their niche in the market place, and were not seen as being in competition with the high selling imports.

The renegade then shocked his former associates by raiding a Marrickville warehouse and lifting a rival's cache of contraband imported porn in much the same way as the Capones might have heisted a rival's stock off illicit liquor.

He acted with complete legal immunity, for the victim wasn't about to complain to the police that he'd been robbed.

This then prompted a non-importing operator to raid a second warehouse with full confidence that the blame would attach to the major renegade, and after a further sporadic spate of robberies, certain uneasy Customs officers were galvanised into quadrupling their efficiency ratings almost overnight. Within three months they had confiscated contraband porn valued at between \$100,000 and \$500,000, depending on the assessor's involvement.

Most informed observers believe, and the number who qualify as such are few indeed, that the seized imports had a landed aggregate value of about \$80,000, which would indicate a retail value of about half a million dollars according to the diminished mark-ups then applying.

"The mark-ups had to fall because the major suppliers no longer trusted each other," claimed a former shop owner. "The last time they gathered at Hannah and Harry's to set the standard retail prices, the spirit of harmony and co-operation would have brought tears to your eyes. Then they all dispersed to prepare their catalogues, which were all at variance with the agreed rates."

The diligence of the Customs men who seized the contraband was not duplicated by their colleagues responsible for guarding the treasure, if in fact any Customs men were deployed to sentry duty. It is known only that some person or persons unknown raided the Customs store and made off with the confiscated material. While the theft was concealed from the media, and therefore from the public, detachments of Customs officers made lightning raids on the premises of those who might reasonably have been suspected of having acquired some of the stolen goods.

Only one parcel of the loot has ever been positively sighted, and that under the most curious circumstances. Five men, representing themselves as Customs officers, visited the premises of the operator who is known to be having difficulties with his payroll cheques. After a fairly thorough search of his haphazardly stored stock they departed, apparently satisfied that he was clean.

Two hours later one of the men returned alone, to inform the proprietor that a quantity of cassettes could be had for \$500 with no questions asked. Since the material was in high demand and not available elsewhere, the tempted proprietor visualised a retail profit of about \$5000 and, to his discredit, he succumbed instantly to that temptation.

There would have been a neat twist to the story had the backslider not seen his money, the goods or the man again, but his faith in human nature was vindicated within the hour when a courier arrived with the promised cassettes. Whether the vendor was, or was not, a bogus

Customs officer must be open to speculation, though the proprietor concerned has no doubts in his own mind.

Any assessment of a general national trend in attitudes to the sex industry must be clouded by the varying laws, and official policies in enforcing those laws, in different States.

Though Tasmania has no sex shops, there is nothing to prevent anybody from opening one there provided local ordinances are adhered to. Aside from the considerable volume of mail order goods reaching the island State, would-be purchasers may make their choice at any of the seven big newsagency outlets which operate under laws akin to those applying in New South Wales. The big guns in Sydney, who are agreed that a sex shop would succeed well in Hobart, are content to service the mail order trade and the newsagencies, and leave anything more ambitious to domestic enterprise.

Sydney sex shops are to be moved off the street frontages, but neither they nor the blue movie houses are to be closed.

Western Australia seems to fluctuate between guarded permissiveness and a policy of selective suppression. Just before Christmas, Perth had nine adult bookshops. Generally they are left alone, yet as one operator has already discovered, convictions are easily obtained in courts, and they carry fines which could bankrupt any of the nine shops if imposed rigidly.

Adelaide's sex shops have been battered by official harassment and by the greatly increased sale of sex goods in migrant-owned delicatessens. Child pornography is the subject of widespread media debate in South Australia, yet none of the clergymen who've haunted the shops ostensibly seeking this type of material have managed to find any of it.

"We see them leafing through our books hoping to find child porn and, presumably, enjoying themselves in the process," said the owner of one of Adelaide's two remaining sex shops. "Anti-porn crusaders in other States have conceded that sex shops wouldn't risk having child porn on their premises, but here there is still political mileage in

insisting that we carry it." He did not see the closing of two Adelaide sex shops last October as a victory for the crusaders, but rather as an indication that under-the-counter sales in "respectable" shops were making the purely adult sex shops unprofitable.

Melbourne now has between 30 and 35 sex shops operating profitably, including two new ones which opened late last year. The few still encountering harassment by councils are located in outer suburbs, and the industry is satisfied that the heat is now off in Victoria.

There has been some effort in Melbourne to boost the flagging sales of sex aids by peddling them off at organised house parties with a marketing style usually associated with products like Tupperware. The extravagant claims of the widespread success of these so-called vibrator parties are not supported by wholesale suppliers of sex novelties.

The mailing lists of five major suppliers reveal a thriving market for pornographic books, magazines and films in Queensland, while sales of sex aids to that State through Australia Post run at slightly higher than the national average. Although Queensland has no sex shops apart from the five operating profitably on its doorstep at Tweed Heads, there are no enforceable laws against the sale of objectionable material. The Coolangatta constable who arrested a drunk driver and found an inflatable dolly in the back of his car was unable to lay any charges other than those indicated by the breathalyser. And the dolly, a life-size "male" with a 10-inch donger and a superbly modelled rectum, was not confiscated.

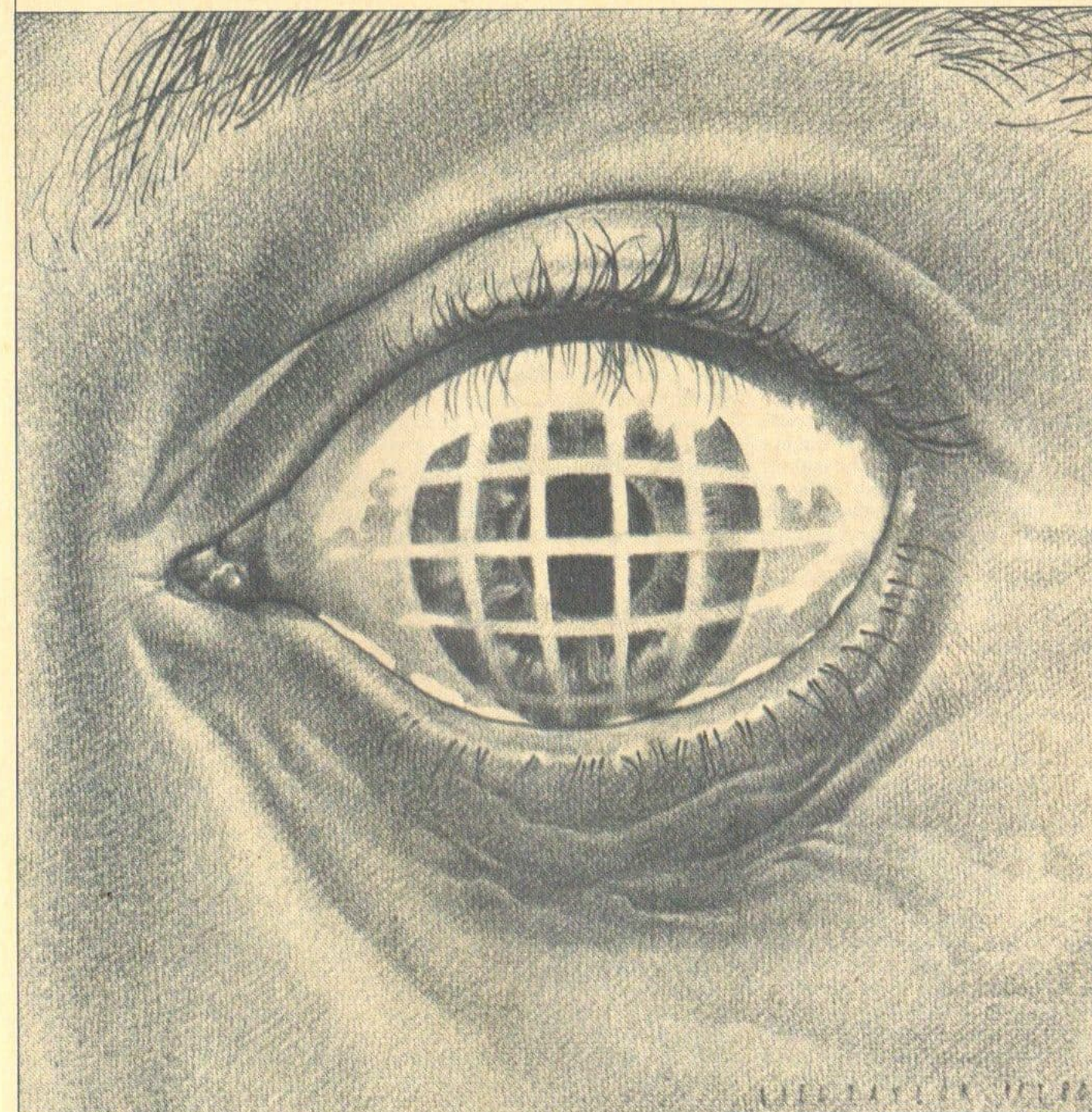
"Sex Shops To Face Tough Law" was a typical heading in the Sydney press last year, but such headlines didn't gladden the hearts of the Festival of Light faithful. The sex shops are to be moved off the street frontages, but neither they nor the blue movie houses are to be closed.

There is no longer a moral issue involved. The depiction of fornication on the screen and the peddling of salacious material are both permissible and acceptable provided they don't commit the most heinous civic sin of all, that of depressing neighboring property values by their presence.

Andrew Milroy, a 32-year-old Roman Catholic brother, gained some notoriety last year by kneeling outside an Albury sex shop and praying to God to make it go away. Cynical sex trade observers say God will probably get the credit when the porn boom bursts and the scene diminishes into a relatively small and unspectacular service industry.

Having accepted the inevitability of the situation, they are now locked in the battle for survival. And a tight battle it will be, because with postal and printing costs still increasing, the response rate from catalogues has plummeted. ○

What if someone decided the end was inevitable and took action to ensure a small number of people survived?



THE FINAL ESCAPE

Lewis collapsed to the floor exhausted, his voice almost hoarse from screaming. If someone had walked through the padded door at the moment, he knew he lacked the strength to even curse them. A click, then a soft whirring distracted him from his frustration, a panel had slid open in the far wall and a glass of clear liquid was offered to him by a grotesque, mechanical hand. Lewis managed a sardonic smile, he wasn't going to fall for that one.

"Lewis." The voice sent a chill down his spine. "The liquid is only water, a mild sedative has been added to relax you, please drink it."

"Stick it!" Lewis croaked. He located the speaker and searched frantically for something to throw at it.

"Lewis, when you are rested and willing to act rationally, your present situation and the reason for it will be explained to you, please drink the water."

"Fuck you!" The speaker clicked off and the mechanical arm withdrew, leaving the water on a small table by the bed. The silence enveloped him. Lewis rubbed his stubbled shin and surveyed his surroundings, it reminded him of a second-rate motel he'd stayed at some years ago. The wardrobe had a selection of finely tailored clothes, all his exact size. The dresser possessed an ample supply of new underwear, some handkerchiefs and a number of jumpers and cardigans. Lewis sighed heavily, the padded walls and thick carpet devouring the

BY ALEX O'HARA

sound instantly as it had his screams — it just didn't make sense. He pushed lethargically at the tangled mass of black hair that had fallen irritably across his forehead, at 39 years of age, he wasn't conditioned for this type of treatment. His eyes suddenly fell upon the small, tinted window that was almost completely hidden by the book case, he dragged the recliner under it and peered out. The glass was thick, probably unbreakable, he'd try it later anyway. The soft rolling countryside wasn't totally unexpected. If he was a prisoner of some kind, an out of the way hideout was normal procedure, according to the movies he'd seen. Lewis checked through the only other door in the room. It led to a small bathroom, even a razor and blades had been supplied. Well, they weren't expecting him to suicide in the near future. He found an air conditioner, a closed circuit camera eye which came as no surprise, and the only object of mystery in the room. The panel was affixed half way up the featureless side wall, nine red buttons protruding evenly along it. Each button was marked with different letters of the alphabet, not in any order that he could discern.

He tried D, nothing happened. TV seemed obvious, but he pushed it anyway. A panel slid back in the wall opposite the bed and the 100cm screen blinked to life. Bogey drawled "Here's looking at you" for the millionth time and a commercial rudely replaced him. Lewis pressed again and the panel slid back silently.

C produced coffee from a previously hidden compartment beneath the main panel, he sniffed it, it was percolated. What the hell, he thought, and added the powdered milk and sugar from the paper sachets. There was nothing to be gained by fighting them just yet, he settled down in the recliner and drank.

He'd been writing another article, this time on the morality of human transplants. The implications of what was now a scientific fact were frightening. Internal organs had become acceptable, even an arm or a leg, but the head, the brain — the mind boggled.

The knock on the door had been authoritative, he was in his dressing gown as he always seemed to be when typing. As he'd opened the door, the prick in his arm and the instantaneous effect of the drug hadn't even allowed time for him to notice who, or what for that matter, had taken him. When he'd come to, he'd shouted until his voice had thrown in the towel, abusing his unknown captors. Now it was time for more rational thinking.

"Lewis." The deep, metallic voice startled him. "Are you ready to listen?" It was monotone, not human.

"Maybe, I want a few questions answered first."

"Please ask."

"Okay, the obvious one first, where am I?"

"You are here, in the room."

"You know what I mean, damn you. Is this a government institution?"

"No."

"Well what is it?"

"It is a place of protection."

"From whom?"

"From those who would destroy you."

"And who might they be?" Lewis was losing his patience.

"Your own kind."

"I'm a prisoner, correct me if I'm wrong?"

"Not in the true sense of the word."

"Don't bandy words with me you bastard. If you're keeping me here against my will I'm a prisoner."

"You are here for your own good. It will all be explained to you soon." The voice was like a block of ice, devoid of emotion.

"You are a computer I presume?"

"You are stating a fact. I was under the impression you wished to question me." Lewis wanted to hurl every obscenity he knew at it — he kept his cool.

"Okay, assuming you're what you say you are, are there any more people here?"

"Only those who are in the same situation as yourself." Lewis rubbed his chin absently. That was interesting.

"Well, who the hell looks after you?"

"My creators have made me completely self sufficient."

"Well, where are your creators?"

"They are not here."

"They are not here." Lewis mocked it sarcastically. "Well, when will they be here, you evasive metallic turd?"

"When you are ready."

"And when will that be pray tell?"

"That is up to you Lewis." Lewis exhaled loudly and reflected for a moment, the present conversation was getting him nowhere. At least co-operation would enable him to attain a few more facts. The more he knew about this place the better his chances of escape, if the opportunity arose.

"Okay, I'm ready to listen." The speaker clicked off and the door opened, Lewis hesitantly stepped out.

The corridor was wide and well lit, the walls a dazzling white. He touched one to see if the paint was still wet. A blank wall lay a few paces to the left. Lewis moved like a jaywalker in heavy traffic in the only other direction. A young woman attired in a simple, full length white nightie stepped tentatively from the next door along. She wasn't a tall buxom blonde, scared and helpless, throwing herself gratefully into his arms. She looked very ordinary.

This definitely wasn't like the movies.

"Hello," she said cheerfully. "Quite cloak and dagger isn't it?"

"I wish I saw the humor in it." Lewis scratched his chin as more people emerged out of doors along the corridor. Some were dressed in pyjamas and Lewis felt a little less self conscious in his crumpled brown dressing-gown. Obviously they'd all been through the same paces.

"I suppose you've got no idea why we're here either?"

"Nope," she chirped. "It's all very exciting though." Lewis shook his head. The dumb broad, wait until they started roughing her up, they'd wipe off that pretty smile permanently. "My name's Sandy," she offered her hand.

"Lewis." It was spoken as flat as he felt. "C'mon, let's see what this is all about."

The corridor ended at two large swinging doors and they entered to find a small theatre, half full of people who looked as equally confused as Lewis. Orderly rows of chairs sat facing a portable movie screen and Lewis saw no point in doing anything other than taking one. Sandy settled beside him.

"Please be seated." The computer was developing a bad habit of scaring the hell out of him. Everybody sat.

"To explain in more detail the purpose of your abduction, my creators have prepared this film as an illustration of the events that prompted them to take such action." The lights dimmed and Lewis needed to go to the toilet. He wondered if they'd let him out the door.

The film showed documented clips from various past wars, and not your standard, censored newsreels either. In fact some of the atrocities even made Lewis feel quite ill, and he wasn't exactly weak in the stomach. A number of heads in front seemed to have disappeared between the seats — a few had evidently fainted.

Then came a selection of newspaper clippings, some of which Lewis was very familiar with. Murder, corruption, violence in general, victimisation of innocent people by government and religious orders. The last clip really made him sit up, the transplanting of human brains into unidentified bodies. Powerful people desiring to extend their life span, unscrupulous in their methods and willing to pay a fortune to obtain a young, healthy donor. The film ceased and the lights came on, nobody spoke.

"Not a pretty picture." The computer's voice echoed ominously around the hushed theatre. "My creators believe that this mass mental sickness, the contagious insanity that has gripped the inhabitants of your world, is too malignant and too widespread for them to be able to control it, let alone cure it. That your race will

destroy itself is a foregone conclusion. So that it will not perish forever and as it is my creators' desire to achieve this end, you people have been selected for your high degree of sanity to perpetuate the line after the inevitable end."

"You're repeating yourself!" Lewis shouted, the monotonous voice was driving him crazy.

"Some people do not hear very well Lewis." Damn it, it knew his voice, he felt like strangling it.

The computer addressed them again.

"Please return to your rooms and reflect upon what you have seen and heard. Tomorrow you will be allowed freedom of access. We shall also discuss your feelings on the actions of my creators." The speakers clicked off. Lewis stroked his chin and could have sworn it echoed in the silence.

"Well, what do you think?" Sandy asked. Lewis liked her voice.

"Too early to tell. I want to see how much freedom they do allow us. If they let us outside we might be able to get some bearings as to where we are."

"You don't believe it do you?"

"No."

"Do you think they'll harm us?"

"Only if we're naughty. Tell me, has insanity ever run in your family?" He took her by the arm and led her back to her room.

"Huh?"

"I mean, this could be one hell of an advanced asylum for the mentally insane. I don't remember cracking, but if I did maybe I wouldn't have known about it anyway."

"You're mad," she laughed, "but not that mad." Lewis left her at the door and returned to his own room. A nagging pain in the pit of his stomach made him aware that he'd completely lost track of the time.

"What time is it?" He wasn't really expecting a reply.

"Six o'clock Earth time." Lewis ignored the last two words.

"How do I get some dinner around here?"

"Press button D." A glutton's dream was printed on the plastic menu that slid from the compartment under the panel. "Please state your choice and it will be provided by pressing button D again."

"Cream of mushroom soup." Lewis pressed, the compartment opened and the tantalising aroma nearly made him faint. After two hours of selecting, eating and drinking, Lewis decided he'd had enough. "My compliments to the chef. How do you keep all that stuff?"

"It is all synthetically produced. I am programmed for all the chemical combinations and visual appearances of all the items on the menu."

"You mean you make it on the spot, as soon as it's asked for?"

"That is correct." Lewis belched, he'd eaten too much.

The wine had knocked him about a bit and he struggled to attune to the day's events. It sure was one hell of a fiction story. The creators the computer had kept referring to, were they human? The absence of attendants of any kind was mystifying, everything appeared to be automatic. It was conceivable that a computer could handle an infinite number of tasks if it was big enough and programmed correctly.

He tried to re-create a mental image of his captors through the slowly thickening alcohol haze — it had happened so fast. Were they humans, humanoids, robots? Anything was possible. A sick world, mass insanity, whoever the creators were they weren't far wrong.

"Time to get up Lewis," the voice whispered. Lewis hit the floor with a sloppy thud — he'd slept all night in the recliner. He picked himself up and staggered to the bathroom, rubbing his eyes vigorously. The cold water did its best to revive him as he jammed what was left of his head under the faucet.

As though unaware of his condition, his stomach compelled him toward the panel to press button B, which he guessed was the breakfast button.

"The coffee's funny," he lied — he wasn't too sure about that, it tasted too good.

"There is nothing wrong with the coffee Lewis," the computer replied immediately. "If you desire to change any of the items on the menu, please stipulate and they will be changed."

"I want some fresh strawberries and cream." He felt like being difficult.

"Press button B please." Lewis pressed, they looked better than he remembered and tasted equally as good. "No thanks are necessary." The computer clicked off. Lewis chuckled, did he detect a trace of hurt? He showered, shaved and selected a pair of brown cords and a white shirt, the lassitude was gradually wearing off.

"What now?"

"Proceed to the theatre." Sandy was waiting for him outside her door.

"Hi, sleep well?" Did she ever stop smiling he thought?

"Not as well as you obviously." She had on a bright pink skirt and a bone jumper that accented her breasts, which he'd failed to notice yesterday.

"Did you know the doors weren't locked last night?" she asked as they strolled down the corridor.

"No, it didn't occur to me to try it. If I'd known I would have invited you in for a drink, if it wasn't too late."

"Oh, it's never too late for a drink," she grinned cheekily as they entered

the theatre. Lewis had a good look around this time. He still knew nobody but no one else appeared to be any better off.

"Mister Lewis." Lewis turned to find a young man of about 25, a beaming smile on his almost baby-like face. "You don't know me but I saw an interview with you on your fight against pollution a few years ago. My name's Don, Don Palmer."

"Hi, where did they grab you?"

"At my flat. I'm a musician. I was just sitting at home practising when they knocked at the door and pow, here I am." Lewis introduced Sandy. A few others wandered over and introduced themselves, the computer cut them short. "Please be seated."

"It's the politest computer I've ever known," someone joked. It helped to ease the tension that was still evident.

"Questions please."

"Where exactly is this place?" someone asked.

"As I have stated before, you are in a place where you will be safe from those who would harm you." Lewis smiled the cynic's smile.

"Can you be more specific?" he shouted.

"No." They all waited, but it elaborated no further.

"May we leave if we wish?"

"That is impossible. To leave would mean certain death in your own world and I am sure you do not wish to die."

"I think you're exaggerating the situation," someone said, a lot of others nodded still not aware of their position. "Things don't seem that bad to me. Sure we fight a lot, our history is riddled with wars, but we've learnt to live with it."

"My creators see otherwise. You will have destroyed yourselves within this century."

"If you mean in a nuclear holocaust, then how are we to survive? I mean, we're still on Earth, aren't we?" The pause was agonising. "We're not on Earth?"

"That is correct." Everyone but Lewis gasped in amazement.

"What if we choose to disbelieve you?" he yelled.

"That is your choice, I have stated the facts. If my efforts in preventing you from escaping fail, should you decide to do so, I cannot be held responsible for your deaths."

"In other words, you will try to kill us if we attempt to escape?"

"No, I am incapable of harming you. Only you can decide your own fate, I can only reason with you."

"When do we meet your creators?"

"When you are all properly adjusted to your situation."

"Presuming that we are on another planet and have no way of returning to

Earth, why aren't we allowed outside? Is the air unbreathable?"

"You will be permitted outside whenever you wish from this moment on. However there are certain boundaries which you must not proceed past, to do so would result in your death. You have complete access to everything within these boundaries. I am programmed to cater for all your needs. Accept your situation and all will be well." Lewis couldn't help remaining sceptical, it was an important part of his make-up.

"It's a government plot, it has to be," he whispered to Sandy. "We're all probably dangerous to society in one way or another, misfits, radicals, law breakers."

"How can you be sure, I mean I'm just a harmless little librarian? I've never done anything against the law in my life, not that I know of anyway."

"How can you be sure this is what the computer says it is?"

"I guess I can't."

"If it's a government job we'll have to be damned careful, they'll stop at nothing to keep us here."

"I trust you," she smiled.

"You're madder than I am," Lewis replied.

The countryside was beautiful, pure harmony, perfect, too bloody perfect, Lewis thought to himself. He pulled at a tuft of grass and was slightly disappointed, it seemed real enough. If it had been synthetic, which was still a possibility, the computer's story would have been a step closer to feasibility. Then again, who was to deny that somewhere in the universe existed a planet similar to Earth? The whole set up was a paradox. It annoyed him that he couldn't work it out.

"It's like Paradise," Sandy exclaimed as she pranced like an innocent child through a natural garden.

"What?"

"It's so pure, untouched by human hands so to speak."

"Oh yeah, too good to be true. The government can be pretty thorough. I mean this could be one hell of a movie set — wait until the sky gets a rip in it." Sandy giggled.

"Have you always been so cynical?"

"No, only since I got out of nappies."

Others were wandering off in different directions and a sudden glint between a sparse cluster of trees caught Lewis's eye. "Over there."

He grabbed Sandy by the arm and dragged her unceremoniously with him as he strode toward the flash of light. He gauged the distance as roughly 10 kilometres and it didn't take long for him to realise the error of his hastiness — they were both nearly out of breath before they were half way there.

"This better be worth the effort,"

Sandy panted as they rested a while.

"You want to wait here?" he gasped.

"And miss the discovery of the century?" They resumed their ill prepared journey. The glint slowly materialised into a bright strip and the strip became a wire mesh fence more than six metres high. They sank wearily to their knees and Lewis cursed his physical condition as his eyes followed the outline of the fence. It stretched across their path until it disappeared beyond its respective horizons, curving inward at both ends. On the other side, the country rolled on unperturbed, something about it bothered him but he couldn't put his finger on it. The voice nearly gave him a cardiac arrest.

"Lewis, the fence is for your own protection."

"You ever heard of knocking?" Lewis spat sarcastically.

"You must not try to go beyond the fence."

"If I tried now, would you stop me?"

"I can only warn you, if you go beyond the fence you will die." Lewis pondered for a moment.

"Is the fence electrified?"

"No." He took off his belt and threw it at the mesh, it fell to the ground unaffected. He looked at Sandy and shrugged.

"C'mon, it must be close to lunch time. I want to see if it can marinate a steak as well as it protects us from the truth."

Lewis spent the rest of the day questioning the others. There didn't seem to be many dissidents among them, in fact most were quite normal law abiding citizens. It killed his theory about social deviants.

He'd struck up a conversation with a psychologist who, along with Don Palmer and himself, was just as sceptical of the computer's explanations. However, between the three of them they still couldn't come up with a foolproof alternative. All the others seemed to have accepted their new environment quite happily.

They'd found a clear stream and traced it to the source. A fairy-tale lake awaited them abundant with fish and plant life. There were tennis courts and a billiard room, saunas and a gym, the televisions remained idle as everyone enjoyed the pleasure of outdoor life in a perfect climate.

He'd questioned the reception of the televisions and been given a lecture in advanced technology that had lost him after the first sentence. Lewis was nearly convinced, nearly ready to accept and enjoy until the news got back to him. Sandy told him as she undressed for bed that night.

"Someone's disappeared."

"What do you mean someone's disappeared?"

"Someone's vanished, kaput, finito."

"How do you know?"

"Jerry the psychologist told me. It was that musician, what was his name?"

"Don Palmer. How do they know he isn't just wandering around, sleeping out?"

"Jerry saw him go through the fence, he couldn't stop him."

"Through the fence?" Lewis sat up and rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"What about the computer?"

"It warned him. Evidently he broke through the mesh with some cutters he'd made. The computer kept trying to talk him out of it."

"You mean it let him cut the mesh?" Sandy slid under the sheets.

"Jerry said it was quite amusing, the computer just kept reasoning with him and Don kept swearing at it and telling it to shut up. When the hole was big enough he squeezed through and vanished."

"You mean he ran out of sight."

"No, vanished. Jerry said he just disappeared into thin air." Lewis clambered out of bed and pulled his trousers on.

"I've got to see Jerry."

"He doesn't know any more."

"He'll be thinking it over right now. He's a psychologist, isn't he?"

Lewis was up before the sun rose and collected one drowsy and objectionable psychologist on the way to the fence.

"You could have at least let me have some breakfast," Jerry grumbled as they trudged up a gentle incline. Lewis ignored him, there were questions that needed answering. They arrived at the fence just as the sun surfaced. It shimmered unnaturally giving a slightly out of focus effect. Lewis blinked a few times but it didn't sharpen the image. Jerry pulled at his arm. "It was here, I'm sure of it." He was visibly flustered, there was no sign of the hole.

"They've patched it up. That's logical. Tell me again, everything that happened, even anything that may seem insignificant." As Jerry related the incident for the third time, Lewis could feel the computer's presence.

"Nothing else?" Jerry shook his head.

"Wait. There was one thing as he disappeared. At the exact instant he vanished there was a sucking sound. It was barely noticeable, I could have imagined it I suppose." Lewis scratched his chin. He took off his belt and weighed the buckle, it would do. He rolled it up tight, took aim and hurled it over the fence, it vanished in mid-air on the other side.

"The suck, did you hear it?" Jerry was excited.

"Yes, I heard it," Lewis sighed, his mind deep in thought. "Computer," he shouted.

"Yes Lewis."

"What's beyond the fence?"

"Nothing."

"Elaborate please."

"Nothing, space, infinity."

"What about the hills we can see?"

"It is an illusion." It clicked, the scenery had bothered him ever since his first visit to the fence.

"A mirror image."

"What did you say?" Jerry asked.

"Beyond the fence, it's a mirror image of what's behind us."

"If that's the case, then why aren't we reflected in it?"

"I don't know," Lewis slumped to his knees and exhaled like a man lost. "Ask the computer. I'm sure you'll get an explanation, whether you understand it is another story."

"Well what do you think happened to Don?" Lewis chuckled to himself, he was beginning to feel like a cheap detective.

"I can only hazard a guess, Jerry. The answers seem to be getting further away all the time. Assuming that it's some kind of electro magnetic curtain, and that Don didn't disintegrate as he passed through, I think you've got two possibilities. One he's emerged on the other side and found himself still on Earth, that all this is just a man-made illusion for some bizarre experiment, or," Lewis smiled the cynic's smile, the look of anticipation on Jerry's face was priceless.

"Or what?"

"Maybe the computer's telling the truth." They walked back to the complex in silence, each with his own thoughts. Lewis returned to his room.

"Computer."

"Yes Lewis."

"Your creators, what do they look like?"

"I have no information concerning their appearance."

"How long are we to remain here?"

"I have been programmed to cater for your needs indefinitely." Lewis rubbed his chin and became aware of the idiosyncrasy for the first time in his life.

"We're here for the rest of our lives?"

"That is correct."

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"What lady, please repeat the question?" Lewis fell to the floor in a fit of raucous laughter as Sandy knocked and poked her head around the door.

"Are you all right?" Lewis struggled to his feet and wiped his eyes.

"I got him on that one."

"What do you mean?"

"The computer, oh never mind." Lewis sat on the bed cackling.

"Are you sure you're all right?"

"Yeah, I'm just as insane as I've always been. Look hon', I've made a decision. You've got to know because I feel a lot for you. Sit down next to me." Sandy settled down on the bed. "I'm a hopeless cynic, you know that don't you?" She smiled and nodded. "And I'm in love with you."

"I didn't know that. You're full of surprises."

"Well, what I've got to say isn't easy, you've got to be totally objective in your decision if you decide to join me."

"Shoot."

"Well as I told Jerry, I believe there are two basic possibilities. One, close to what I originally suspected, this whole set up is an incredible man-made studio set, and we're the guinea pigs in some wild experiment financed by the government. That if we walk outside the fence we'll find ourselves still on Earth and amid a lot of red faces."

"What's the second?"

"That everything the computer has said is true, that beyond the fence is nothing, the vacuum of space, death."

"Okay, so what's the decision?"

"I'm going through the fence." Sandy turned pale.

"What if it's the latter?"

"Put it this way, if the computer's right and there is no way of returning to Earth, ever, we are in fact prisoners for the rest of our lives."

"Well this place isn't that bad, it's better than dying."

"Is it? How long before you get bored, restless, how long before you begin to feel confined. It isn't that big remember? What about when the personalities start to clash and you can't get away from them? Sure it supplies most of your needs, but it's still a prison. How long do you think you'll last?" Sandy nodded despondently.

"I suppose there's no way of talking you out of it?"

"Lewis." The computer startled them.

"Eavesdropper." Lewis snarled at it.

"Do not do it Lewis, you will die."

"Butt out arsehole." The speaker clicked off.

"I'm not asking you to follow me, Sandy. The odds of my theory being right aren't that good, it has to be your decision entirely."

"You don't get rid of me that easily, I'll be sticking to you like fly-paper."

"I'm doing it now, right now." Sandy swallowed.

"Lewis, just in case it's the worst, make love to me before we go?"

"You've got a real sense of melodrama, haven't you?" He stroked her cheek and kissed her with a tenderness that contradicted his whole character. Lewis felt an inner warmth for the first time in his illustrious life, perhaps the last time. They showered

and dressed with a sense of impending urgency, giving no time for the seeds of doubt to alter their decision.

"You want a coffee before we go?" Lewis gave his well worn grin and took her by the hand. "C'mon, there isn't a fence alive that can hold this seasoned cynic back." Sandy pushed the flicker of hope that maybe this one would to a far corner of her mind. The atmosphere seemed strangely heavy, almost foreboding. She searched the sky in desperation for that tell-tale rip as the fence loomed closer. She bravely fought back the panic as they reached it. Lewis squatted on the ground and withdrew something from inside his shirt.

The mesh cut away relatively easily with the makeshift cutters he'd made.

"Lewis, please reconsider." He ignored the computer and kept cutting. "Lewis you will die, so will the girl."

"It's our choice."

"Lewis, if you go others will follow, consider them."

"That's their choice."

"It will be on your conscience Lewis."

"If I'm dead, how can it be on my conscience?" He pulled the cut section away from the fence.

"Please Lewis, you are safe here."

"I'm a prisoner." Lewis crawled through the hole, Sandy followed. "C'mon, we'll be late for lunch," he joked. Sandy managed a grim smile, they stepped forward together.

Jerry missed the shot badly. He swore softly to himself.

"You're slipping up, Jerry." Max adjusted his more than ample midriff over the edge of the table and lined up the green. Jerry rechalked his cue.

"The cue's warped, I was on line."

"Sure Jerry, next you'll be telling me the balls are loaded." The green ball cannoned into the pocket and Max smirked arrogantly.

"The cue's warped!" he screamed and hurled it angrily to the floor as he stormed outside.

"What's eating him?" Harry, who had sat out of the game retrieved the cue.

"I don't know," Max shrugged. "He's been moody every since Lewis and the girl left."

"That was two weeks ago. What's the big deal, it wasn't his fault they went?"

"Who knows, Harry, he keeps on spouting about how we're all prisoners."

"He's right."

"You agree with him?"

"No, the cue's warped, badly."

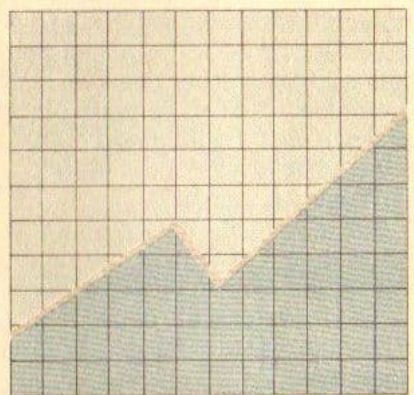
"I thought he was joking, Jerry?" Max stepped out the door and called again. Jerry didn't hear him. The hole in the fence hadn't been repaired, Jerry didn't bother to look back, the computer remained silent. 

Condensed from a story by Alex O'Hara.

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

Twenty-two questions to determine your approach to work.

ARE YOU A WORK ADDICT?



For some men work is more than just a way of putting food on the table and beer in the fridge. For them it is a consuming passion. Work dominates and defines their lives. Like junkies in need of a hit, they crave the rush they get from ever heavier burdens of work. These men are work addicts, and this psychograph can help you find out whether you're one of them.

Some Australians have never had much of a talent for indolence. Without a decadent aristocracy around to teach them the joys of idleness, they have enshrined middle-class values, and the greatest bourgeois virtue — hard work — has become a patriotic ideal.

Consequently, for every pub philosopher who spends his days sinking a few at the local, there have been thousands of us busting our rocks on the ladder to success.

Yet a nation full of work addicts — while it may be prosperous — can be extremely screwed up. Workaholics (a word psychologist Wayne Oates claims to have coined a decade ago in his astute little book *Confessions of a Workaholic*) often pay a high price for their addiction. They die young; they have heart attacks, strokes, high-blood pressure, and nervous breakdowns with distressing frequency; they can't enjoy a book, a play, a song, a woman, or a sunset unless they can tie it in with their work; they sacrifice their marriages to their jobs, and they have children they never really get to know. Success on those terms isn't always worth having.

If you answer the following questions honestly, you should end up with an idea of whether you approach work with moderation or with the single-minded intensity of an addict.

que capabilities; I've developed the various systems that make it run smoothly; and another individual wouldn't be able to do my job as well as I do it

1. Do you feel that you need more money than you are now earning in order to have a comfortable life style?
 - (a) Yes, I always seem to be in a financial bind
 - (b) No, I seem to be scraping by all right
2. With which of the following statements do you identify more strongly?
 - (a) With the proper training, just about anyone could probably do my job competently
 - (b) The work I do requires my uni-

3. If a fellow worker asks you for help or to take on extra work, what's likely to be your response?
 - (a) I take on the work
 - (b) I generally refuse to take on the work; I do my fair share of work, and other people should do theirs
4. Which of the following statements most closely reflects your daily lunch time routine?
 - (a) I generally must go out to lunch with various clients, customers, colleagues, etc.
 - (b) I usually have lunch at my desk while I work
 - (c) I usually leave my workplace at lunch time. If I'm not hungry, I may just go for a walk, but it's important for me to take a break from work during the day
 - (d) I usually eat lunch in a company cafeteria
 - (e) I rarely eat lunch; I'm usually too busy
5. When you eat your evening meal, is your work the primary topic of dinner table conversation?

- (a) yes
- (b) no
6. Would you say that you can do more work in a given period of time than most people?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
7. How do you feel about your fellow workers?
 - (a) Most of them are not so conscientious about their work as I am
 - (b) Most of them are more conscientious about their work than I am
 - (c) Most of them are just about as conscientious about work as I am
8. Do you generally do more than your fair share of work?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
9. Which of the following comes closer to expressing your sentiments?
 - (a) I like to feel that I'm part of a team at work
 - (b) I like to work independently. You get more done when you work alone
10. Which of the following comes closest to describing your work routine?
 - (a) I generally get my work done in the course of a normal, eight-hour workday
 - (b) To get my work done, I often have to work late at the office or bring work home
 - (c) Even if I work late at the office, I still have work to bring home
11. Would you say that you're a perfectionist?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
12. Does it bother you when you do a good job and don't receive praise for it from your superiors?
 - (a) yes, a lot
 - (b) a little
 - (c) no, not at all
13. If you give a party, are most of the guests
 - (a) people you know from work

- (a) yes
- (b) no
- (c) people you know from work
- (d) people from diverse walks of life

14. If you go to someone else's party, are most of the guests usually
 - (a) people you know from work
 - (b) people from diverse walks of life
15. How much sleep do you require?
 - (a) a lot
 - (b) an average amount
 - (c) very little
16. Do you often tell people how little sleep you get?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
17. How do you feel about vacations?
 - (a) I take every bit of vacation that I'm entitled to, and I enjoy myself thoroughly
 - (b) I enjoy my vacations, but I usually bring along some work as well
 - (c) I take a lot of work with me when I go on vacation
 - (d) I rarely take vacations, because I'm too busy
18. Do you usually work more than five days a week?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
19. Does it bother you that you don't have as many material things as some other people have?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
20. With which of these statements would you be more likely to agree?
 - (a) In the long run, happiness is more important than success
 - (b) You can't really be happy until you're successful
21. Do you spend an extremely large part of your day on the phone?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
22. How do you feel about incompetence in others?
 - (a) It drives me up the wall
 - (b) I may not particularly like it, but it's part of life that you have to accept and deal with

SCORING

Each possible answer on this quiz has been assigned a point value, which is listed on the table below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 110 points; the lowest is 22.

1. a-5, b-1	12. a-5, b-3, c-1
2. a-1, b-5	13. a-5, b-1
3. a-5, b-1	14. a-5, b-1
4. a-4, b-4, c-1	15. a-1, b-3, c-5
d-2, e-5	16. a-5, b-1
5. a-5, b-1	17. a-1, b-3
6. a-5, b-1	c-4, d-5
7. a-5, b-1, c-3	18. a-5, b-1
8. a-5, b-1	19. a-5, b-1
9. a-1, b-5	20. a-1, b-5
10. a-1, b-4, c-5	21. a-1, b-5
11. a-5, b-1	22. a-5, b-1

If you scored 91-110 points:

You are totally obsessed with your work. You probably break into a cold sweat if you don't have a brief case near at hand. Your idea of an interesting night in bed is to curl up under the covers with an annual report and a couple of computer printouts.

Your approach to work may bring you enormous financial success, but it can also take an appalling physical and mental toll. In *Confessions of a Workaholic*, Wayne Oates notes that men like you form their obsessive work habits in their teens and twenties, when their physical and emotional reserves are greatest. Problems arise as these men enter middle age and place the same demands on a body and psyche that are no longer young.

As long as you continue to work, you'll probably be happy. But if, for some reason, you are unable to work (if you are fired, become sick, or are forced to retire), you may find that your life is desolate. It's something to think about before it's too late. (There is one bright spot, however: you are reading this magazine, which devotes itself to the pleasures of a well-rounded life. So there may be hope for you yet.)

71-90 points:

You have an above-average devotion to work. You have a hard-driving attitude toward your job and probably find that you're often thinking about work even when you're supposed to be relaxing.

Some of your answers indicate that work may be taking up a larger place in your life than you'd really like. Unlike the man in the above category, you

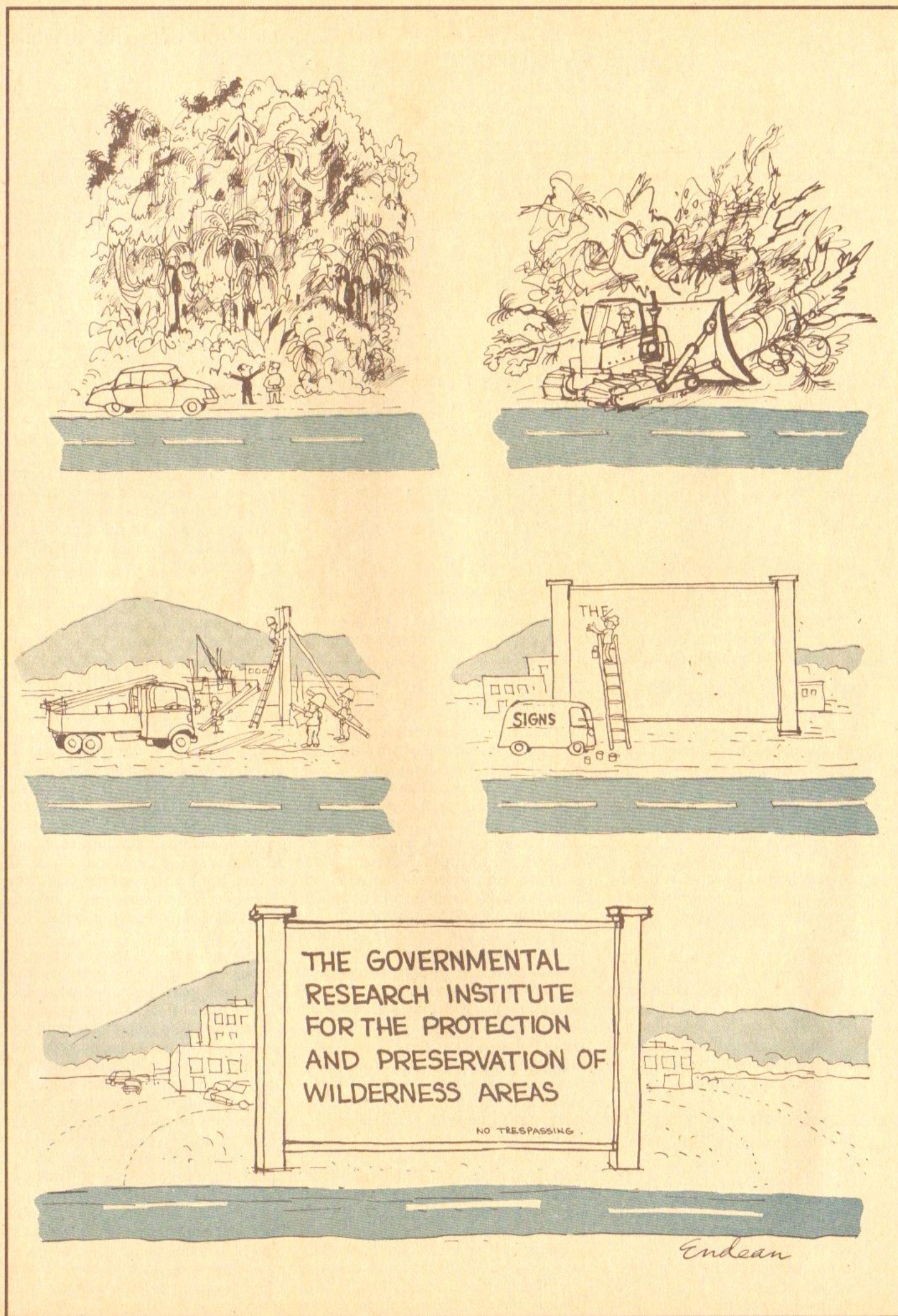
don't really want to be a work addict. If you want to climb out of your psychic hole, there are a couple of things you might try. First, do at least one thing every day that has no connection with work. Pick up a book that is not required reading for your job; go to bed with a woman and give your full attention to her. Whatever activity you choose, make sure that you devote yourself entirely to enjoying it. Don't let thoughts of your job intrude. It may take a conscious effort at first, but eventually you'll get the hang of it and begin to enjoy things that aren't related to your work. You might also try doing nothing at all. Take 15 minutes each day and let your mind wander. Allow yourself to think about anything except work. Your mind needs a chance to limber up and explore some of the psychic corners it has long ignored.

41-70 points:

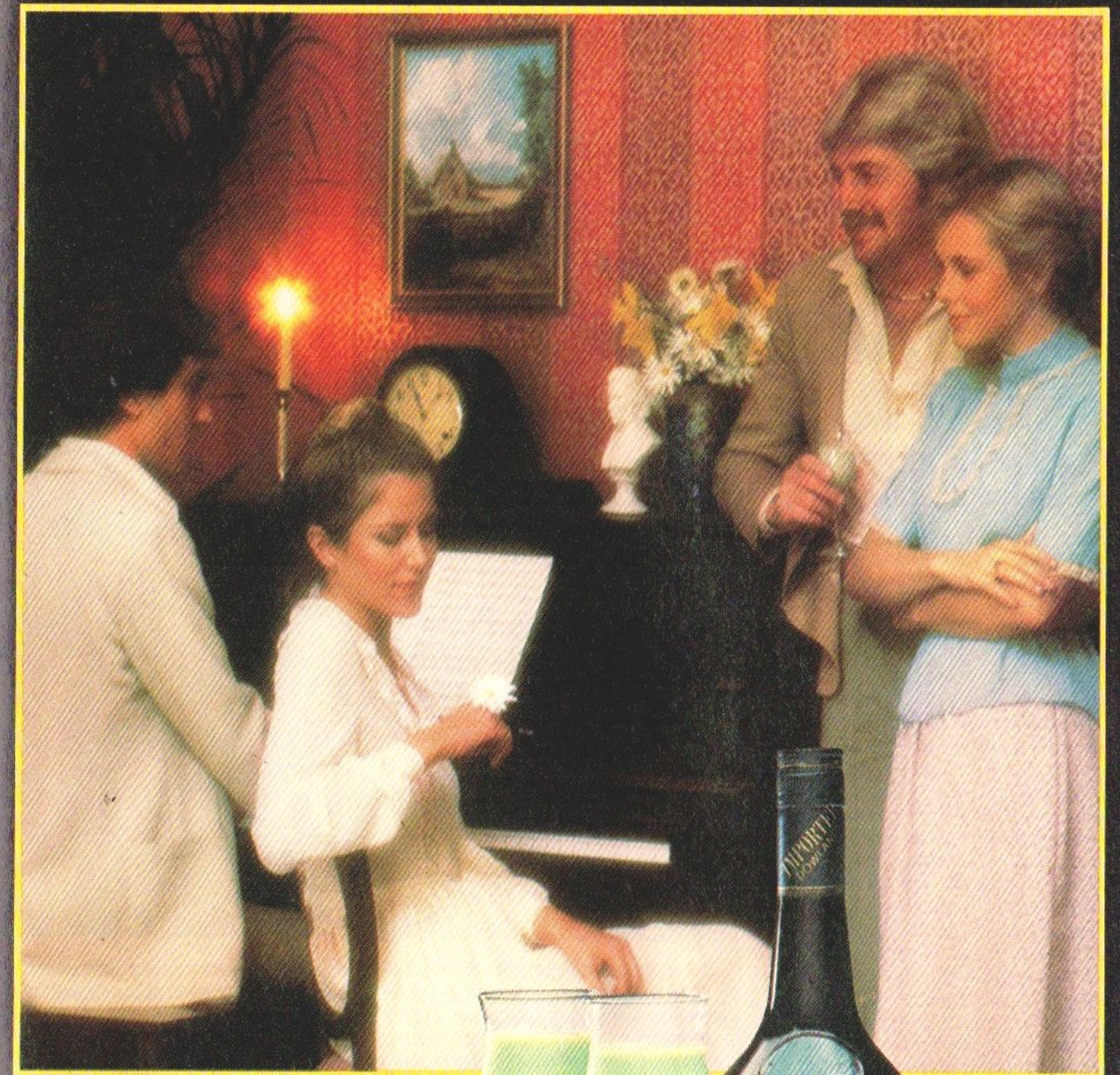
You are the proverbial "average" worker. In our society that sounds like an insult, but it shouldn't be. It means that you do your work well and conscientiously but that you don't get hung up about it. You're a well-balanced guy who still has time for friends, family, sports, culture, and all sorts of other things. You realize that life is too short to be devoted entirely to earning a dollar. It's people like you who bring some civility and grace to life. You won't step on somebody else just to squeeze another dollar into your bank account. You're a gentleman of the old school, not a wild-eyed careerist. You can work as hard as anyone when it's called for, but it's not your whole life.

22-40 points:

Congratulations: you are a lazy bugger. It's obvious that you and the work ethic have never been formally introduced. Work to you is an odious necessity, something you'd gladly give up if you had enough money to get by without it. This is an attitude that is sometimes frowned on, but has been valued in many traditional societies where leisure is a respected commodity. (In 18th Century England, for instance, the gentleman who didn't have to work and could afford to spend his time riding or pottering in his garden was at the top of the social ladder.) Actually, you may be the man of the future. Forecasters say that high technology will give us all more leisure in years to come. If that happens, you'll definitely have a head start on the rest of us.



THE CREAM OF AFTER DINNER DRINKS



Greensleeves.
Real cream and
French brandy with
just a hint of mint.



Comfort, subtle styling and smoothness keep the 505 firmly on Peugeot's well-beaten track.

A PUG TO TAKE ON ALL COMERS

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE

The Peugeot 505 is a visually unremarkable car, with clean and simple lines — a far cry from some of the more exotic shapes of its Gallic brethren, Renault and Citroen.

Yet the latest "Pug" is a good example of that devotion to classic quality which compels some people to buy an utterly plain \$500 suit instead of a \$150 job which might be the last word in fashion: when the cloth and the cut are the best, what else is there to say?

Certainly, the keynotes of the marque have been long-lived models, and durability rather than daring design. Peugeots are the sort of cars which attract drivers who remain loyal for life, not least because, above all, they are comfortable cars.

Nothing could be more true of the 505. The interior provides a level of functional comfort which leaves you wondering where the makers of many cars in the same size bracket, or larger, have gone wrong.

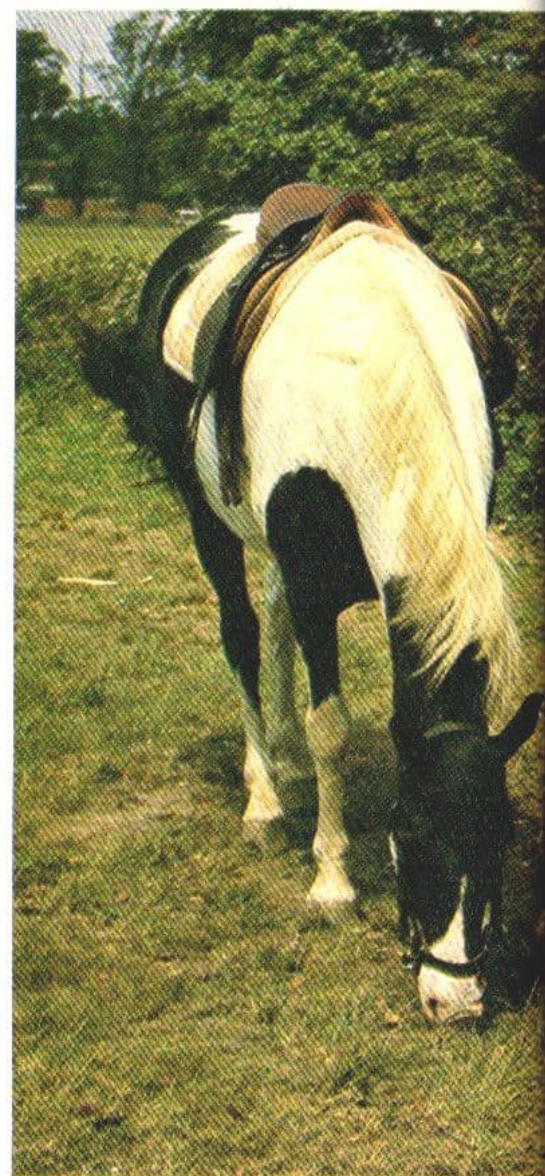
Generous interior space is given an extra dimension of depth and warmth by the very serviceable wool-blend tweed material — no lack of visual impact here — used to cover the seats and door panels. There is room and comfort aplenty in the back, even for long-legged passengers and even with the front seats at their maximum rearward travel.

This fact is more impressive when one realises the degree of adjustment obtainable in the driver's seat. The 505 is one of the few cars I've driven where the seat has been nowhere near its full rear adjustment to accommodate my 185cm (6ft 1in).

The seats themselves reflect Peugeot's continuing interest in providing environments in which it is not torture to spend more than an hour or two. They use no springs, just wads of heat-moulded polyurethane foam of exactly the right density to strike a fine balance between absorption of road shocks, firmness and excellent comfort. All-round support, especially under the high cornering loads the car is capable of attaining, is actually as firm as, and more comfortable than, some of the specialist seats I have tried.

The large glass area and the 505's slightly greater width over the 504 reinforce the feeling of roominess. The space efficiency displayed in the interior extends to the boot, which gains extra space for the spare wheel being stowed in a neat cradle under the broad, flat floor. The lid is supported by a gas strut.

The size of the boot brings home that



the Peugeot is a true town and country machine, never more appreciated than when loping along the highway with your luggage in the back.

In spite of the available space the 505 at 4.58m long (15ft) is a neat package — for example, the new Datsun Pulsar and Mazda 323 are almost 4m (almost 13ft) long — and this is reflected in the car's excellent balance, handling and light, responsive rack and pinion steering. Its agility is also partly demonstrated by comparing the 505's turning circle — 11.1m — against the Pulsar (10.8m) and 323 (9.2m), cars most would think of as much smaller than the Peugeot.

The surefooted 505, while it owes some of its unflappable road-hugging feel to the wider track, is endowed with one of the sturdiest and well-proven independent suspensions on the market.

The long suspension travel does



wonders for rough roads, although some "bump-thump" is evident as the price for enough firmness to ensure proper highway feel.

Although of monocoque-type construction, the 505 shares the Peugeot system of enclosing the main driveshaft in a rigid tube bolted to the differential. Apart from cutting out the universal joints forward of the diff, the tube imparts an extra rigidity and positive location to the subframe assemblies, a positive benefit to road behavior.

The tube enclosing the drive shaft is also a positive maintenance benefit, just another aspect — others include "wet" cylinder liners for ease of replacement, and light assemblies which allow you to change globes without tools — of Peugeot's commitment to durability and ease of maintenance.

The oversquare 1971cc four-cylinder

engine is a conventional power plant with iron block and alloy head, and the Australian 505 gets only the twin-choke carburettor since the fuel-injected version would add too much to the \$15,900 cost of the present 505. Still, it turns out a respectable 70.5kW at 5200rpm and 160.8Nm of torque at 3000rpm, making it a flexible and economical package with the five-speed gearbox.

The car is by no means a firebreather and fifth is a true overdrive, but the ratios are well placed to take maximum advantage of the available oomph. The gear change, partly as a result of heavy-duty gearbox elements, is often notchy and can only be hurried if engine revs and road speed are spot on, but is positive and without sloppy spots.

The golf-club shaped gearstick knob falls easily to hand, spotlighting the excellent driving comfort the 505 provides.

As well as all main controls being placed for easy use, the ancillaries such as radio, air conditioner, venting, cigarette lighter and so on are equally accessible. One might carp and say the accelerator pedal is a little too far below the brake pedal for my liking when a quick movement of the foot is needed: when the rest of the car works so well, it's things like this which stand out.

The wheel is fairly large, which helps to ease steering effort and reduce any tendency to overcorrect, but the view of the instruments is excellent thanks to the two down spokes. They leave the area between the steering column and the top of the wheel clear, so that one of the first things you notice is the tachometer has no redline to warn of overrevving.

Perhaps as a form of lip-service to Gallic oddities it goes straight round to 8000rpm, and only in the handbook are you told not to exceed 6000rpm. It might have been thought no warning on the dial was necessary, since the engine certainly lets you know it's working over about 5000rpm.

Another Peugeot feature not found on many other cars is a knob to adjust headlight angle in relation to load, but that's about the limit of the unusual bits.

As befits a car with such dynamic road properties, braking from the four-wheel discs is exemplary — yet it's here a major criticism of the car is found. Under light braking, such as occurs in peak-hour crawls, two problems arose: an excruciating squeal which threatens to send you round the bend in half an hour; and a slight shudder which disappears very quickly under heavier braking, but which indicates either a warped disc — the most likely, and a problem no maker can guard against completely — or uneven caliper application pressure.

Fuel consumption under the same peak-hour conditions will drop to around 14.2litres/100km (about 20mpg), but given a lot of freeway driving such as Melbourne or Canberra drivers might encounter will move very quickly to about 9.5litres/100km (about 30mpg) and on the highways to about 8litres/100km (about 35 mpg).

The Peugeot 505 thus has a healthy whack of dynamic and economic pluses, in the conventional front-engined, rear-wheel drive format.

It's also something for Australian manufacturing to be proud of, since more than half the components are locally made and Australia was the first country outside France to assemble them. 

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

ROBERT REDFORD

I feel flattered by fame, but I'm also dismayed by it. It's nice that you're appreciated, but the flip side of it can be so awful that it overshadows the good part.

The actress Jane Alexander was talking recently of how actors can be transformed by make-up. "Except Robert Redford," she said. "He's unique. No matter what you did to him, even if you threw a bag over his head, you would know it was Bob."

Redford is certainly unusual, if not unique. He is a polite man who enjoys the company of friends and meeting new people, but he has one of the lowest "bullshit thresholds" in the entertainment world and is easily capable of telling an obnoxious fan to disappear.

At 43 he is one of the world's most attractive and charismatic actors, but he reached that position only after a bored youthful period in which he stole hubcaps and "broke into rich folks' houses for the hell of it". He admits he probably would have ended badly had it not been for his marriage to a woman who willingly shared his early poverty and who straightened him up, dusted him off, and sent him out to achieve his destiny in a profession he had never even considered until he was almost 23.

Redford's Anglo good looks, which are only enhanced by a disfigured right jaw, are dominated by blue eyes that can change expression so fast that a director need never worry about people getting bored with a Redford close-up.

Unlike Brando or Lee Marvin or others of the barely-suppressed-violence school, Redford doesn't fill the audience with fear that he will explode and wreck the place, though he's a very physical man and is capable of it. Instead, his eyes widen in disbelief, narrow to slits, stare hard, then signal a smile — and just when you think you're safe, you find he's giving you the cynical stare again.

Since 1969, when *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* made him what Hollywood calls a "bankable star", Redford's career had gone steadily up. His two biggest hits, *The Way We Were*, in which he played opposite Barbra Streisand, and *The Sting*, with Paul Newman, pushed his per-picture salary over the \$1 million mark. For his role as the Georgia prison warden in *Brubaker*, he received the sum of \$3 million.

But Redford is a hard business head, and he reaches out beyond acting. He began directing last year with *Or-*

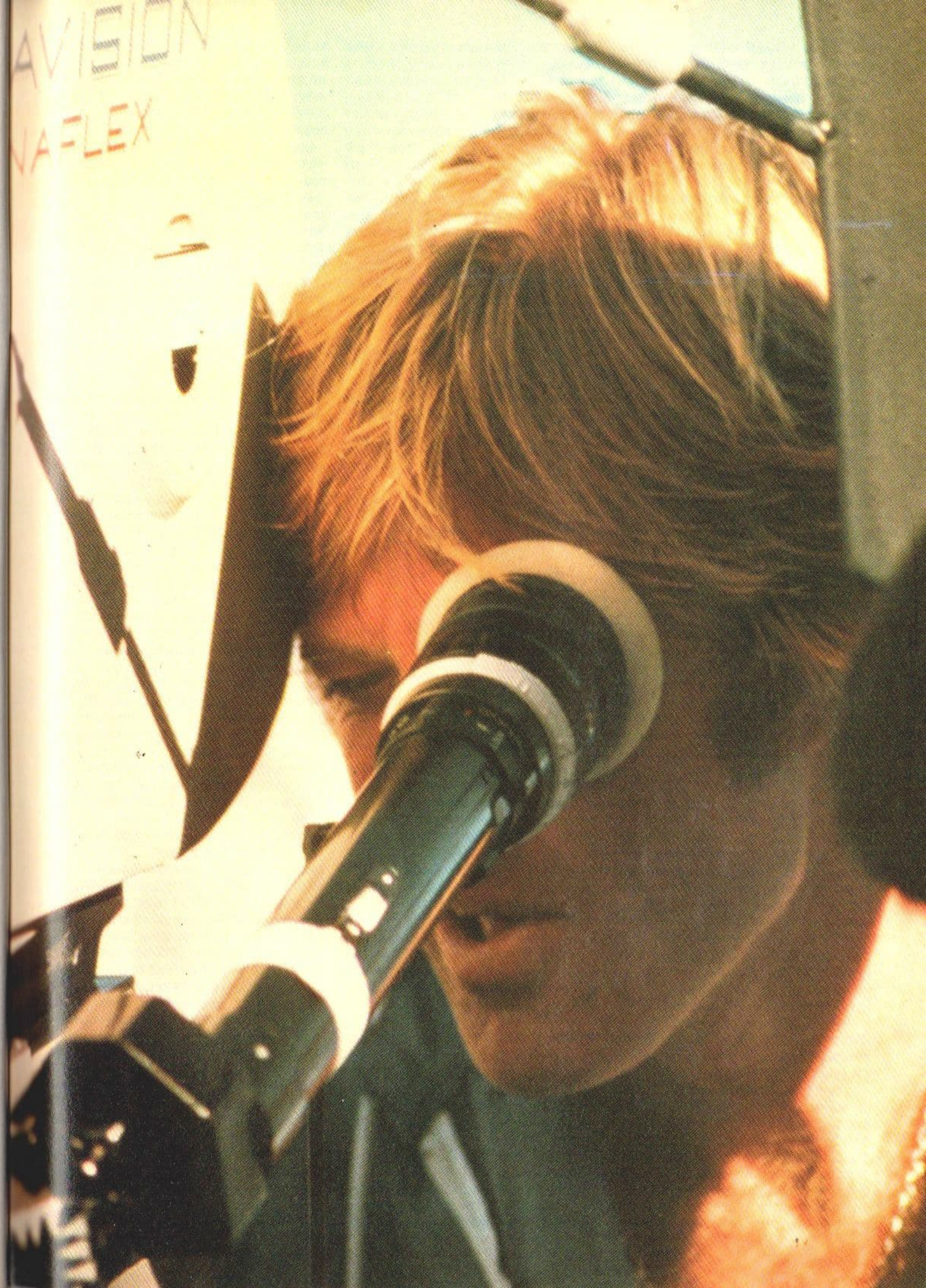
dinary People, starring Mary Tyler Moore and Donald Sutherland. He picked the story, based on Judith Guest's novel about tragedy striking an upper-middle-class family, because it reminded him of his own growing up in Van Nuys, California. He was born in Santa Monica on August 18, 1937, to Charles and Martha Redford. He found the Fifties a spiritual wasteland. Too late for the dramas of the depression era and World War II, the children of the Fifties, says Redford, had no way to identify.

"We didn't project anything of our own, unlike the Sixties generation. It was maddening, and I wanted out." Though he was good in athletics, winning a baseball scholarship to the University of Colorado, he soon dropped out and headed for Europe, where he spent several months trying to become a painter.

He returned to California in 1958, depressed about himself. There he met and married Lola von Wagenen. With her encouragement they moved to New York, where his interests shifted from painting to set designing. Then, on the advice of his instructor, he enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Discovering acting was, he says, "like an explosion". An agent spotted him, and in 1960 he had a walk-on part in *Tall Story*, a Broadway play about a basketball player. There followed other parts in *The Highest Tree* and *Little Moon of Alban* and starring roles in *Sunday in New York* and *Barefoot in the Park*.

He went back to Hollywood to make his first film in 1962, a low-budget melodrama called *War Hunt*. No one noticed. Then came *This Property is Condemned* and *Inside Daisy Clover*, both with his friend Natalie Wood, and *The Chase*, which brought him wide recognition. But it wasn't until 1969, when he and Paul Newman struck sparks as *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, that Redford became famous. There followed a string of star vehicles. They included *The Great Waldo Pepper*, about barnstorming pilots of the 1920s, comedies such as *Hot Rock*, in which he led an unlikely gang of jewel thieves, and a Western with a social message, *Jeremiah Johnson* — which remains his favorite role.

For the most part Redford has played troubled loners



with a Don't-Tread-On-Me look in their eyes. Since he has been able to call his own shots, there has not been much in the way of overt sex in his films. In *Electric Horseman* he barely touches Jane Fonda, and in *Brubaker* his relationship with Jane Alexander is entirely platonic. It may reflect Redford's personal attitude of being a "one-woman man".

Also, he obviously feels there are more important subjects for the movies. He once commented that people who didn't find sex and enjoy it in their teens and twenties have only themselves to blame. "I get bored with 40-year-old swingers who have just discovered sex and want to tell me, or show me, all about it."

His maverick personality has taken him in the direction of social activism. People still think of him as young Senator McKay, a part he played in *The Candidate*. In real life he has served on the board of the National Resources Defence Council and the Environmental Defence Fund. He produced a short movie called *The Solar Film*, which is a plea for solar energy. He wrote a historical-ecological book called *The Outlaw Trail*, recounting his three-week horseback journey across the West. His Utah retreat, Sundance, which he built with the help of his wife and a Hopi Indian, is located near Provo. He and Lola and their three children (Shauna, Jamie, and Amy) divide their time between Sundance and a spacious Fifth Avenue apartment in New York.

In line with his preference for privacy, Redford has rarely granted interviews in recent years. He does, however, occasionally make appearances at colleges and other select forums. *Penthouse* contributors Jeffrey Wells and Dan Yakir recently caught up with him on such an occasion at Yale. Redford agreed to speak before an invited group of listeners during a time when he was appearing as a Chubb Fellow at the college. Various reporters and students asked him questions, among whom were Wells and Yakir. Although the questions were posed by several persons, for ready reference in the dialogue below, all of the questioners are identified as "Penthouse". All the answers were, in fact, given by Mr Redford.

Penthouse: Why did you decide to direct *Ordinary People*?

Redford: Well, since I've always had a sociological-political interest in the country, I was interested in the family unit and what's happening to it — the changing mores in this country. That seemed to me a good subject. I liked the book because it dealt with feelings and behavior, which are two things that have interested me most as an actor. And it also had something I had felt about my own upbringing — the camouflage of feelings, the inability of people to get in touch with them-

selves. The film is about young people, kids like my own, who are struggling to be who they are, to be heard, to be understood.

I had real problems with that when I was younger. I had good parents — they were perfectly fine — but I just heard different sounds, I guess, and that bothered people. As a result, I didn't feel I was being heard, which made me doubt my own sanity. And *Ordinary People*, to me, was clearly a highly dramatised version of that same thing. And it touches so many elements at the same time. It's not just about this Holden Caulfield-type character but about his mother and father and their relationship. So that's why I went after it.

Penthouse: But why choose such a personal subject? Why not make the kind of film the public is used to seeing you in?

Redford: At first, I felt that the easiest thing to do, directing for the first time,

The first night
I walked on to
the set and suddenly
saw all those trucks
and generators
I panicked.

would be something that involved action. Because I'm a person of physical action — I like it, and I'm good at it. Or something that would have involved a lot of personality, and maybe be in it myself to serve myself as an actor. But that wasn't the way it was. I decided that if I was going to do this, then I wanted it to be *hard*. There would be no purpose in it if I couldn't really test myself. That was it, really. But I had a lot of arrogance about my ability to do certain things, about my working with actors, catching their off-centre moments.

Penthouse: Did you have the technical experience necessary to direct a film?

Redford: At first, I had no idea how it was going to go technically. I assumed it wouldn't go well at all, because I had always resisted the technical jargon, the technical knowledge of filmmaking. I'd always assumed it had nothing to do with my craft as an actor. But what I hadn't counted on was the thrill and excitement of directing.

Since I had started out my life as an artist, a painter, I felt I was totally unprepared for the role of film director. But I

found out I had very strong images — as I have always had in my mind — about what something should look like. And I was able to sketch them and give that to the cameraman to translate into film. I couldn't always be as accurate as I wanted to, but it came close. I found that I was able to do things that I'd assumed I couldn't do. I'm still not all that good at the technical language of film, but I can see it.

Penthouse: Did your experience as an actor help you in your directing?

Redford: Over the years, working on *Jeremiah Johnson* with Sydney Pollack, watching George Roy Hill on *The Sting*, Michael Ritchie in *The Candidate*, *Downhill Racer* — a lot of knowledge seeped in. I had produced, taken part in rewrites, developed ideas. So I wasn't a complete stranger to the process. But I didn't want to borrow somebody else's vision. I wanted to take my own point of view and let the style dictate itself. I never had any school training in film — it wasn't available when I was starting out. But that might have been lucky, because I had to find my own way. I've always done that. I've always broken the rules. You begin by breaking rules. But now I've moved through that, and I've come to respect form a little more. Now I'm more interested in cutting away the fat and making simple, lean films.

One of the strongest influences in my life, as an artist was those comprehensive exams that you take when you're young. The thing that got to me was that page that said: "What's wrong with this picture?" It seemed to be perfect. And you strained and looked and looked and finally said: "I got it! This woman has only one sock on!" And for that I got to go home early from school. I think that had a lot of bearing on the way I looked at making the film. On what was right, what was missing.

Penthouse: You weren't nervous when you first walked on the set?

Redford: Well, I remember saying to myself, "What am I going to feel like? Will it be like the first time I went on stage? Opening night? Am I going to feel the way I did when I first acted in a film? What about nerves and excitement and all that?" The first night I walked on to the set and suddenly saw all those trucks and generators I panicked. I absolutely panicked! I thought, "My God! All this is for me! And they're going to expect me to know what I'm doing!" I saw the arc lights, and I saw the actors standing around, and I suddenly felt their approval. I was thinking, "This is really something! This is for me!" It was a little sweaty, but once we started shooting, it was fine. But now my first shot has been cut.

Penthouse: How come?

Redford: It was boring!

Penthouse: How does it feel to see yourself on the screen?

Redford: Awful. I can't stand it. As a result, there are some of my films that I haven't seen to this day. It just has no value to me whatsoever. The hardest thing to do is produce a film that you're in. You have to look at the dailies in the editing room and see yourself.

In the last couple of years, I've become more and more interested in going back to the stage, even though in the end I'd be more satisfied with film as a complete process. But I miss the stage, the feeling of being in front of an audience, of testing your acting ability.

Penthouse: You seem to get tired of acting every few years. You walked away from movies twice during the 1960s and then again just a few years ago. What happened?

Redford: Well, after *All the President's Men*, I was really tapped out. I had worked so hard on it that I had no feeling left. When it came out and was successful, I couldn't enjoy it. Not that I've ever enjoyed *any* success, really, but that's another thing. But I was having problems. I kept seeing people coming up and congratulating me, wearing expressions that I thought I should have. And I thought: "Well, I'm in trouble here. Real trouble. And I'm gonna stop."

Penthouse: And what's the matter with success?

Redford: The thing is, I never set out to be a star. A lot of what happened to me came about by accident. I mean, *Butch Cassidy* started something. *The Way We Were* definitely started something. I didn't have any idea at the time it was going to have the impact that it did. Same with *The Sting*. But as far as I was concerned, I was just making films that personally appealed to me.

I feel flattered by fame, but I guess I'm also dismayed by it. It's nice to know that people care, that you're appreciated. But the flip side of it can be so awful that it overshadows the good part. The one thing I miss the most is watching people in cafes and bars. When I hitchhiked across the country, which I did at least 20 times before I was an actor, I'd take my sketchbook with me, take notes, sketch people and talk to them. I just loved going to diners and talking to truckers. And I love going to a strange city and just walking around. It's the greatest entertainment in the world.

But I can't do any of that anymore. As much as you try to be a regular guy and say, "Let's go have a couple of beers," you can't. That's gone, and you have to find some replacement for it. And it gets harder and harder. You run the risk of being treated like an object and consequently acting like one. That worries me.

Penthouse: But haven't you brought this upon yourself by playing roles that people tend to idolise, such as those in *The Sting* and *The Way We Were*?

Redford: No — that's a mistake. I started

out playing very unlikeable characters. It's only the commercial things that have succeeded in conveying those heroic proportions. A lot of that is due to the critics. They say they're tired of seeing golden boys, tired of seeing heroes. It's got more to do with their own needs and their own problems than with what I have done. They simply haven't looked at the record.

When I was in television, I didn't play one part that was likeable. They were all psychopaths and crazies. So that part of my career, I guess, has been forgotten, or no one's aware of it. The same goes for the movies. I played those parts, but no one saw them. The character in *Downhill Racer* was not a good guy. He was one-dimensional. In *Little Fauss and Big Halsy* he was an outrageous shit. In *Inside Daisy Clover* I also played a hardly likeable character.

I still have no aversion to playing so-

I miss
the stage, the
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called bad guys as long as they're understandable. As long as the character grows in the course of the piece and you understand why he's the way he is.

Penthouse: Then why are you always playing heroes now?

Redford: I really don't like being tagged as a hero. My own heroes were very often outlaws, people whose intellect I respected regardless of whether they were on the right side or not. When I was a kid, I never really had any heroes. The only one I can remember was Ted Williams, because I wanted to be a baseball player. But that's all gone now. I don't think the country trusts a pure hero — I think we have a need to tear them down. But we also want them. It's pretty complicated.

Penthouse: How do you choose your roles?

Redford: Acting, to me, has always been a kind of therapy. The roles I chose were always reflections of my own personal feelings. In *The Chase*, I wanted to play the convict, Bubber Reeves, because I could personally relate to him, even though it was a smaller part. I remember hearing that it was a mistake. Well, look, it

was a *better part!* Smaller but better. Even then I was defining my own feelings by not wanting to belong to groups. I've never been very comfortable in groups or clubs. I always sided with the outcast. And I guess that started to show up in the work.

But there's never been a role chosen for me. I've always been very selective, even in television. In *War Hunt*, my first film, I didn't like the part I was playing at all. I wanted to play the other role, the lead. But I did it because I liked the script. I liked the story. It raised a very interesting moral question. It said that in war we give psychopaths a home, and without the shield of war they're criminals. Then we put them in the streets or behind bars.

But I didn't really enjoy making the film. I realised after that I wouldn't have any choice in roles in films unless I entered them with some kind of position. So I went back to the stage. I was in some very successful plays, and as a result I was able to re-enter films in a higher place and be more selective.

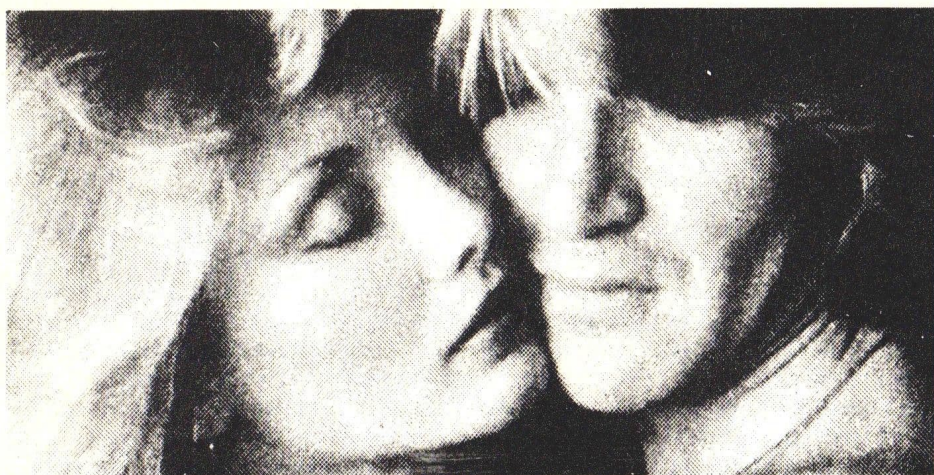
Penthouse: Have you ever regretted turning down a particular role?

Redford: Not really. I've passed up a lot of films that have gone on to be very successful and probably would have been terrific for my career — *Kramer vs Kramer*, *The Graduate*, *Love Story* — but I don't regret it at all. Even though they were good films and I respect the work done in them, they weren't right for me. *Kramer vs Kramer* was a very pat commercial film that catered to audience emotions. But it never got beyond that, so I turned it down. I was too healthy in appearance to play the character that Mike Nichols wanted in *The Graduate*. And I could only play a character who opted out of the system, rather than one who couldn't get in. The other was *Love Story*, and that was just a jerky piece of shit that I wanted no part of.

Penthouse: Speaking of romantic fluff, what about *The Way We Were*?

Redford: I had turned it down because I thought it was overly sentimental and drippy. I also thought the politics in it was bullshit. It was knee-jerk liberalism and very arch. But there was some very good love-story writing, which read to me like an old-fashioned Hollywood movie. It played right into the best talents of the director, Sydney Pollack. He's really the only director around capable of making movies like that. He tried to talk me into doing it, and I said no, but to his credit he just hung in there and wouldn't leave me alone.

When Ray Stark, the producer said: "The hell with Redford. Get Ryan O'Neal!" Sydney answered: "No, Redford's got to play it." And he just badgered me until I finally gave in. He said: "Trust me. It's right for you. There are only two people who can be in this, and



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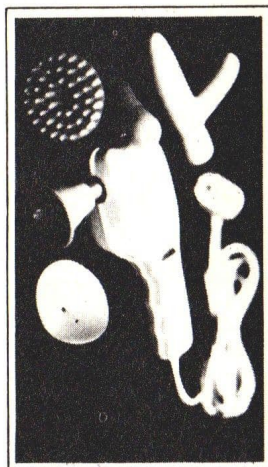
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that's you and Streisand." And so I trusted him.

Penthouse: Which of your films is your favorite?

Redford: I guess *Jeremiah Johnson*. There was the wide-open country, shooting in the mountains right near Sundance, really pretty country. And it was the first *real* collaboration between me and Sydney Pollack. We just spent *hours* in the mountains and on horseback, agonising and worrying, and finally just made the movie. It was one of those films that finally made itself, which is why it's so personal for me. There was a lot of silence. It almost took on mystical proportions. But we couldn't really define any of it until we got to the Cannes Film Festival.

I was totally shocked to sit next to Sydney at the press conference and hear these wonderful explanations of what the film was about. He spoke of the various levels — a naturalist code of ethics and so on. And I was saying, "Jesus, I don't remember any of that," and he said, "I know, but I have to say *something*, don't I?" That's the thing about Sydney and me. We both have the same background: lower middle-class, not much education at all. We're able to cancel out on each other, call each other's bluff. We've become very good friends through our collaborations.

First there was *This Property Is Condemned*, then *The Way We Were*, *Three Days of the Condor*, and then *The Electric Horseman*.

Penthouse: Would it be fair to say that you and Paul Newman were responsible for all those films made in the Seventies in which two men are the leading actors instead of a man and a woman?

Redford: I never felt that way. I thought that buddy-buddy crap came from the critics exorcising themselves. There were certainly a *ton* of movies before *Butch Cassidy* that qualified as buddy-buddy stuff — Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, a ton of them — but it was only after *Butch Cassidy* was so successful that people started commenting on the idea of two males in roles that together had almost the same romantic quality of a male-female relationship. With *The Sting*, everybody wondered why Newman and Redford were wasting their time on each other. They said: "Why don't they find some women?" It amused me because, if you look at the film, we don't have *any* relationship. I didn't even know what the *plot* was. No idea. We used to joke about it. I'd say to Paul: "Do you know what this movie is about?" And he'd just shake his head. So there wasn't any of that. It was just a very clever film.

Penthouse: Are you opposed to films in which the female character is the star?

Redford: I'm quite happy that we are now at a stage where a woman can occupy a lead in a film and carry it. A few years ago

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people thought that was impossible, and that a woman in an action film stopped the action. I thought that was really pretty poor thinking.

Penthouse: Do you think that romanticism in films has been sacrificed as a result of this? For instance, your affair with Jane Fonda in *The Electric Horseman* was on a pretty low flame.

Redford: It would have been so easy to have a lot of dramatic love scenes between Jane and me. In fact, there were two that were cut out of the film — they really didn't work. Only one remained. What *really* seemed to work was the difference between the two characters. It didn't need the graphic exploration.

Penthouse: Do you agree with the people who believe that both you and Jane Fonda inject your political views into your films?

Redford: Well, take *The Electric Horseman*. Jane and I were in that, and I think a lot of people were expecting something pretty heavy. The truth is, the intention behind the film was much simpler. We tried to make a film that really celebrated the human spirit.

We wanted to show that one person could take control of his life and do something with it. Which is the opposite of the current mood in films today, which is one of cynicism and pessimism. The film business tends to reflect the times we're living in, and there's something in the air that says there's no hope. I would like to think that there *is* hope.

But as far as politics are concerned, I think it's a matter of personal conviction. Like I said, film has been my therapy. I define myself in my work. And it's a redefining process all the time. My way of

responding to political frustrations — to this feeling of being controlled by forces that we have no say about — has been to make pictures that are *against* that. But the first obligation is to entertain. As for my principles and convictions, I think the best thing is to incorporate them into my work.

Penthouse: Then why did you turn down a role in *The China Syndrome*?

Redford: The initial script that I read was naked, antinuclear propaganda, and I felt it would do more damage to the cause than help it. I thought it would create a real backlash. I'd been kind of antinuclear for a long time, the past seven years. At first, it was rather unpopular and dangerous because the vested interests were so much in control.

Anyway, it became clear to me that the best way to deliver a political message in a film is to disguise it as entertainment. Some other people are more purist about it. They believe you should be committed to the full extent and make a radical film, and not compromise. I think that's fine. There are all kinds of ways to do it. But to return to *The China Syndrome*, what happened was that they did a very smart thing. I think Jane and Michael Douglas and James Bridges obviously had a lot to do with the decision to make it a thriller. So it succeeded where the original script didn't.

Penthouse: Isn't the Hollywood establishment opposed to political films?

Redford: Well, Hollywood is the same as any other place. It's ruled by the buck. If politics are in, you can make as many political films as you want. The attitude of the studios has been that people don't respond to political films. But with the success of *The Sting* and *Butch Cassidy* — which had no political content — I was able to do the films I wanted to do pretty much the way I wanted to make them. One of the things I'm proudest of with *All the President's Men* is that it was successful enough commercially to allow other people to take a chance, to make films like that.

Why was the film successful? Because it wasn't about Richard Nixon or about the Republican party or the Democratic party. It was about journalism. And it was designed as a detective story. And that's why it worked.

Penthouse: Have you always been interested in politics?

Redford: Not at all. I was always pretty much apolitical as a kid. I grew up in California, and my view of politics was: it's the pits. It sounded like everyone was talking jingles and not talking to people. There was so much contradictory behavior in politicians I just felt I could never trust them.

I had an interesting experience involving Nixon. He was a senator from California when I was a kid. And I was about 13 years old, and I'd won an athletic award

as part of a national celebration of Boy's Week. Nixon was at this ceremony, handing out awards. I'll never forget the impression I had of him. When he shook my hand and said a few words to me, it was almost chilling how hollow it was. I never forgot that, and it had a lot to do with my attitude about politics.

I still feel that to this day. I think it's just tiresome and boring to see these guys vacillating back and forth to get attention, to get favor. And to use false energy to suggest there's a strength there that doesn't exist. To hide a bland and empty interior.

Penthouse: Dustin Hoffman has said that in about 10 years you'll be running for president against Warren Beatty.

Redford: I'm not interested in running for office of any kind, for a lot of reasons that are boring to go into. Mostly, it's because I just don't like it. I don't like the idea of myself in that role. But, on the other hand, as a citizen I feel differently about it. It's become a political catch-phrase. I think Reagan has spoiled that for all of us. Actors speak out, and suddenly we're running for something.

Penthouse: But would people listen to you at *all* if your name weren't Robert Redford?

Redford: Listen, I don't delude myself as to what I represent to most of the public. Whatever the activity — politics, making a film — you always get slotted in the celebrity role, the star trip. I remember when we were shooting a scene for *The Candidate*. In the film I played a candidate running for the Senate. We were blitzing a neighborhood, going to shops and storefronts, shaking hands with the proprietors. I was asking them if everything was all right.

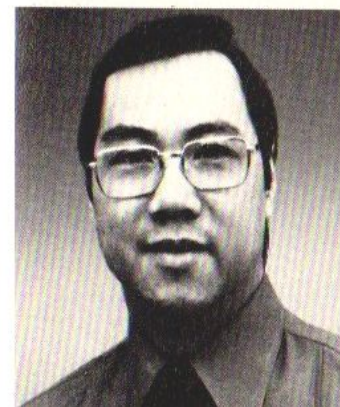
For the most part, we had a lot of people who were snowed into thinking that it was a real campaign.

But there was this one woman, standing with her son, giving me the eye. She said: "What's the Sundance Kid doing here?" And somebody said to her: "No, that's not the Sundance Kid. That's Bill McKay, running for the US Senate!" And she said: "Oh, yeah?" She turned to her son and said: "You hear that? Old Sundance is running for the US Senate!"

I think there's a built-in resentment to actors' speaking out on issues. Being an actor isn't synonymous with giving up citizenship papers. I think I have the right to speak out.

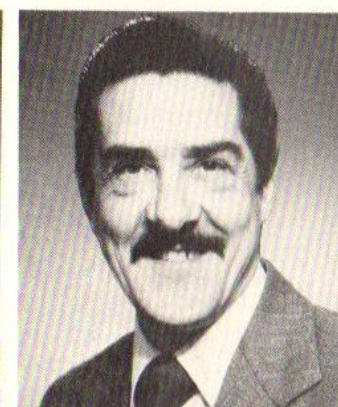
But, on the other hand, a lot of people seem to like you on the screen — they want you there — and you can do almost anything you want as long as you stay on the screen. But step off and step into the role of a public citizen, and there's a resistance. So there's a credibility problem, one that I've dealt with in the past. And for that reason I don't speak out too often. I'd rather put what I feel into my work. 

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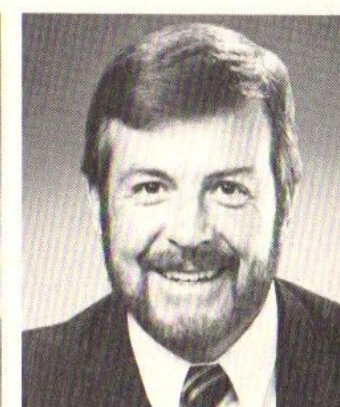
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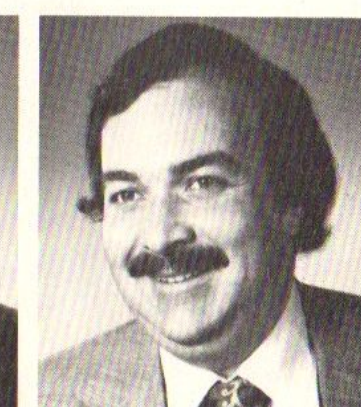
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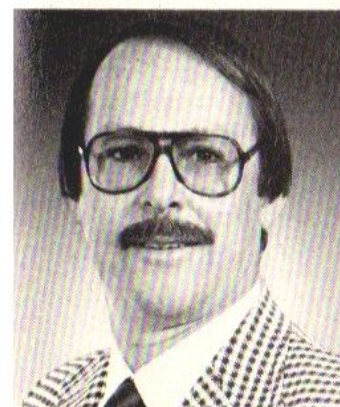
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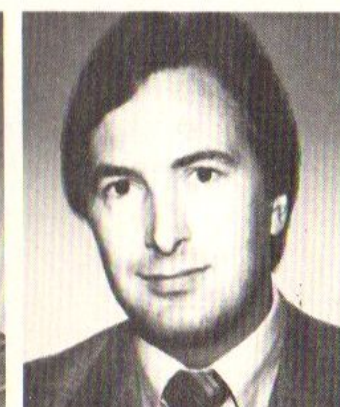
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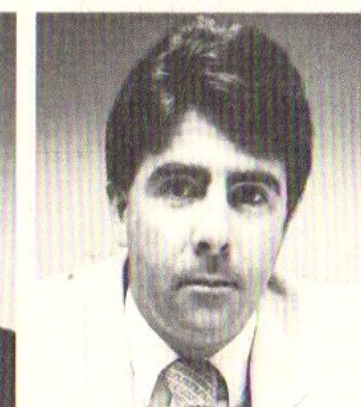
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Entrepreneur Bob Jane and world champion Alan Jones both finished in front at the Australian Grand Prix.

CALDER'S FINEST HOUR

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIKE GIDDENS

Henry Ford would have loved it — a classic tale of entrepreneurial rags-to-riches success: from furniture factory apprentice to a \$50 million a year tyre business and the \$500,000 promotion of Australia's most expensive hour of motor racing.

There's no less likely foundation for the Bob Jane empire, but when he left school at 13 to work in his uncle's factory Jane picked up the leatherworking skills which directly started his intimate involvement with motor vehicles — an involvement which is still expanding almost as quickly as the 51-year-old Jane thrashes his Chevrolet Monza around today's race tracks.

But for all his successes so far, one of his most memorable coups was to get the 1980 world champion, Alan Jones, back home to drive in the Australian Grand Prix at Jane's Calder Raceway.

It was a rare opportunity for local motor sport, and Australian Penthouse was delighted to be able to co-

sponsor the meeting with Bob Jane T-Marts, and the Jones car with the addition of Unipart.

If you had to pick one man in the country who could bring it all off in the limited time available, it would be hard to think of anyone apart from Jane. He is still setting track records against drivers half his age; there is no better demonstration of the energy and aggressive self-confidence the chunky Jane has displayed from the time he first pitted himself against others as a professional cyclist. The half-mile and mile riding records he set at the

As the exhaust heat haze rises from racing engines at full cry, Jones and Giacomelli lie side-by-side at the head of the field waiting to pounce as the national flag drops to start the 45th Australian Grand Prix. Inset: A sweat-soaked but happy Alan Jones gets ready for his victory lap, accompanied by Pet of the Year Tracey Wallace (right) and runner up Linda Ferguson.

Essendon board track in Victoria stood until the place was torn down.

Jane gave up racing bikes when he found a new love, car racing, after he and school friend Norm Beechey bought a brace of Ford Customline V8s and began a rugged track relationship which brought tears of joy to the eyes of their panelbeaters.

It was to support his new habit that Jane made use of his early training and began a car seat cover business, building it over four years to the point where he was able to start his first used car yard. In that time one of the State's biggest car dealers, Norm's father Dick, taught the young Bob how to sell cars — a debt that Jane, now, never fails to acknowledge.

In motor racing terms Jane went very quickly from one end of the scale to the other, from the Customline which — in Jane's words — was "like racing your bathtub" to a magnificent 300S Maserati, the same type of car Stirling Moss raced successfully. Jane paid 3500 pounds for the car and raced it in the 1958 Grand Prix at the old Albert Park road circuit in Melbourne, generally making his way around the circuit from haybale to haybale and frightening himself and everyone else on the track to death, to bring the battered Maserati home in sixth place.

As a car dealer Jane decided he would be better off in touring cars, so on the advice of Harry Firth he began a very successful career in the world-famous Mk II Jaguar. It was this association with selling and racing Jaguars which brought to life the Bob Jane T-Mart tyre chain, lynchpin of the entire Jane operation.

"As well as Jaguar, I was also selling Alfa Romeo and Fiat," says Jane. "I started to get complaints about tyre performance from some of our customers, particularly over high-speed breakdown, so I started importing a few tyres for friends and customers."

Those "few tyres for friends" quickly became an important part of the Jane Great Leap Forward, and 15 years ago the first of what was to become the T-Mart chain appeared. Whatever other epithets the brash Jane personality might have earned him over the years, no one has ever accused him of being slow to spot the main chance.

Jane's keen eye also made him possibly the first judge of note, in this country at least, to express confidence in the ability of Alan Jones.

In a 1972 interview he was asked if an Australian team, given adequate financial backing, would have the skills to compete against the tough European factory teams. Replying in the affirmative, Jane said: "Many people have proved this already. Repco with their motors, people like Brabham, Muir, Schenken and the young Alan Jones, just to name a few."

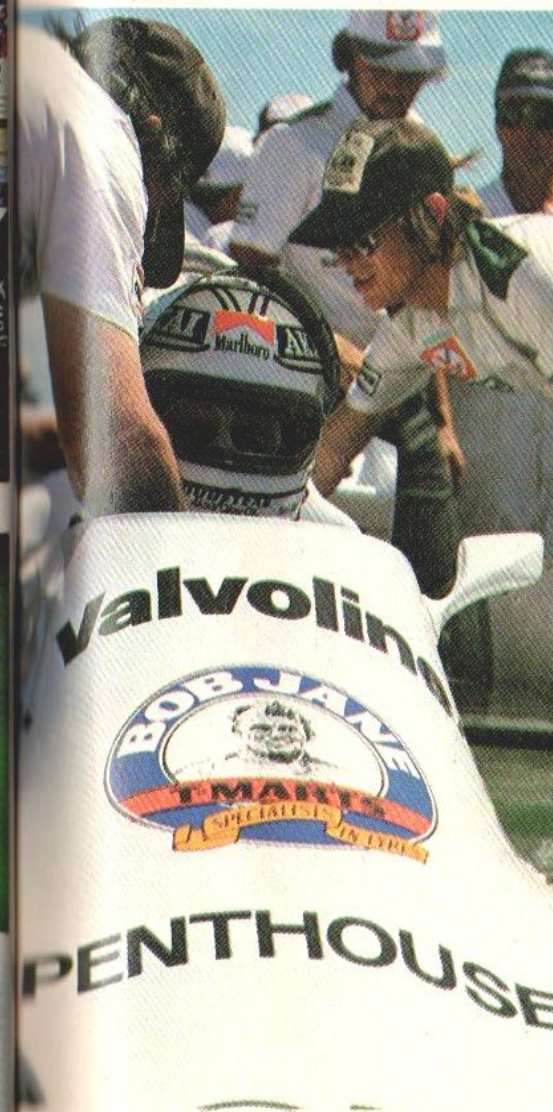
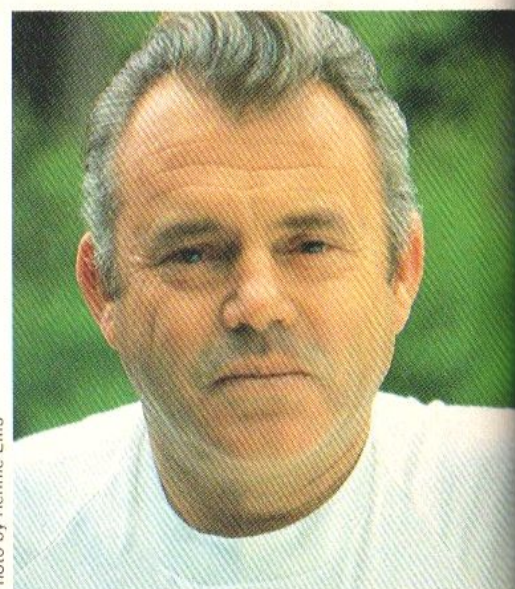
This early assessment and awareness of the future world champion's abilities,



Top: Jones, shrouded in his flameproof headgear, gets a kiss for luck from Tracey. Above: Shaded by Penthouse Pets from the fierce heat at Calder, Jones waited until the last moment to put his helmet on. Right: Bob Jane, the man whose entrepreneurial energy secured Jones, Giacomelli and Pironi to run with the top local drivers in the Grand Prix.

plus Jane's buying into the Calder circuit in the early 1970s, plus the clear signals in 1979 that Jones was on his way to the world title, all helped to keep the idea in Jane's mind of a really big meeting — at least in local terms — for the 1980 Australian Grand Prix. As soon as the smell of a chance existed that Jones would be

Photo by Rennie Ellis



Above: Finally strapped in and set to go, Jones watches calmly as the track clears before the start. Left: Jones is the first to acknowledge the unceasing efforts of his team. Here, minutes before the start, two members check to make sure no detail has been overlooked — even a world championship Formula One team cannot afford complacency.

available to drive at Calder, it was not within Jane's character to let it slip from his grasp.

Unfortunately, it wasn't until it was certain Jones would race in Canada and the US — Canada is where he wrapped up the world championship — that negotiations to have him race here could really move into top gear.

Jones made it clear he intended coming home, particularly to spend some time at his property near Yea, in central Victoria, but he was also engaged in high-level negotiation with Alfa Romeo to switch teams for 1981. At the US Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, the last of the season, he came within two hours of signing with Alfa before deciding to race with the Williams team again next year.

As a result of the uncertainty, Jane, as far as is known uniquely a driver who also owns and promotes a race circuit, had only a few weeks to finalise an act which the highly-experienced international circuit organisers have a full year to organise.

In spite of Jane's drive and energy, it showed. There were continuing procedural hassles which affected the Alfa Romeo team and Jones' crew, under the able leadership of Jeff Hazel and Wayne Eckersley in the absence of Frank Williams.

As if that weren't enough, the airline refuellers strike in the week before the Grand Prix threatened to abort all the efforts of the Alfa and Jones teams. Some vital bits of Alan Jones car, including the race engine, were stranded in Singapore, and some of the crew in Hong Kong. Even the well-oiled Saudia Leyland Williams racing team, competing here as Penthouse Unipart Williams, can't win races with half a car.

A valiant effort by Alitalia got Giacomelli, car and crew here. Jones — and the spectators — were simply lucky the strike ended when only hours were left to rescue their situation. It would have been a dismal end to the hopes of the fans and the investment of \$500,000 — not all that much compared with the reputed \$6 million it costs the Williams team to field a couple of cars for a full international season, but an enormous amount for the local scene.

At home, Jane had other problems. Almost a week of rain had delayed track preparations to a critical level, but the crunch literally came at Jones' property. Jones had two fingers hooked through the bridle of a horse when it reared, and he heard a snapping noise. He was cursing the breaking of a near-new bridle before he looked at the middle finger of his right hand and realised it was broken.

To be medically exact, the finger was fractured — but that was disaster enough. The right hand gets plenty of hard, fast work changing gears and the slightest lack of precision can not only cost race-winning seconds, but can also blow an engine or gearbox to end all hopes on the day — not to mention the pain Jones had to bear.

The damaged finger was strapped to the one beside it and the doctor's opinion was that it might just be ready in time for the race. For Jones, there was no "might" about it.

Much has been made of Alan Jones' desire to emulate his father, Stan, who won the world's second-oldest Grand Prix in 1959. A 12-year-old Alan sat on his father's Maserati for the victory lap that day, and there can be little doubt there was a deep well of feeling plumbed by Alan as he drove across the finish line at Calder 21 years later to register the first father-son double in the Australian Grand Prix.

As well as this incentive to overcome the pain of his injured finger, there was Alan's genuine concern about the thousands of fans who would be at the track and in front of their televisions to watch not only a home-town hero, but



Photo by James Ashburn

also some of the classiest open-wheeler racing since the Warwick Farm heydays of the 1960s.

With Jones and Giacomelli would be Ferrari driver Didier Pironi, piloting a borrowed Elfin Formula 5000 and therefore out of contention with the sophisticated ground-effect Williams and Alfa cars, but who demonstrated his capabilities by running third in the AGP.

Jones, like any other competitor in the big business of international Formula One racing, also has to consider his sponsors and was also fully aware that he couldn't hope to avoid a turgid round of social appearances, which included a Rotary dinner, a banquet at which he became the fourth to receive the CAMS Membership of Honor, and a Lord Mayoral reception.

Then there was the conferring of his MBE and attendance at the special "Grand Prix" auction of exotic cars on the Friday before the race...

Even the good-natured Jones wilted under this barrage of enthusiastic autograph seekers and well-wishers who wanted to pump the flesh of the world champion.

He developed a technique, whenever a handshake became unavoidable, of lunging out to establish a sort of thumb clasp before his injured fingers could be squeezed in the traditional manner. He was not always quick enough, because at times his hand was being grabbed from behind his shoulder.

The auction of about 90 cars, some of them very special indeed, on the Friday night before the AGP was another Jane venture. Mostly Bill Jane, Bob's brother, handles this side of the business, although overall the two share things equally.

Appropriately, the car which stole the limelight was the same 300S Maserati which Jane raced in the 1958 Grand Prix. At the auction it went for \$137,500 — not a premium price by world standards, but as Jane puts it: "I love the Maserati and a lot of people said I was crazy to sell it. But I've got a garage full of interesting cars I never get a chance to drive, so the Maserati was just like a painting on the wall."

On the Saturday before Sunday's AGP Jane and his crew were still coping with an endless list of last-minute detail.

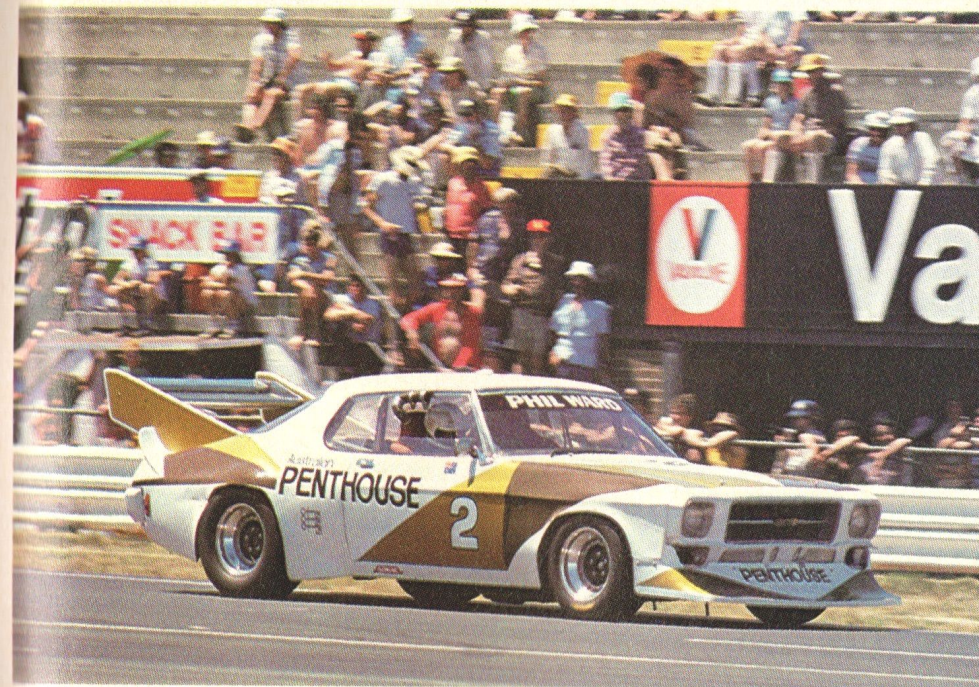
Every so often the ear-drilling scream of the Alfa's flat-12 engine and the high, hard note of Jones' V8 Cosworth would rise over the turmoil as each took every spare minute available to get in a lap to sort out their cars for the timed qualifying practice sessions which would decide grid positions.

It was here the Channel 9 crew, lacking major motor race telecast experience, made an incredible blunder. Throughout the Saturday, during a succession of relatively dull races, viewers were promised a good look at Jones when he came out to run his half-dozen qualifying laps. Finally, it was "here he comes now,



folks, and look at him go". Unfortunately for the viewers, after barely a lap of Jones they were switched to a horse race. The network's phones ran hot and, as one outraged armchair fan said later: "They didn't even tape Jones to show after the bloody horses!"

On the Sunday, Alan Jones had pole position thanks to a time recorded on the Friday, even though, for a short time, the Italian team thought they had it because they set the best time on the Saturday.



Top left: Using all the amazing cornering forces available from today's sophisticated ground-effect cars, Jones sweeps through the curve at the end of the main straight. Left: Jones and Tracey take part in the pre-race parade, riding on Tracey's TR7 Pet of the Year prize car. Top right: Penthouse driver Phil Ward pushes his Monaro round Calder in the second of the Sports Sedan heats held at the AGP meeting. Above: Ward's crew work to clear body panels damaged in a confrontation with a slower car. Ward's race was over when it was found the valve had been pulled out of a front tyre.

Jones' ability to relax is amazing. Just before the race he took part in a procession lap, sitting through the sunroof of the Penthouse Pet of the Year's car, TR7. He chatted amiably to the car's new owner, Tracey Wallace, talking about the \$7000 Longines watch he won with the world championship after spotting Tracey's more modest \$1500 Longines prize watch.

Jones beat Giacomelli in the desperate drag race to the first corner of the 1980

Australian Grand Prix, bringing about 20,000 whistling, cheering fans to their feet. It's a popular wisdom that, given two more or less equal cars, it's very hard to pass on the very short Calder circuit: the fans knew this, and were delighted to see the local boy in front. The sponsors were no less delighted, because this race had attracted — on an hourly cost basis — more money than had been seen in local motor sport for a very long time.

Some of the money was earmarked for

year-long promotions, but nearly all of it was there because Jones was there. Australian international sporting heroes are a little thin on the ground at the moment, and the presence of the freshly-crowned local-boy-made-good released a burst of renewed interest in motor racing.

It's history that Jones won, after giving his fans a severe fright and the healthy Italian contingent something to cheer about.

When Jane wanted to bring the Jones and Giacomelli cars out here, he was told he would have to lay new bitumen between the dummy grid and the track because the cars — even with the industrial diamond-edged skirts strapped up as they are when not racing — could not negotiate the 7cm step up to the track surface without damaging them.

In fact, this area of track improvement spotlights the problem Jane, and Calder, are going to have to overcome if they want to hold many more meetings which include a contingent of international drivers and cars.

When Giacomelli first saw the circuit, his response was pithy and to the point: "Go-kart!"

Jones, too, expressed reservations about the suitability of Calder for today's F1 cars, but both the Alfa Romeo and Williams teams had most problems with the minute-to-minute organisation.

An Alfa spokesman said: "We were very disappointed with the organisation. I must say everything else was fine and we were happy with the publicity and the crowd, and so on.

"But unless it's better organised, we won't come back to Australia."

Jane is very aware of the deficiencies of Calder. The week after the AGP meeting he had a Friday lunch with the Prime Minister, talking about having six or eight international drivers here for the 1981 AGP and running a fully-rated round of the world championship in 1982.

To achieve this international rating, Calder will have to be worked over thoroughly. The track distance will have to go from the present 1.6km to about 4km, resurfacing work done, spectator facilities improved and attention paid to the stringent safety measures demanded by the world controlling bodies.

Jane knows this and has prepared a \$2 million outline of the work he hopes to do, including perhaps extending the track through tunnels under the nearby railway.

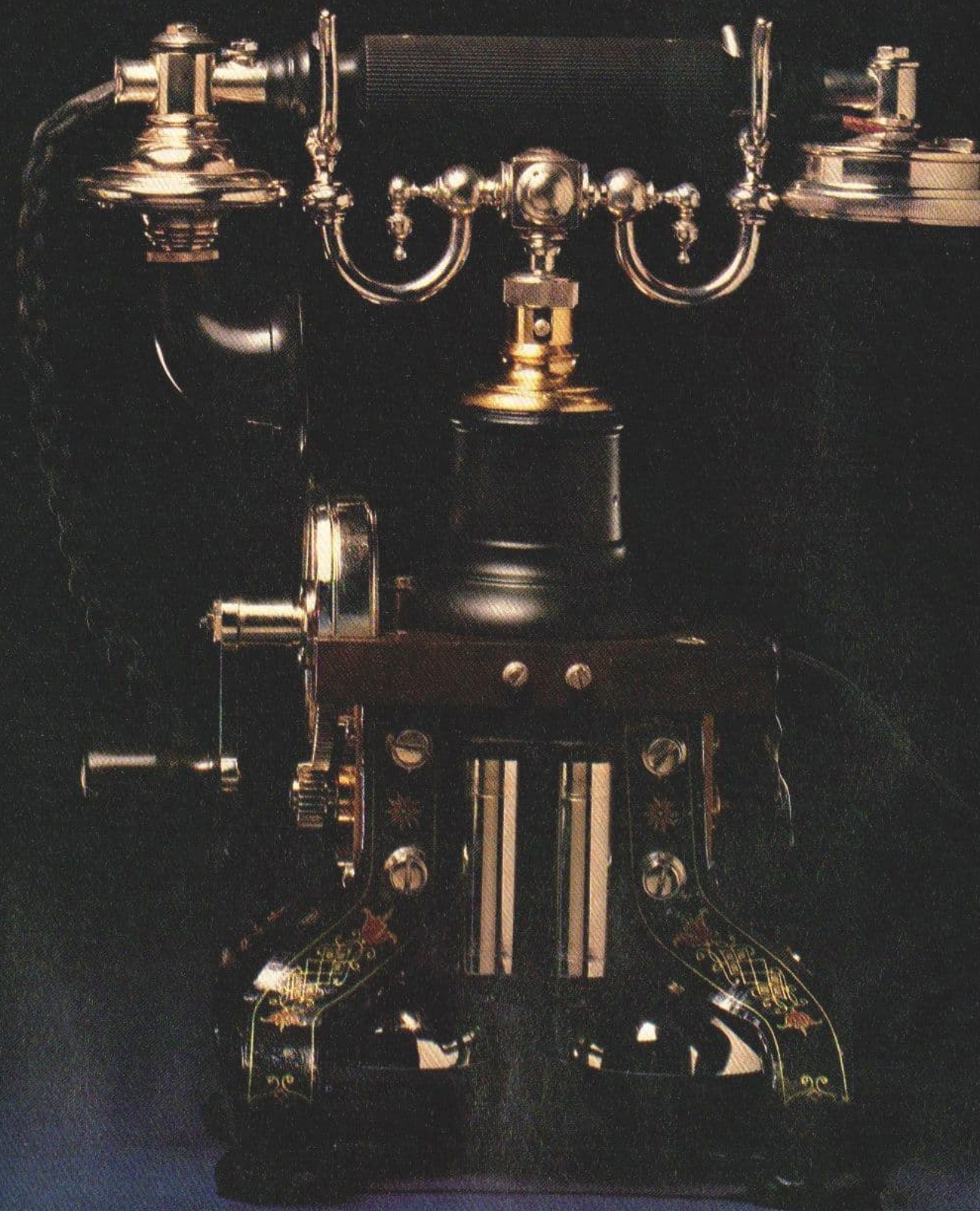
He has a long way to go and even now, with almost two years up his sleeve, time is short.

But it's hard to know what will stop the forward momentum of a man who not only became a champion racing driver, but who also parlayed a furniture factory education into a multi-million dollar tyre, car auction, finance company and insurance company empire. 



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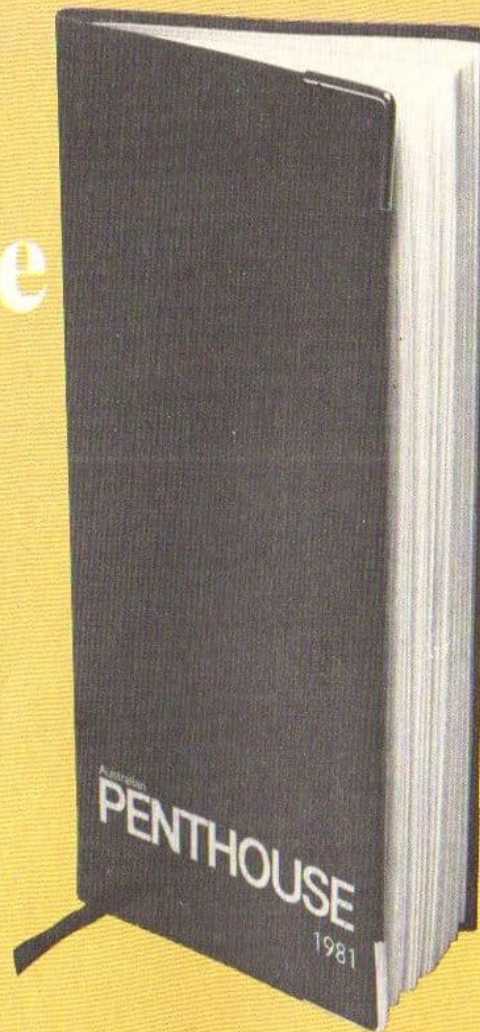
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to make life easier and business more efficient for the man of the Eighties. As well as saving marriages, the Call Transfer devices are obviously going to save business. If someone tries to call you with a sale while you're out of the office, chances are he might call elsewhere — you've just lost a sale. With a Call Transfer apparatus, manufactured by the likes of GDJ Electronics, Amcomm, Telephone Technology and* Microtel, you won't lose the sale — the call will be relayed to wherever you are.

If you're a man on the move, the latest device designed to suit your needs is the Automatic Mobile Telephone — the ultimate in car accessories.

With an automatic mobile telephone in your car you have direct access to the public telephone network. You can make a call to or receive a call from anywhere — including another vehicle. You can make a local call, an STD call, or an overseas call — using ISD if you wish.

Other features of the Mobile Telephone set include:

- On hook dialling: When the handset is on the hook the call can progress with monitoring via the loud speaker built into the phone's cradle. When the called party answers you simply lift the handset and talk.
- Visual display of called number: Shows the number you have dialled.
- Memory: Up to 16 frequently called numbers can be stored for instant recall.
- Last number recall: If the number you call is busy or doesn't answer, you can try again without re-entering the number by pressing the appropriate key.
- Auxilliary call indicator: When you leave your vehicle, automatic call indicators can be set which will either flash your headlights or sound the horn when you have an incoming call.
- Locking and key control: Gives you complete control over your phone by allowing you to lock it completely to prevent unauthorised usage or set the control so that there is access to only specific services. For example, access to ISD, STD and even local calling can be barred without restricting incoming calls.

Another device you'll soon learn to appreciate is the Repertory Dialler. This system allows you to pre-set a specific number of commonly called numbers — and will dial them automatically at the touch of a button. Repertory Diallers, with capacities for up to 120 numbers, are locally available through such manufacturers as Voca Communication, STC, Corona Electronics and GEC.

Most of the makers offer units with an automatic re-dial capacity. This means that if your number is engaged the machine will automatically re-dial the required number at regular intervals until your call is successful.

While Repertory Diallers make life more pleasant when dealing with out-

going calls, Answering and Message Recording machines are specifically designed to assist on incoming calls.

These machines come in essentially three different forms according to their complexity and the features they offer.

The first type is simply a message relaying unit. The owner records a message on to the machine — stating, say, that he is unavailable for the rest of the day — and this message is replayed whenever anyone phones in.

The second type of unit goes one step further: as well as recording and replaying the owner's message, it also allows for the caller to have his message recorded. Upon his return, the owner can replay the messages he has received. Typically, units from STC, Plessey, Intercept Communications, Computer Phones and Voca Communications can handle up to 80 messages.

The third type of answering/recording device actually allows for remote playback of the messages stored on the machine. With this unit installed, you can call your office and have all of your messages replayed to you. The advantage of these units is that if you are away from your office for an extended time, you can still receive regular updates of messages. With a standard recorder you would be faced with replaying messages that are days old on your return.

Of course, you wouldn't want just any-

one having access to your messages, so the units employ Remote Interrogation Devices — a tone burst unit set to an individualised frequency which will automatically reset the machine at the completion of the messages. Security of your messages is therefore preserved.

Another device that keeps you in touch while you're away from your home or office is the Telefinder radio paging system. With this system you are allocated an individual paging telephone number. When this number is dialled by someone, say your office, the pager you're carrying will emit a signal. You simply call your office and receive the message. Telefinders are operative in anywhere up to a 40km radius from the transmitter. Which means that you can be "found" while you're at the theatre, driving your car, on the golf course or simply walking down the street.

Some of the newer pagers feature a dual address system, whereby they emit two different signals, each telling you to ring a specific number.

And for those who don't want an audible signal, some pagers also have a silent vibrator signal. Pagers may be purchased or leased from a number of suppliers, including Philips, Motorola, Ericsson and STC. Telecom Australia charges a low rental fee for the use of the Telefinder service.

Among a host of other telephone at-

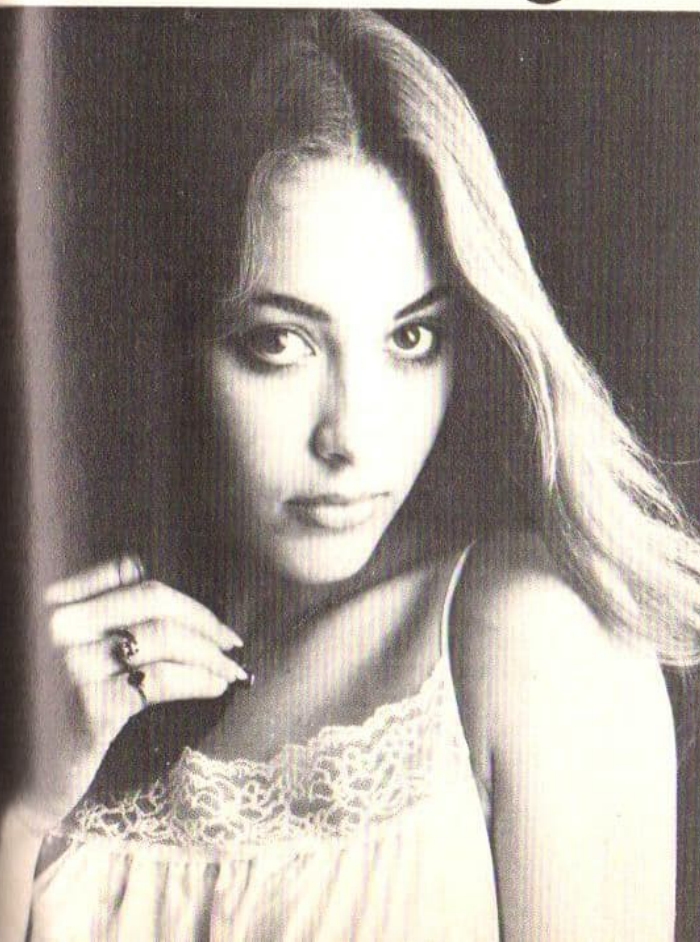
tachments and accessories are loud speaking phones, conversation recorders and the Mickey Mouse phone. In the case of all of the attachments, it is essential the units are Telecom approved, thus meeting the requisite technical and safety standards. The attachments need to be installed by Telecom, who charge a \$40 connection fee.

An item that's not Telecom approved, but which has received publicity, is the cordless telephone. Currently no cordless phones are approved for use in this country. Telecom advises that all of these devices are either electrically unsafe, interfere with emergency services or have security problems.

The security issue is as simple as it is alarming: because present cordless phones operate over radio frequencies, it is quite possible for the frequencies of two units to overlap. In short, the guy next door could be talking to London and the call could be billed to your number.

As well as this potential penalty, the users of cordless phones are also liable to stiff fines if prosecuted for operating the devices. The cordless phones of the future seem headed towards infra-red technology and this is expected to alleviate most of the problems associated with the present batch of cordless units. For the time being then, Telecom says you should steer away from any cordless telephone. ☐

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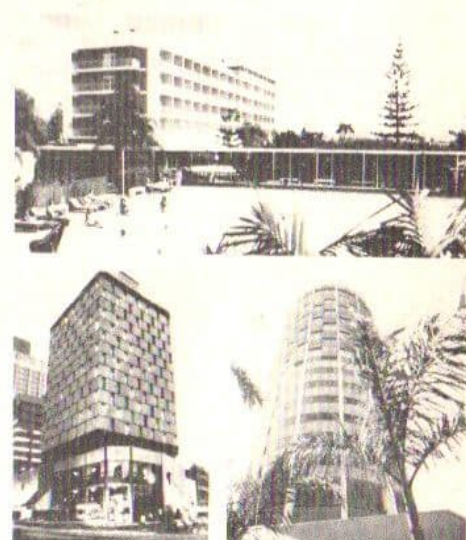
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THE RESOURCES BOOM

COMING READY OR NOT

Continued from page 41

from general prosperity, through Government expenditure of tax revenue raised from buoyant minerals industries.

The energy foundation to the resources boom means there will be a lot more processing in Australia of aluminium and titanium, steel products, a whole range of chemicals and petrochemicals, engineering items and so on. There is a potential for considerable development of Australian industry downstream from the primary resource energy projects.

In fact, our prospects are quite good if we set about effective development policies. There is no need to just wring our hands, and wait that the minerals boom will not create enough employment directly. Some of the commentators who have been doing just this should be quietly led away and left to wait at each other without getting in the way of the rest of us.

But Australian Governments must realise quite explicitly that it is not enough just to enthuse over the energy resources boom itself. The extra export income will be handy, but this alone will not solve our development and employment problems.

The task of developing a sound, full employment situation in the major cities, despite the electronic revolution, the mineral boom cost pressures and the competition from newly emerging industrial countries overseas, will be considerable. So far, there have been few signs that Australia's politicians even recognise that this is a major problem that lies ahead.

There is a second problem arising from the meagre direct job creation effects of the minerals boom. All right, if it doesn't make too many jobs directly, we can work out ways of creating jobs indirectly, downstream, in city employment. But what do we use for funds? This is a key question because of what is called the crowding out effect — another item the politicians have so far largely overlooked.

A lot of people in Australia are having trouble understanding just how big the resources boom is going to be. A while back, Phil Lynch released a list of \$29 billion worth of planned projects for the next decade. He was immediately assailed by a number of know-it-alls who pooh-poohed his figures. Yet, if you add up the amounts, the totals are much higher than this.

Melbourne economist Alan Carroll, of Business International, did a detailed survey which showed that there were something like \$70 to \$80 billion worth of projects being seriously planned.

Once we get to levels like this, it is hard even for economists and financial specialists to really grasp the sheer size of the proposed investment. So let's put it another way. If Australia imports skilled labor from the UK and Europe, from North and South America as hard as it can go, and puts in a drastic increase in training of local apprentices, there will still not be enough skilled labor.

If Australia imports overseas management and project engineering people, contracts out design drawing to American and European engineering specialists, imports mining engineers and managers from Canada, East Africa, Latin America, the UK and elsewhere, there will still not be enough managerial resources available.

If heavy engineering is contracted out to overseas shipyards and engineering shops, if steel assembly is done in Singapore and South Korea and Japan, there will still not be enough capacity to install the work in Australia.

If the Australian economy is run at full stretch, with foreign capital pouring in, matched by massive imports of people, materials and machinery, there is still no way we can handle all the projects being contemplated. At the very best, we could probably handle just half of what is being proposed.

A long list of potentially profitable projects will be pushed back into the 1990s, simply because we will not be able to handle everything that is offering. Well, that's fine if you're preparing press releases for a Federal Minister or a State Premier about what a terrific minerals boom is coming up. But what about the crowding out effect?

If we try to do as much resources investment as is physically possible (and even that, as we have just seen, is only half of the shopping list), then we will tie up our capital investment in an area which yields low employment gains. It wouldn't matter if we also had the money for job-creating investment in other areas. But already we are seeing signs that the politicians are tying up public funds specifically in the resources area, without thought for needs elsewhere.

The big power station program is one example. Right around Australia, State Governments are accelerating giant power station construction in order to supply cut rate power for aluminium smelting. Victoria's Loy Yang project alone already has a price tag in excess of \$3 billion.

This rush is particularly marked in the three biggest States, the ones on the east coast. Apart from the power stations, there are coal loaders, electrification of

coal railways, port dredging, power transmission lines (such as the long, expensive line from Melbourne to Portland) and similar investments.

This problem of balancing cash investments, of managing a strong energy resources boom while at the same time saving some funds for other areas, is going to require real financial skill. There is little sign so far that the politicians fully comprehend the problem, let alone the answers.

In fairness, there have been one or two signs that this problem area is starting to exercise some politicians. Thus in October 1980, the Prime Minister, Mr Fraser, hinted that the Liberal Government would be looking for a community consensus on future economic development.

Addressing a conference in Melbourne on the investment attractions of Australia, he conceded that achieving a consensus might mean some reductions in actual growth rates. But in general, a widespread understanding of this problem is still to come.

Industrial strife, low employment creation, the crowding out effect on cities: it sounds like a handful. But yet another area needs early attention, the question of supply of skilled labor.

Traditionally, skilled labor in Australia has been supplied through the apprenticeship system. There is some adult upgrading on the job, semi-skilled people who become quite highly skilled in particular work in individual firms. But in terms of fully qualified tradesmen, able to switch from one job to another, and handle a wide range of work in their specialty, apprenticeship training is the main source of supply. In the postwar period, this has been supplemented by immigration, particularly from the UK. Both combined have rarely supplied enough skilled tradesmen.

The weakness in the apprenticeship system is that it is affected by the state of business health. If there is a recession, the capacity of business to take on apprentices is reduced. Young people who are hoping for a lifetime of employment in a skilled trade may miss out simply because they reached the age of apprenticeship in a recession year.

Apart from the injustice, this means a severe loss of badly needed tradesmen in the future. The community trains doctors, teachers, lawyers, engineers, arts graduates and others in paid education systems, irrespective of the state of the economy. But the supply of skilled tradesmen can be severely cut because of the extraneous fact that there is a recession going on.

It is a very unsatisfactory situation, even more so when we have a resources boom coming up which will intensify the shortages of tradesmen. Specialists in the field have worked out that a system of

pre-apprenticeship training, typically for six months in technical colleges, would greatly reduce the cost of employing apprentices and encourage more companies to take them on.

An apprentice is of little use in his first year. By his or her third year, an apprentice is equivalent to 60 percent of a skilled tradesman in terms of value of output. By the fourth year, an apprentice is worth 80 percent. Pre-apprenticeship training would cut out a lot of the unprofitable early period, and bring forward the more useful later years.

There are a number of related proposals, all of which would step up the output of the skilled tradesmen we need. If all of these were implemented, and if a strong overseas recruiting drive aimed at skilled tradesmen was run on the immigration program as well, we still would not have as many skilled tradesmen as we need.

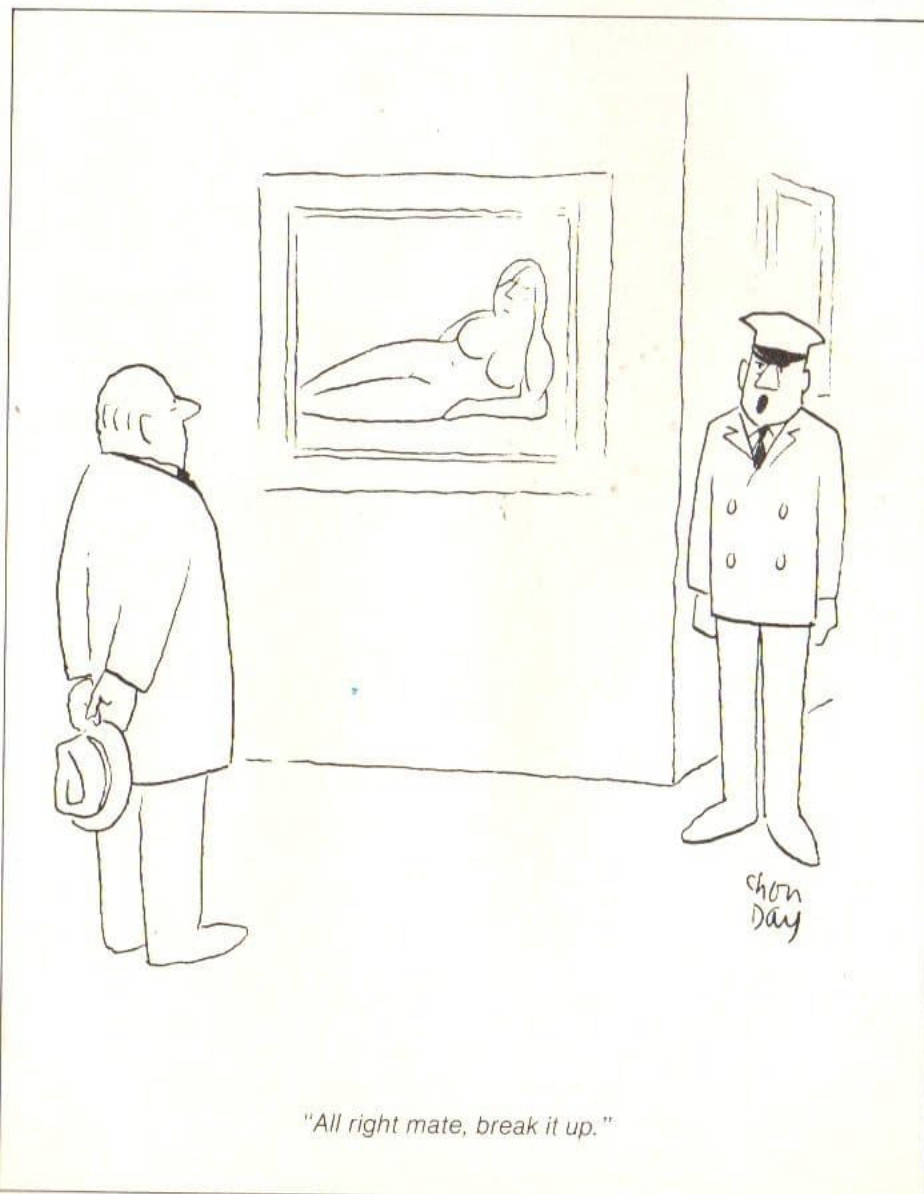
Yet so far the Federal Government has shown little urgency on the subject. A drive on apprenticeship training now would not yield results for about three to four years. That is beyond the time horizon of politicians who look only to the next election. So the Federal Govern-

ment has fiddled around with a number of schemes, each with its own set of initials to memorise. But it hasn't come to grips with the problem.

The final area to be looked at is the problem of what has come to be called the Stone hypothesis. In November 1979, the Secretary to the Treasury, John Stone, made an important speech in Sydney on the minerals boom. He pointed out that the energy bonanza would bring a lot more foreign exchange to Australia.

If this was allowed just to pile up, it would cause the Australian dollar to appreciate in value. This would be fine for Australians going overseas, since their dollars would buy more German marks, Singapore dollars or British pounds. But it would have a severe impact on Australian industry. Currency appreciation would make imports cheaper, and thus hit Australian industry's competitiveness. This in turn could cut employment in Australian industry.

To avoid this, it would be necessary to accept that getting more foreign exchange income meant importing more goods into Australia. We then had the problem of managing this without putting

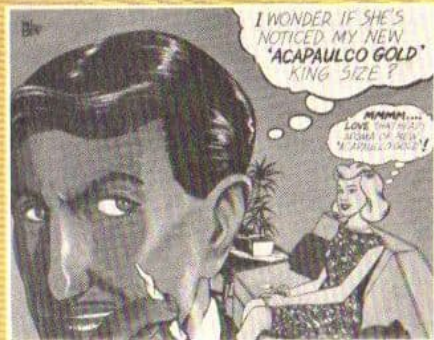


"All right mate, break it up."

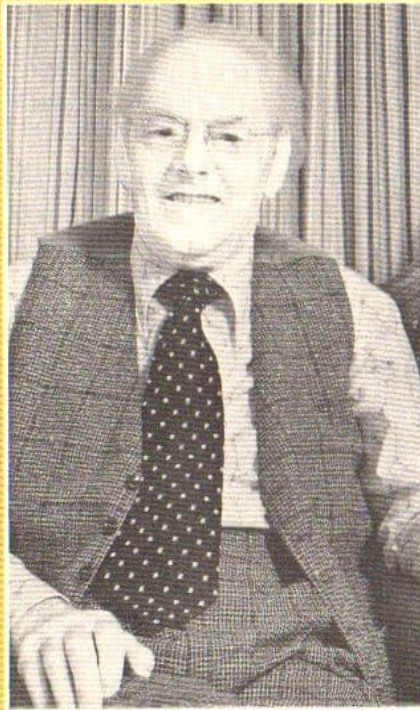
COMING IN MARCH AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE



Peter Olszewski



The Marijuana Trail



Clyde Cameron

The Marijuana Debate — While it is becoming increasingly difficult to avoid a social toke at even the most staid parties these days, marijuana smoking remains a criminal offence. And it is likely to remain so in this country for a long time to come, says writer Mike Jenkinson. Jenkinson took a deep breath of straight air and ventured forth into the world of blue smoke to find out why the apathy. Are serious pot smokers too stoned to care that their favorite leisure activity could land them in jail? In a word, yes, say the dope movement's two leading evangelists. But the times are a changing.

Vin Rude — Just when you thought you could never look at another glass of wine, six pages of unforgettable pictures from the folks who brought you *Rude Food*. Wine, women and forget about the song.

Reagan Country — What kind of people would elect a geriatric B-grade actor as their president? Well, the kind of people who would build a shrine to John Wayne in an airport car rental office and sit in a hot tub crying and drinking chablis on election night. The kind of people who have a lot of money and don't like being pushed around. Phil Jarratt reports on the Presidential landslide from a variety of sleazy dives nowhere near Washington.

The Best Way To Catch A Yabbie — The best way to catch a yabbie is any way you can. This intelligence and many more secrets and little known bits and pieces of authentic yabbie lore are included in an amusing extract from yabbieologist Peter Olszewski's forthcoming definitive work on the subject (to be published by Angus and Robertson next month). You must remember Olszewski's mouth-watering yabbie recipes in our very first issue. You don't? Well, there, you see ... you need to catch up with the trend next month.

Clyde Cameron Interview — The grey eminence of Labor politics is as active in retirement as he was in 30 years in Parliament. Still, the former Minister for Labor who fell from grace with Gough Whitlam found time to speak frankly about politics and politicians with Owen Thomson. Surprisingly, when asked to comment on the performance of our national leaders past and present, Cameron nominated as many men from the opposite side of the House as he did from his own party. An indication perhaps, that his views are as objective as they are entertaining.

a lot of Australian manufacturers out of business.

There are various ways it can be done. One is to allow overseas travel freely and spend some of the proceeds on tourism. Another is heavy Government spending abroad (on defence equipment for example, or overseas aid). A third is paying back overseas debts, and investing abroad. But however it is done, it is a problem which does have to be given a lot of attention by the economic policy-makers.

Even this lengthy survey only touches on some of the problem areas of the forthcoming resources boom. There are some massive problems on resource rent taxes to be considered. There is the difference in impact on various regions — NSW, Queensland and Western Australia will be riding the boom, Victoria, South Australia and Tasmania less so. There is a big issue on who ends up owning Australian resources — Australians or a group of overseas investors. There are other issues as well.

But what this article does illustrate is that there is more to the minerals boom than just hailing it with glossy press releases as the answer to all our problems. Australia is very fortunate to have the energy resources that it does. A lot of overseas countries would be very willing to have the same sort of situation that Australia has for the Eighties. But making best use of our good fortune will require skill, careful management and hard work.

The question is whether the politicians of the Lucky Country will be up to doing the job.

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